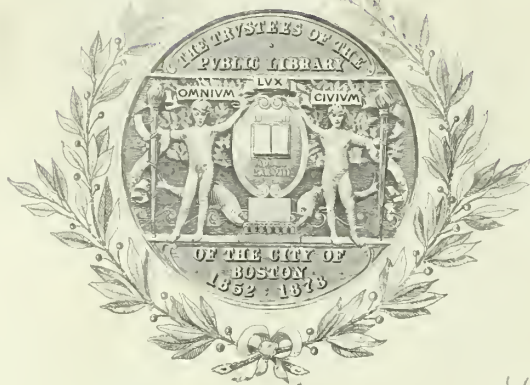


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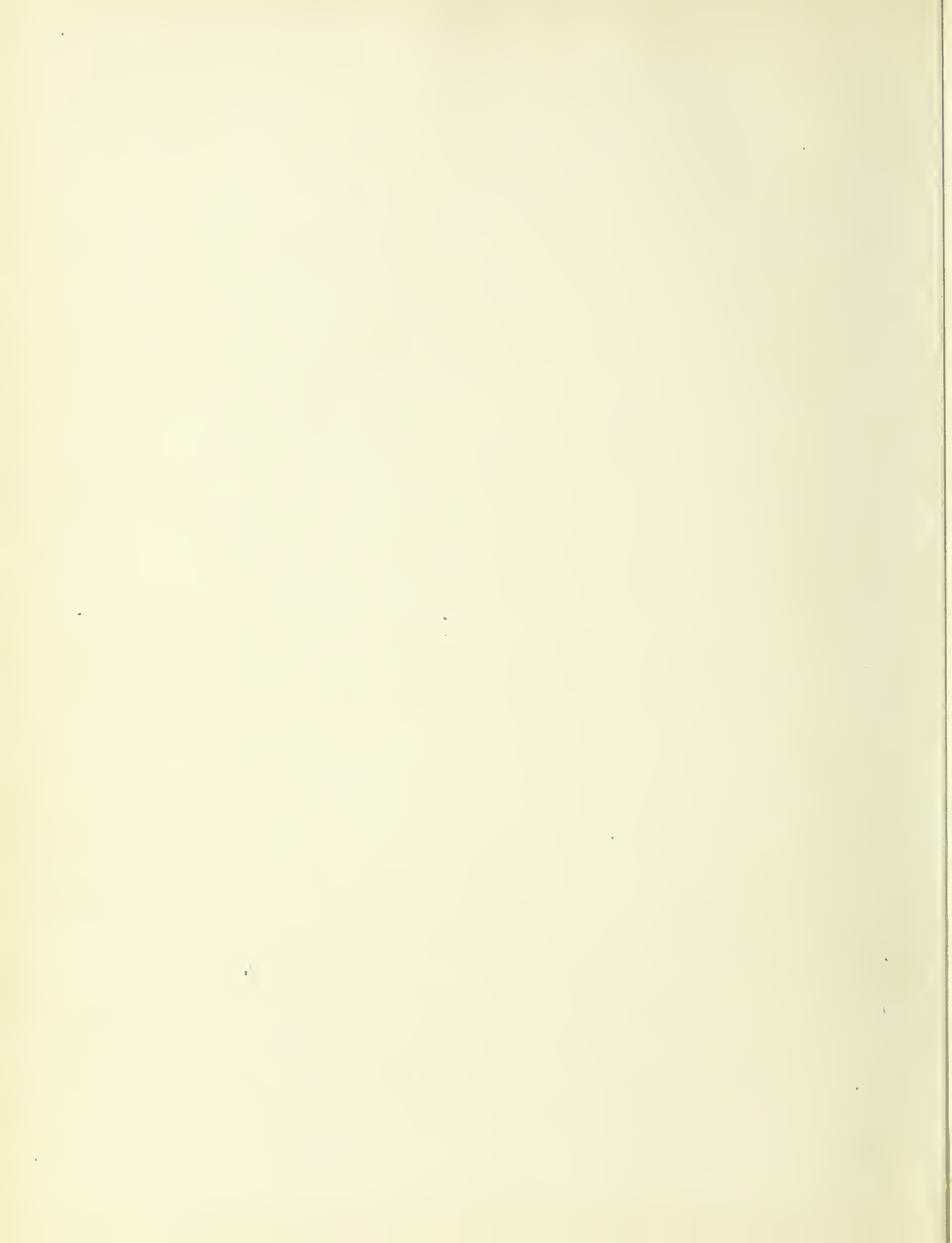
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W. C. C.



STEPHEN J. FERRIS.



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STEPHEN JAMES FERRIS.

STEPHEN J. FERRIS, famous as a portrait painter and etcher, was born near Plattsburg, N. Y., December 25, 1835; but his reputation has been made in Philadelphia, where he studied and has made his home since early manhood, and his fame belongs to the city of his adoption. He is of Welsh descent. The original Ferris, progenitor of that branch of the family, emigrated from Wales about 1732, and located in Providence, Rhode Island. The Ferris family were hardy navigators and shipbuilders for four generations, and their name in maritime circles, while so engaged, was well and most favorably known. Mr. Ferris' artistic talent is undoubtedly inherited from his paternal grandfather, Zebulon Ferris, whose self-taught efforts in drawing and painting, especially of marine subjects, achieved for him more than a local reputation. So ingenious was he, and so gifted, that his ability as a model-maker and draughtsman became a by-word among all who knew him. The old ship-house, standing on Grand Isle, Vt., has numerous pictures of his of as late a date as 1840, and nearly three hundred models and drawings of vessels built by his sons, who carried on shipbuilding under the style of Ferris Brothers. There is a well-authenticated story regarding Stephen J. Ferris' grandmother, the wife of the aforesaid Zebulon, which is creditable alike to her bravery and patriotism. She was, before marriage, a Miss Phoebe Hazard, of Providence, R. I., a well-known family name there. The young lady, who had made her influence felt in collecting supplies for the American army at the battle of Plattsburg i. 1814, caught a British soldier who came foraging upon her premises, and held him pinned against the wall until assistance arrived and he was secured as a prisoner of war.

Stephen J. Ferris acquired his rudimentary education principally through his own efforts. Being left an orphan at the age of ten, he was thus early in life compelled to forego the pastimes so dear to boyhood, and assume the work and responsibility that are usually the obligations of manhood's years. It is in such a severe crucible as this that the metal of boyhood and youth is tested, either to destroy or to refine, and too frequently the former is the result. Mr. Ferris has been one of the happier exceptions, and that he has he owes to his passion for art. Early and late he drew and sketched and painted. When a boy of ten he was known as a prodigy in portrait drawing. He drew by instinct, for at that early age he had no schooling in art. His studies were from nature or from other pictures. At school, while other boys were playing, he drew or sketched. While they slept he practiced at his art. While their fingers were busy in mischief his were employed in making pictures. By daylight, lamplight and firelight the boy might be found, pencil in hand, engrossed in his attempts at art when the exigencies of the occasion permitted. When holiday time came young Ferris found his chiefest pleasure and recreation with his pencil and sketch-book

afield or at home. While other boys moped because they had to remain indoors on stormy days, he climbed the stairs to his garret-room and drew or painted, blessing the rain that beat its wild tattoo on the old shingle roof because it had furnished excuse for a holiday. He paid his own way at school, and prepared himself for college by his own labor and economy. He received, at first, his board and schooling for doing "odd chores" night and morning. Later, as he grew a few years older, he began to earn money at portrait painting, and as early as his fifteenth year he had attained quite a local celebrity in this line, and consequently received numerous orders. Of course, the remuneration was small. It always is in such cases of precocious youth who do men's work, no matter how well. But small as it was, the laborious and economical student managed, by the time that he was seventeen, to lay by \$300, which he had saved from his portrait painting. He desired to apply this fund to defraying the expenses of the college course he was contemplating. But at this juncture his maternal uncle, Darius F. Kinney, of Rock Island, Ill., adopted the youth, and gave him an opportunity for the study of art. His projects for a classical education vanished into thin air before this temptation to study his chosen vocation in the halls of its putative masters. He yielded an unhesitating affirmative to his uncle's proposition, and the eminent S. B. Waugh, of Philadelphia, was selected as his tutor. Young Ferris also attended the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where, under the instruction of Professor Schuessele, he laid the basis for a thorough study of his chosen profession, and was shortly after elected a Pennsylvania Academician. He has painted and drawn, as is attested by a journal kept by him since he was twelve years of age, over three thousand portraits. He has also painted numerous figure subjects, one of which, the historic "British Retreat from Lexington," is a canvas eight by fifteen feet, and is a realistic battle scene, full of dash and spirit.

Mr. Ferris was the first of American artists to etch. He has, during odd hours, etched over one hundred and fifty copper plates. He is a veteran teacher of art, having been employed on the staff of the School of Design for Women twenty-two years. He enjoys the distinction of having won from Alesandro Castellani the prize offered for the production of the best portrait of Fortuny. The prize was a portion of the velvet pall which covered the remains of that celebrated artist while lying in state in Rome in 1874. The major part had been divided among the pall bearers, who were all distinguished artists.


Mr. Ferris originated the design that was adopted by the Board of Finance of the Centennial Commission in 1876 for the certificates of stock, and he was awarded the offered prize. He has taken many first prizes in crayon portraits, and for almost innumerable designs for different subjects. His life has been quite as busy as its early promise indicated. His devotion to art is as great as was his ardent first love for it. His fingers are as tireless as they were forty years ago, his brain just as active, his soul just as susceptible to the grand in nature—the majestic and happy in art. His chief aim and theory is and has

been that, in portrait painting, the artist should portray the nobler and better part in each subject, that he should paint their biographies in their faces and delineate their highest aspirations on their brows; and there are numerous specimens of his work extant in Philadelphia, and in many other of the principal cities of the Union, to attest the faithfulness of the effort he has made to do this.

In 1862 Mr. Ferris married a sister of the artists Thomas, Edward and Peter Moran, by which union there are two children, a son and a daughter. The former, Gérôme Ferris, is named after the great French painter, Gérôme, who has shown him marked favor during his studies under Bougereau, in Paris. The daughter is Mary Electa Ferris, whose work as an etcher is just now coming into very favorable notice in art circles.

I. L. V.

AMERICAN PAINTERS



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The Pride of the Village

Penny Peters Gray
D.D.



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AMERICAN PAINTERS.

THE Elians built a studio for Phidias in the court of the temple of Jupiter, and all Greece worshiped a statue chiseled by that illustrious man. Even the gods were connoisseurs of art; once, in answer to a sculptor's prayer for a token of approval, they flashed lightning from a clear sky across his feet. Will those good old times ever return? Do we care to see them back again? In England, not long ago, the very words "Fine Arts" are said to have called up a notion of frivolity, of great pains expended upon small things—things that gave fops an opportunity of pluming themselves on their sagacity and capacity; while in America the Puritans used vehemently to exorcise what in their eyes were not the Muses, but the devils, of painting, music, and architecture. "This is a plaistered, rotten world," said one of their spokesmen; "The creation is now an old, rotten house," exclaimed another. What mockery, then, to address one's self to the cultivation of the beautiful! what folly to embellish an existence the cherished symbols of which are sackcloth and ashes! Those days, of course, nobody yearns to see again, nor is there the faintest prospect that they will return. The Anglo-Saxon spirit, at least, is neither classic nor iconoclastic, neither Greek nor Puritan. In art-matters it takes a middle ground, and its admonitions are those of Lessing to his friend Mendelssohn: "Only a part of our lives must be given up to the study of the beautiful; we must practise ourselves in weightier matters before we die."

Yet how wholesome a part is that which is spent in the service of art, and how great are the obligations of civilization to art! If, as some one has said,

force and right are the governors of the world—force, until right is ready—how large has been the force of beauty when expressed by the poet and the painter! With each new epoch of development come fresh revelations of it in man and in Nature—revelations which art alone is competent to disclose, and healthy sensibilities and vigorous intellects alone are able to appreciate. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, not because beauty is lovely in itself, nor yet because it educates and elevates the feelings, but because it is simply the splendor of the true; because, in the words of Goethe, it is a manifestation of the secret laws of Nature, which, but for this manifestation, had been forever concealed from us.

The fine arts, therefore, concerned solely as they are with the expression of the beautiful, have a very serious reason for existence; and painting, which reveals to us the mysteries and potencies of color, is, next to poetry, the noblest of them all. American painters, if not the greatest of ancient or modern times, have wrought for themselves, especially in the domain of landscape art, a very distinct and honorable position; and at the present day, when the influence of foreign study has made so many of them cosmopolitan in their views and resources, a peculiar interest attaches to their aims, their methods, and their triumphs. The compass of this brief essay necessarily excludes the mention of a multitude of names which lend lustre to the history of contemporaneous art on the western side of the Atlantic; and the few which appear in these pages must serve as representatives of the rest.

Perhaps the pleasantest feature of the recent sale of Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection of paintings was the fact that in competition with Meissonier, Turner, Decamps, Delacroix, Delaroche, Jules Breton, Gérôme, Horace Vernet, Diaz, Corot, Zamacoïs, Troyon, Vibert, Hamon, Boldini, Schreyer, Fortuny, Daubigny, and a score of other foremost modern masters, the first prize was carried off by an American artist. The largest sum bid for any single work was twelve thousand five hundred dollars for FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH's "Niagara Falls," and that, too, in a city where buyers of pictures are generally supposed to subscribe to a creed the first and front article of which is, "I believe in the transcendent excellence of Parisian art." Asked, on one occasion,



A COMPOSITION.—[FREDERICK E. CHURCH.]





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A TROPICAL MOONLIGHT.

From a Painting by Frederick Edwin Church.





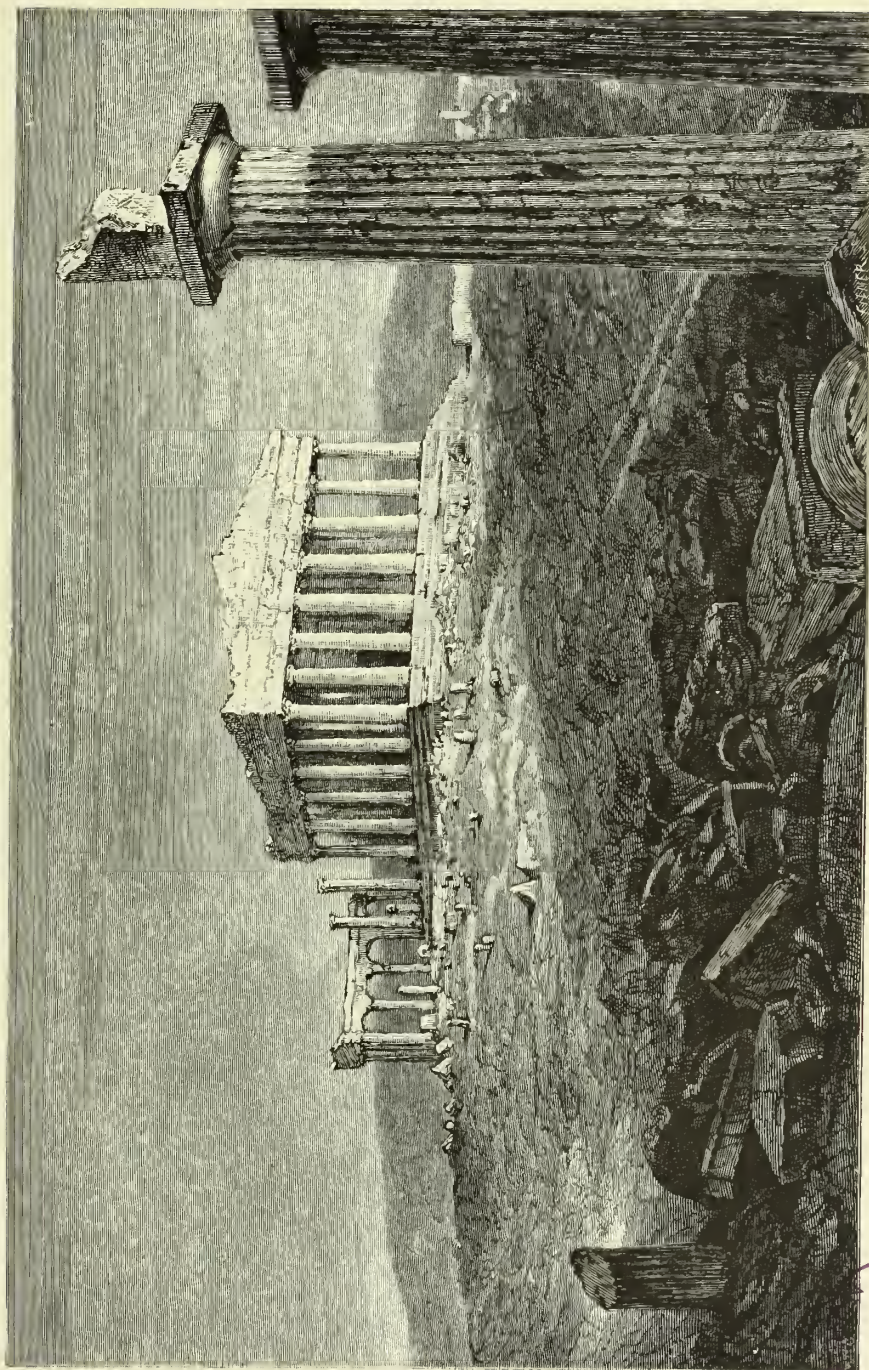
what were his methods of work, and his views of the nature and the ends of art, Mr. Church replied that he had always been a faithful student of Nature, and that this was the only answer he could give to such questions. So far, indeed, as methods of work were concerned, he had never looked upon himself as having any; and the question put to him with reference to them had suggested the matter to him for the first time. Mr. Church's pictures, however, speak for him more satisfactorily than he can speak for himself. In the first place, they tell us that, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he sees little beauty in common things, and depends largely upon the external splendor of his subject. His instincts, in a word, are tropical; and in the gorgeousness and magnificence of the tropics he has found the themes that please him best. Outside of the tropics, his subjects are still gorgeous and magnificent—the Falls of Niagara, with rainbow accompaniment; the iridescent and majestic icebergs off the coast of Labrador; the glorious Parthenon in a blaze of light, and in an atmosphere unrivaled; the city of Jerusalem beneath the Syrian skies. And, even when in the tropics, his fondness for wealth and brilliancy of scene leads him, as in his famous picture "The Heart of the Andes," to make artificial combinations of the mightiest mountains, the most picturesque valleys, the richest vegetation, the lordliest trees, the most sparkling water, the gaudiest birds and flowers, and the most enchanting perspectives; so that one is reminded of Sir Philip Sidney's saying: "The world is a brazen world, the poets alone deliver a golden; nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, and whatsoever may make the earth more lovely." Where landscapes are the stateliest and the most radiant, there Mr. Church's brush is eager to be at work; but it is most eager when the artist has selected from a wide range of objects, fair, bright, and grand, those which are especially fair, bright, and grand, and made of them a single composition.

A student of Nature Mr. Church is undoubtedly; he is also an indefatigable student of the resources of his pencil and his palette. He draws with remarkable accuracy, and has mastered not a few of the harmonies and the glories of color. Yet he has been trained in no European nor American school. Thomas Cole, the father of American art, whose name is, and will

he, held in reverential and loving remembrance, taught Church the fundamental technics of his art; and the pupil's persevering industry and singleness of purpose took up the task where Cole left off. It is, perhaps, worth while to lay special stress upon this matter of Church's diligence in study, because too many so-called artists are very lazy. They repeat themselves constantly in their subjects and styles, and they do not improve in the representation of textures, in subtilty of modeling, in general quality of work. They are otiose and desultory; and neither their insight nor their execution advances with advancing years.

It is Mr. Church's perseverance, seconded by his love for subjects of novel and striking interest, that has led him to make travels as varied, if not so uncomfortable, as those of the companions of Æneas. The region of the Catskills, fascinating as it is to him and to most American painters—to Durand, for example, to Sanford Gifford, to McEntee, and to Kensett—did not long detain him. Nor was there anything in the pleasant city or neighborhood of Hartford, Connecticut, where, in 1826, he was born, to keep him after he was able to get away. It may be doubted, indeed, whether even the easily-accessible attractions of the Catskills would have drawn him, had not Cole lived there. When Cole died, Church began his peregrinations. He traveled over New England, making a multitude of studies of hills and valleys, of rocks and trees. In 1849, having opened a studio in New York, he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, in his twenty-third year. One of his first principal works was a view of "East Rock," near New Haven, which was considered a picture of unusual promise. This was followed by a series of landscapes, in which he used the studies obtained during his wanderings in the Catskills and in New England.

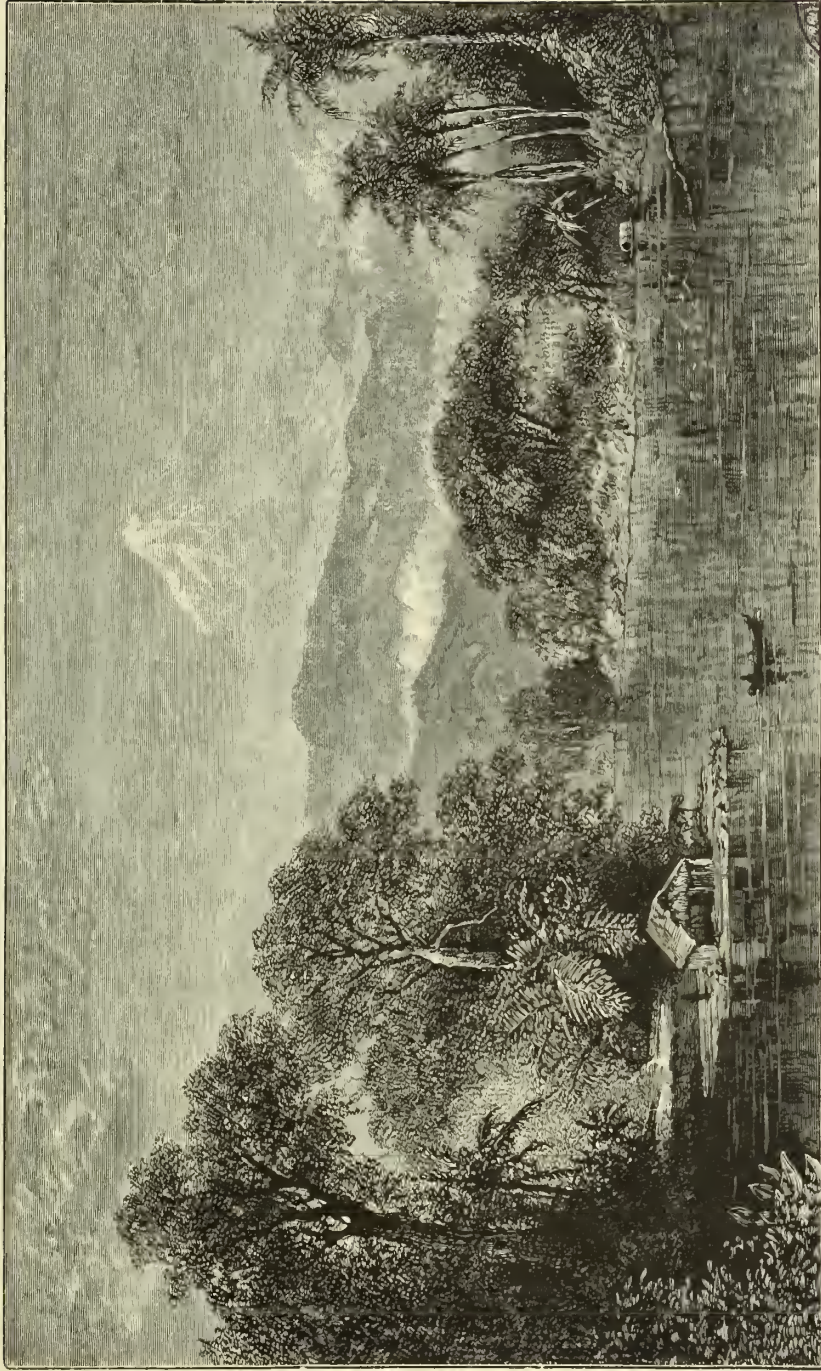
Four years after his election to the Academy, Church made his first trip to South America, and, when he returned, his painting entitled "The Great Mountain-Chain of New Granada," together with other works founded upon studies made in that continent, met with immediate success. People did not then know much about the land of the Amazon and the Andes, and Church succeeded in greatly interesting them in it, showing them the most surprising features of a very wonderful region. The reception accorded to his pictures naturally stimulated him to other ventures in the same line of business, and



THE PARTHENON.

From a Painting by Frederick Edwin Church.





CHIMBORAZO.

From a Painting by Frederick Edwin Church.

four years after his first excursion he made a second one. It was in 1857 that he again set sail for South America. This time he staid longer and penetrated farther—obtaining, doubtless, material sufficient for a lifetime of picture-painting; a recent work, exhibited at the Century Club in New York, and now in the gallery of Mr. William E. Dodge, Jr., being an elaboration and arrangement of all sorts of South American studies. We may expect to see a good many similar productions from the same brush, if the health of the man who holds it permits. Mr. Church's right arm, as is well known, has been partly disabled for several years. May it speedily resume its cunning!

The immediate trophies of this second trip to the tropics were, "The Heart of the Andes," "Cotopaxi," "The Rainy Season in the Tropics," "A Tropical Moonlight," and "Chimborazo," the last two being engraved for this narrative. They are all well known, exceedingly popular, and entirely representative of the artist's best powers. It is scarcely necessary to stop here and explain what their principal defect is, because, by this time, that defect must have been recognized by almost every intelligent American lover of art. It consists in the elaboration of details at the expense of the unity and force of sentiment. Some of Church's pictures, if reduced, would make capital illustrations for Humboldt's "Cosmos," or any similar text-book of natural science—for Agassiz's works on Brazil, for instance. They are faithful and beautiful, but they are not so rich as they might be in the poetry, the aroma, of art. The higher and spiritual verities of Nature are the true home of landscape art. The heart of the Andes, as the natural philosopher sees it, is one thing; but the poet gets near enough to hear it beat.

Not long after Mr. Church's return from his second visit to South America, he painted his famous "Niagara Falls," now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. It is widely known through the engraving. In a few years he went to Labrador, and painted his "Icebergs," which was exhibited in London in 1863, and received with great favor. In 1866 he sailed for the West Indies, and familiarized himself with their local traits. His large picture "Jamaica" is now owned by Mrs. Colt, of Hartford, Connecticut. Again he left America, this time for Europe and Asia. At Athens he made studies for his "Parthenon," which we have engraved, and which is in the

possession of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York. At Damascus he turned especial attention to "El-Chasné," the rock-temple of Arabia Petræa. Near Jerusalem he painted a view of the ancient capital of Judea.

Mr. Church's latest work, "The Ægean Sea," which as we write is on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in New York, is a picture so excellent in handling and so rich in sentiment that no notice of the artist would approach completeness which did not take cognizance of this more than fulfillment of the promise of his earlier years. Its composition is ideal. In the centre of the sea is an Acropolis like that of Athens; on the right coast, a Turkish city, with its domes and minarets; on the left, a precipitous and rocky mountain-side, in which are the open gates of a tomb; while in the foreground are grassy slopes and several fallen columns. The atmosphere is delicately veiled and vapor-laden, full of silvery tones and of sunlight that tinges with its reflections the dimpled but waveless sea, the rich verdure, and the lofty buildings. Two rainbows in the middle distance radiate the powerful but subdued brilliancy of their hues, setting off to advantage the warm grayish-white of the cumuli-clouds. The impression of the scene is complex yet single, full of sweetness, and mournful tenderness. We see Greece in her degradation, and we think of Greece in her glory, while the light that shines across the entrance to the sepulchre, hewed out of the rock, concentrates and emphasizes the sentiment. Here is poetry of a fine sort—the poetry that comes of technical excellence and noble thought, when these are in the service of the imagination. In no other work that we remember has Mr. Church given evidence of so much more than mere skill and patience; and for this reason it is that any just estimate of his position as a painter must take into consideration the surpassing merits of "The Ægean Sea."

Like Mr. Church in his fondness for travel, Mr. SANFORD R. GIFFORD has visited the Catskills, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Rocky Mountains, the Alps, the Rhine, the Nile, the Mediterranean, Germany, Switzerland, Egypt, and Italy. He was born in Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York, in 1823. His boyhood was spent at Hudson, in the same State. Like Mr. Church, also, he was greatly influenced by the landscapes of Thomas Cole.











Painted by T. Cole

Eng. by A. H. Bell



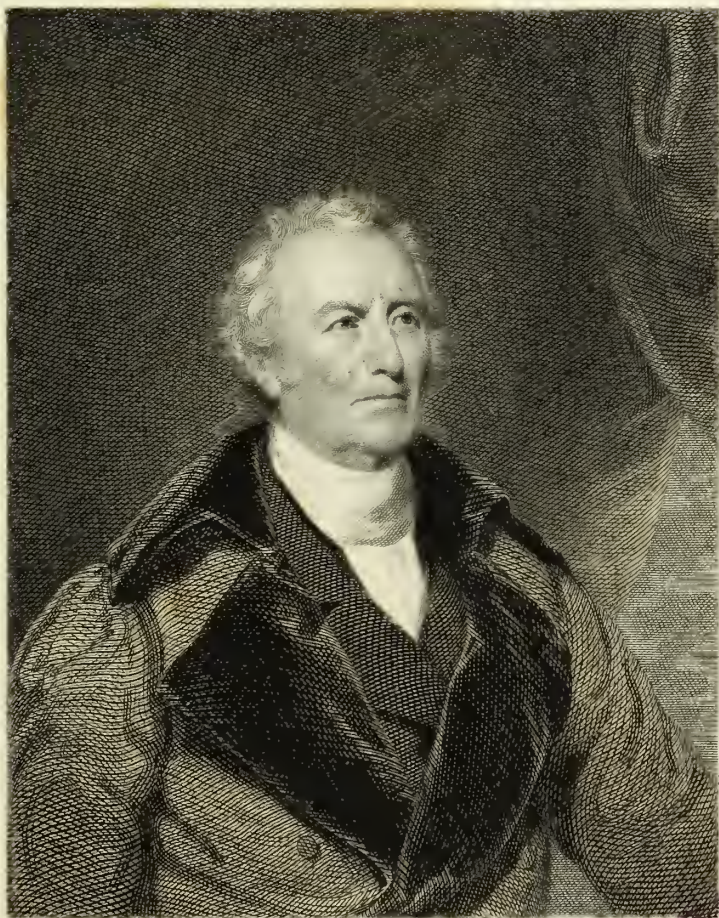
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W. H. Furness

JOHN TRUMBULL.

OF the ease and ability with which our countrymen adapt their talents to a variety of pursuits, we have already given some examples; the present subject affords another illustration of that peculiar trait of American character.

JOHN TRUMBULL was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, on the 6th of June, 1756. He was the youngest son of the first Governor Trumbull; his mother's maiden name was Faith Robinson, the fifth in descent from the Reverend John Robinson, often called the father of the pilgrims, whose son came into the country in the year 1621. The carelessness or ignorance of the family physician had nearly consigned our infant genius to a life of idiocy, or an early grave; after being afflicted with convulsions nine months, it was discovered that the bones of his skull had been allowed to remain lapped over each other from his birth, but by skilful applications, and maternal care, they were adjusted, and, as we have heard him express it with filial veneration, "he owed his life a second time to his mother." At Lebanon, he went to school to Nathan Tisdale. He received, under the tuition of this gentleman, an excellent education, and entered the junior class at Harvard college, in January, 1772, and graduated in 1773. Finding himself to be a better scholar than those with whom he was associated, he was not a very diligent student, and to amuse himself, he frequently visited a respectable French family in the neighborhood, and learned to read and write their language. He searched the college library for books on the arts, and amongst them found Brook Taylor's "Jesuites' Perspective Made Easy"; this work he studied thoroughly, and copied all the diagrams. He in the same period copied several pictures which the college possessed: among others, an irruption of Mount Vesuvius, and a copy by Smybert, of Van Dyck's Head of Cardinal Bentivoglio. He had, before he went to college, somewhere picked up the title page of a book called "The Handmaid to the Arts," and had obtained a copy of the work from London, so that we may suppose his early

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

paintings were not the rude daubs of an ignorant boy. At this time Copley was in Boston, and TRUMBULL's first visit to that distinguished artist happened to be made at a time, when he was entertaining his friends shortly after his marriage: he was dressed on the occasion, in a suit of crimson velvet with gold buttons, and the elegance of his style and his high repute, impressed the future artist with grand ideas of a painter's life. After leaving college, he painted his first original picture, the Battle of Cannæ, and soon after, the Judgment of Brutus. But at this time, the stirring incidents of the controversy with Great Britain, attracted the attention of all ages and all ranks, and TRUMBULL abandoned the palette and became an active politician. His father wished him to become a clergyman, but the son not liking the profession, gave the reins to his patriotic zeal, and was made adjutant in the first Connecticut regiment, which was stationed at Roxbury. Here his drawing became of service. Washington was desirous to obtain a draft of the enemy's works, and hearing of the young adjutant's ability, he requested him to attempt it. By cautious approaches, he had succeeded in obtaining a knowledge of the position of every gun, and had proceeded in his drawing, when a deserter came into the camp and communicated all that was necessary to be known and a slight sketch of the works, which confirmed TRUMBULL's, so far as he had gone. In August, 1775, he was appointed aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, and after some two or three months, major of brigade. In that situation, he became more particularly known to the adjutant-general, Gates, by the careful accuracy of his returns; and in the following year that officer having been appointed to the command of the northern department, he was induced to offer TRUMBULL the office of adjutant-general. He accompanied the army to New York, and on the 28th of June, 1776, departed with General Gates; at which date his rank as colonel and adjutant-general commenced. Shortly after their arrival at Ticonderoga, he reconnoitered Mount Independence, which had not at that time been explored; and he again more fully examined it as a military position, in company with General Wayne, which led to its occupation. While here, he was impressed with the belief that the whole position was commanded by Mount Defiance, (Sugar-loaf Hill,) a height situated nearly at an equal distance from Mount Independence and Ticonderoga, and he took an occasion to mention his opinion; but his suggestion was not acted upon, and the next campaign, General St. Clair was left to defend the original lines with three thousand men. The British took possession of Mount De-

JOHN TRUMBULL.

fiance, from which, according to their own account, they could observe every movement of the Americans within their lines. The abandonment of the entire position became immediately necessary, and St. Clair deserved great praise for his well-conducted retreat, by which the army was saved from capture, and became the nucleus of that force, which afterwards prostrated the British power in the northern department. In the mean time, the adjutant-general had remained without a commission: this rendered his situation peculiarly painful, and what rendered it more so was, that other and inferior officers did receive commissions, giving them rank equal to his own. After the termination of the campaign of 1776, General Gates received orders from the commander-in-chief to join him with all his disposable force behind the Delaware, which he did, a few days before the battle of Trenton. News was at that time received, that the British had landed at Newport, Rhode Island, with considerable force. General Arnold was ordered to proceed to Rhode Island to assume the command of the militia and oppose the enemy, and TRUMBULL was ordered to accompany him as adjutant-general. The head quarters were established at Providence for the winter, and there, in the month of March, he received his commission as adjutant-general, with the rank of colonel, but dated in September, instead of the previous June. Whatever was the cause of this is unknown; but it added to the chagrin and vexation of the officer commissioned, and within an hour he returned it, under cover, to the president of congress, accompanied with a letter, perhaps too concise and laconic, stating the impossibility of serving, unless the date was altered to correspond with the date of his actual service. A correspondence of some length ensued, when his resignation was accepted, and thus terminated his military career.

After a short visit to Lebanon, he went to Boston, to profit by the study of the works of Copley and others. Here he became acquainted with Mr. John Temple, afterwards, the first consul-general of Great Britain to the United States; through him he ascertained the possibility of his going in safety to London, to study under Mr. West. In May, 1780, he embarked for France, and after a short stay at Paris, reached London in August. He was kindly received by Mr. West, under whose liberal instruction, he pursued his studies without interruption until about the middle of November; at that time, the news of the death of Major André was received, and occasioned a violent irritation in the public mind. It was his misfortune to lodge in the same house with another American, who had been an officer, against

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

whom a warrant had been issued to apprehend him for high treason ; instructions had been given to arrest, (ad interim,) the painter, and secure his papers. The following day, he was examined before the principal magistrates of the police, and was committed to prison. On hearing this, the apprehensions of Mr. West were aroused, for he well knew that he had enemies about the person of the king ; he, therefore, hastened to the palace and asked an audience, which was granted, and he proceeded to state to the king his personal knowledge of the conduct of TRUMBULL while in London. After listening to him patiently, the king replied ; " West, I have known you long, and I dont know that I have ever received any incorrect information from you on any subject, I, therefore, fully believe all that you have said on the present occasion. I sincerely regret the situation of the young man, but I cannot do any thing to assist him,—he is in the power of the law, and I cannot interfere. Are his parents living ?" To which Mr. West answered that his father was. " Then I most sincerely pity him," said the king. After a moment's pause he continued, " Go immediately to Mr. TRUMBULL, and give him my royal assurance, that in the worst possible event of the law, his life will be safe." This assurance of course, softened in a great degree, the rigors of a winter's confinement, and enabled him to proceed with his studies. He copied, during the period, the St. Jerome of Correggio, which is now in the collection at Yale college. At length a turn took place in the affairs of the two countries, and the British government began to relax their severity. TRUMBULL, after about eight months detention, was admitted to bail by a special order of the king in council, on condition of quitting the kingdom within thirty days. His securities were West and Copley. He crossed over to Ostend, thence proceeded to Amsterdam, and embarked for Philadelphia in the South Carolina frigate ; but the ship falling short of water and provisions, they put into Corunna, in Spain. There he left that ship, and took passage to Bilboa, whence he returned home in January, 1782. Fatigue, vexation, and disappointment, brought on a fit of illness, which confined him at his father's the principal part of the ensuing summer ; after which, he again visited the army, then at Verplank's Point, and entered into an arrangement with his brother and others, for the supply of the army.

In the spring of 1783 the news arrived of the preliminaries of peace having been arranged. He was then at Lebanon, and his father took the occasion to urge him to pursue the profession of the law. He represented it as the leading profession in a republic, and

JOHN TRUMBULL.

above all others likely to reward industry and gratify ambition. To which his son replied ; that so far as he understood the law, it was rendered necessary by the vices of mankind ; that a lawyer must be able, not only to defend the right, but must be equally distinguished for his acuteness and skill in extricating rogues from the consequences of their villainy ; and as he viewed the life of a lawyer, it must be passed in the midst of all the wickednesses and meannesses of the baser part of mankind : he then went on to give his ideas of an artist's life—referred to Copley and West as living examples, and enlarged on the honors and rewards bestowed on artists by the ancients, particularly at Athens. "My son," replied the governor, "you have made an excellent argument, but its operation is against yourself : it serves to satisfy me, that in the profession of the law you might take a respectable stand, but in your case you have omitted one point, as the lawyers express it." What is that, sir?—"That Connecticut is not Athens." He then bowed, left the room, and never afterwards interfered in the choice of a profession.

In November, 1783, Colonel TRUMBULL again embarked for England, where he pursued his studies indefatigably under Mr. West ; and in 1785, had made such progress, as to copy for him his celebrated picture of the battle of La Hogue. TRUMBULL composed and painted immediately afterwards, "Priam bearing back to his palace the body of Hector :—" the success of which induced him to commence a project which had long been floating in his mind, of painting a series of pictures of the principal scenes of the revolution. He began with "The Battle of Bunker Hill," which was composed and finished in the early part of 1786, and "The Death of Montgomery before Quebec" immediately afterward. These pictures met with general approbation not only in London, but in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, and other parts of the continent, and as soon as possible they were placed in the hands of eminent engravers. To Mr. Adams in London, and Mr. Jefferson in Paris, while painting their portraits, the artist communicated his project of painting a series of national pictures, which they highly approved, and by their concurrence the subjects were chosen, several of which have since been executed. Finding the painting of Bunker Hill had given offence to some in London, and being desirous to conciliate, he determined to paint one subject from British history, and selected "The sortie of the garrison of Gibraltar." Of this subject, the first study was made in oil, twelve by sixteen inches ; this was presented to Mr. West as an acknowledgment for his kindness ; then a second,

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

twenty by thirty inches was carefully and laboriously finished, with the intention of having it engraved :* being tenacious of rendering the composition as perfect as in his power, he rejected that picture, and began another six feet by nine. This occupied the greater part of the year 1788, and in the spring of '89, it was exhibited by itself in Spring Garden, London, and received great applause. It was engraved by Sharp, the first engraver of the age ; and has since been purchased by the Atheneum at Boston.

In the mean time, the present constitution of the United States had been framed, and the first session of congress was appointed to be held in New York, in December, 1789; the time had arrived, therefore, for proceeding with the American pictures. He arrived in New York in November of that year, and painted as many of the heads of the signers of the declaration of independence, as were present. Washington sat for his portrait at Trenton and Princeton, and in the summer of 1790, TRUMBULL painted a full length portrait of him for the city of New York. Two years after, he painted another full length of Washington, for the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and a third was purchased by the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati, and presented to the college at New Haven. This latter picture is regarded by the artist, as the finest portrait of *General* Washington, in existence. It represents him at the most critical moment of his life—on the evening before the battle of Princeton, meditating his retreat from a superior enemy. A few other portraits were painted about this time, but the years 1791–2–3 were principally spent in painting original portraits for the historical pictures. In the accomplishment of his great design, he travelled from New Hampshire to Charleston, South Carolina. The heads in the small set of pictures, now at New Haven, were all painted at this period from the living men. Having accomplished his object of obtaining authentic portraits of all the subjects required, he again left his native land, in the capacity of private secretary to Mr. Jay, the envoy extraordinary to Great Britain, in 1794.

Difficulties had existed between the United States and Great Britain, ever since the war, of the most embarrassing character.

* This picture was sold to Sir Francis Baring, for five hundred guineas, who contracted for the purchase of a series of pictures of American subjects, at the same price ; subject to the contingency of the approbation of the higher powers. He found that the possession of the proposed pictures would give offence in a very high quarter, and he, therefore, retracted.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

The negotiations ended in a treaty, signed November, 1794. The manner in which Mr. Jay conducted those negotiations, rendered the duties of the secretary merely nominal, and he had leisure to attend to the engraving of his three large copper plates, at that time in progress in London, and at Stutgard, in Germany, at an expense of upwards of three thousand guineas. After the treaty was signed, TRUMBULL went to Paris, and he soon saw from the condition of the continent that all hope of profit from the sale of engravings was at an end; in consequence of which, he gave up his professional pursuits, and embarked in commerce, until August, 1796, when he returned to England, and on the twenty-fifth of that month, he was appointed the fifth commissioner for the execution of the seventh article of Mr. Jay's treaty. This placed him in a new and difficult situation: the British commissioners, Sir John Nicholl and John Anstey, Esq., and the two Americans, Mr. Gore and Mr. Pinckney, were all distinguished lawyers. It was easy to foresee, that these gentlemen would frequently differ with respect to the rights of their respective countries; and it would remain with the fifth commissioner to decide; an arduous duty for one who had not been educated for the legal profession, and it placed him under the necessity of going through a course of reading, on the law of nations and maritime law.

Multitudes of complaints were made by the subjects of both nations, and were carefully examined and decisions made on each separate case, on its own merits. The commission was not concluded until the beginning of the year 1804. The number of cases examined amounted to between three and four hundred; and the amount awarded to be paid by the British government exceeded ten millions of dollars, which were punctually paid: the awards against the United States amounted to about half a million. In all cases of importance, written opinions were recorded; one copy of which is in the hands of Colonel TRUMBULL. The principles laid down and acted upon in those cases, will hereafter form an important part of the maritime law of nations, and have already been of value to many individuals, in the settlement of claims against the Russian and other governments. The important station of the fifth commissioner, who was the umpire between parties differing on almost every point, required all his skill to harmonize them, and it may, from the nature of the case, be concluded, that to his prudence and firmness the favorable results are to be mainly attributed.

In June, 1804, Colonel TRUMBULL returned to the United States, and resumed his pencil in New York. After a residence of about



"SUNSET ON THE HUDSON."—[SANFORD R. GIFFORD.]



SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

THERE are two rivers which, above all others, have become famous for the beauty of their scenery, the Rhine and the Hudson. The former has the charm of romantic castles and legends to add to the loveliness of its shores. But if the Hudson lacks these attractions, it has no less natural beauty, and, in some places, more grandeur than its rival. Each river has every element that makes it attractive to the artistic mind; and nothing seems more natural than that a boy or girl whose childhood is spent on its magical shores should be inspired with poetic fervor, and become a poet or a painter.

It was under such genial influences that Sanford R. Gifford spent his boyhood. He was born in Saratoga county, N. Y.; but went very early to live at Hudson, which is one of the delightful towns that fringe the shores of the river. Opposite are the wonderfully beautiful ranges of the Catskill Mount-

ains, pencilled with bold yet graceful outline against the sunset sky, crowned by the evening star and the crescent moon, and sweeping up from the glassy river with majestic slopes, clad in green, and studded with quiet farms.

It was among these mountains that Washington Irving laid the scene of his weird story of Rip Van Winkle; and there Thomas Cole, one of the greatest of American painters, lived, and caught the inspiration for some of his most effective works.

It is at Hudson that F. E. Church lives, who is one of our leading landscape painters; and Arthur and Ernest Parton, two well-known artists in the same line of art, are natives of Hudson. Thus, it almost seems as if this little town has



S. R. Gifford

been truly a source of art feeling and an aid to American landscape art.

Young Gifford's father was the proprietor of some iron works, and the youth was not, therefore, in such

humble and needy circumstances as often fall to the lot of the artist in early life. When he became old enough to enter college he was sent to Brown University, where he remained until the close of his sophomore year. His father then asked him what profession he intended to follow. This was a question that had not occurred to him before. When he deliberated upon it, he began by thinking first of what occupations he did not wish to take up, and was surprised to find there was nothing that was attractive to him except being a painter.

Having come to the conclusion that there was only one pursuit that he cared to undertake, young Gifford made it known to his father, who showed him the difficulties he would have to encounter in the pursuit of success in art. But when he found his son resolute in his purpose, Mr. Gifford wisely yielded to his wish, and also aided him in a kind and judicious manner.

Leaving college and going to New York, Sanford Gifford cast about him to see how he could obtain the art instruction he needed and desired. He applied, first, at the studio of a well-known portrait-painter, whose manner was so distant that he called next at the rooms of another artist, who said :

"I would gladly give you all the instruction in my power, but you need first to become master of drawing and perspective ; and there is no man in the city more capable of teaching you those branches than Mr. John Smith."

So to Mr. Smith, who was the son of a noted steel engraver, the young art aspirant now betook himself, and found, at last, exactly the instruction he sought.

This is the only regular art education that Mr. Gifford has had. He early visited the studios of Europe, it is true, and carefully looked at the methods of the foreign masters ; but he followed none, conscious that, after one has learned certain principles and a technical knowledge of colors and drawing, he should then study nature with great love and fidelity, and try to represent it in his own way.

For an artist like Mr. Gifford, who has sufficient ability, this is the best path to follow in art. Of course, an artist who keeps his eyes about him will often gather useful hints, or correct mistakes in his style, by observing reflectively other art styles as he goes through life, without necessarily borrowing either ideas or methods.

In 1850 Mr. Gifford was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and in 1854 a full Academician. In the year 1868 he took a delightful trip to Egypt, Constantinople and Athens, all of which offered attractions of the highest sort to one of his rich fancy and exquisite feeling for light and color. Some of his most superb effects of sunset were inspired by the splendor of the oriental skies ; and few artists have entered more into the spirit of the dreamy and gorgeous East, with its waving palms and gilded domes and minarets soaring over gray, crumbling, battlemented walls, overarched by cloudless skies. The solemn majesty of the ruined temples of Egypt, the grandest antiquities in the world, brooding by the tawny waters of the Nile, made a lasting impression on the imagination of this great artist.

During the war of the Rebellion, Mr. Gifford, who was a member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, was twice called to do duty for his country, and several of his works were suggested by the scenes of camp life. One of them represents a bastion and a tall sentinel standing by a cannon, against the glow of a ruddy sunset. It is a portrait of the artist himself. Another interesting picture represents a bivouac at morning among the hills of Maryland.

Some years later, Mr. Gifford took a tour over the plains of the great West and the stupendous ranges of the Rocky Mountains, whose bare, brilliantly-tinted precipices, and cathedral-like pinnacles of basalt gave him subjects that he has treated with much poetic feeling.

Among other art tours this artist has also visited the lakes of the Northwest, and once had a very narrow escape on Lake Michigan. He was with a party that were coasting along its rugged shores in a small half-decked sloop. At night they used to put in to some cove and make a lee until daybreak. But the craft was old and proved leaky, and they were caught out in this crazy boat in a gale of wind. The sea ran high ; and what with the water coming over, and that which came through the yawning seams, they saw little hope of living out the storm. But, late in the afternoon, they came in sight of a narrow inlet, and made for it as their last chance ; although they would have to meet a high cross sea in bringing the head of the sloop to the land, and thus run a great

risk of being swamped. To add to their danger, the man at the helm managed it clumsily just at the critical moment. The boat shipped an enormous wave and all but went over. The next instant they shot through the rollers and slid into the calm water of a sheltered cove, and, drenched and exhausted, were glad enough to find themselves in a safe place.

There is no contrast more remarkable than to glide into a peaceful haven directly after battling with a storm on the water. Many a time, in my sea life, have I experienced the wonderful relief and the restful repose that comes over one, as he passes, suddenly, from the severe labor and anxiety of fighting with the fury of the gale into safety and calm. The supper the travellers enjoyed that night in the sheltered nook amid the rocks of Lake Michigan, must have been, indeed, one of unusual delight, and well-seasoned with Spartan sauce.

As an artist, Mr. Gifford may be classed with the best landscape painters of America. Our art has



MR. S. R. GIFFORD'S STUDIO.

produced its most successful efforts in landscape and marine. We have had several excellent portrait and figure painters, and the number of such is increasing. But, up to within a few years, the distinctive feature of American art has been landscape painting.

The grandeur and variety of our scenery, the noble

mountains clothed with verdure, the lovely forest-skirted streams, the broad meadow lands and sublime solitude of endless woods, have inspired our poets and artists; while the events of our history have been generally so recent as to appeal, as yet, only feebly to the fancy. Thus we see that, among our poets, Bryant and Longfellow, Whittier and Street, and others who have achieved fame, have done much, if not all, of their best work in describing the scenery of their native land; and, by far, the largest number of our most noted artists are landscape painters.

Our school of landscape art was founded by such men as Thomas Cole and Asher B. Durand. They have been succeeded by a number of artists who have often shown much ability and originality, and have worked in a style that has been full of poetic feeling and quite distinctively American.

Of these artists, Bierstædt and Hill and Thomas Moran have given their attention to the representation of the vast cañons and sublime mountain peaks of California, Oregon and Colorado. Some of these works have been very striking for their art qualities; while they have all been valuable in giving the world an idea of the magnificent scenery of America of which we were entirely ignorant until, with great enterprise and perseverance, these artists went out there and explored the abode of the grizzly bear, the grim monarch of the West, and wrested from his jealous guard the secrets of the Rocky Mountains.

Thomas Hill's painting of the Yosemite Valley and Moran's painting of the Cañon of the Colorado River, which is now in the Capitol at Washington, are among the most remarkable landscapes yet suggested by our Western scenery.

Some of our artists, like Church and Mignot, have been to South America, and won fame by their magnificent paintings of the wild and gorgeous landscape of that, as yet, little known continent. Others, again, like the Harts, McEntee, Inness, Whittredge, Cropsey, Hubbard, Gerry, Robbins, Bristol, Bricher and Bellows, have been contented to paint the more quiet and familiar but none the less beautiful scenes about home, often with fascinating success.

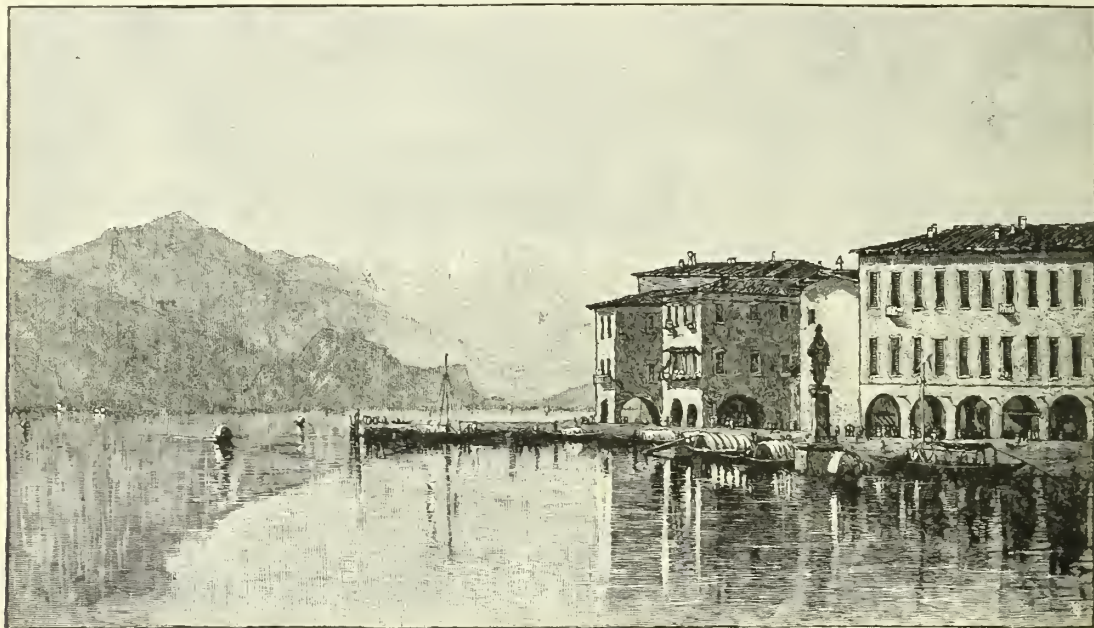
The late John F. Kensett was one who belonged to this class. He was an artist who has been equalled by very few of our landscape painters. He excelled in the refined beauty of his pictures. Quiet

and subdued in tone, they were always harmonious and full of suggestion, showing that he worked from a full mind, and was thus able to select and give us the best. Many of his scenes were studies of coast effects. Others represented a placid lake, with a cool gray sky, a woodland waterfall, or a quiet moonlight. The masterly way in which Kensett employed colors was also shown in his autumn scenes; in which the gorgeousness of our autumnal foliage is so exquisitely rendered as not to seem gaudy and unnatural, which is too often the case.

If there has been a fault in this school of Amer-

ican landscape art, it has been, perhaps, in endeavoring to get too much in a picture, in trying to be too literal; so that the great attention given to the details has excited wonder rather than stimulated the imagination, and has marred the impression of general effect which should be the chief idea in a work of art. For the materials an artist has at his command are, at best, so weak compared with nature, which is ever toned and harmonized by the atmosphere, that it is very easy to lose sight of the leading idea of the painting.

Our later artists, as I have explained in previous



PALLANZA — LAGO MAGGIORE. (From painting by S. R. Gifford.)

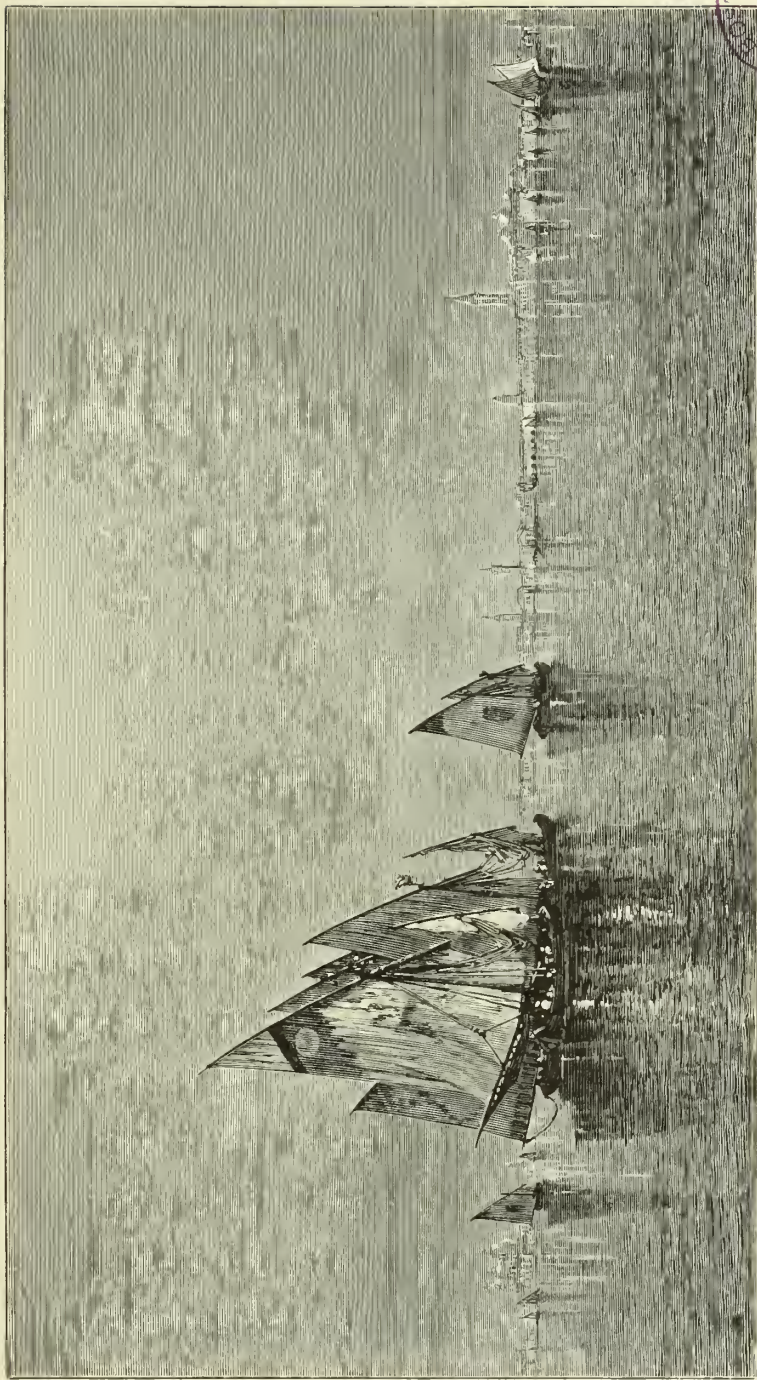
papers, are painting in a broader style. Mr. Kensett, although in most respects belonging to the old school of American landscape art, treated his subjects more broadly than many, and the same may be said of Mr. Sanford R. Gifford. The main effect in his works is atmospheric. None have surpassed him in rendering the splendor of sunset skies, and the tender sheen of light reflected on still water.

But Mr. Gifford has not only been successful in giving us the glowing, golden haze of a calm sunset. He has also painted, as well, the gray of the storm-cloud brooding over a lake or shrouding the mount-

ain top, or the lazy mist veiling the trees of the woodland. His painting of Echo Lake is a very successful attempt to combine cloud, water, forest and mountain scenery in a harmonious whole.

In the art of Mr. Gifford there is the highest kind of art—that which indicates sound knowledge of art principles, entire absence of slovenly, unfinished work, and, at the same time, such mastery of what he has to paint, that the art is concealed which produces such charming results.

Mr. Gifford's studio is in the Tenth Street Studio Building, described in the article about Mr. Beard.



VENICE.

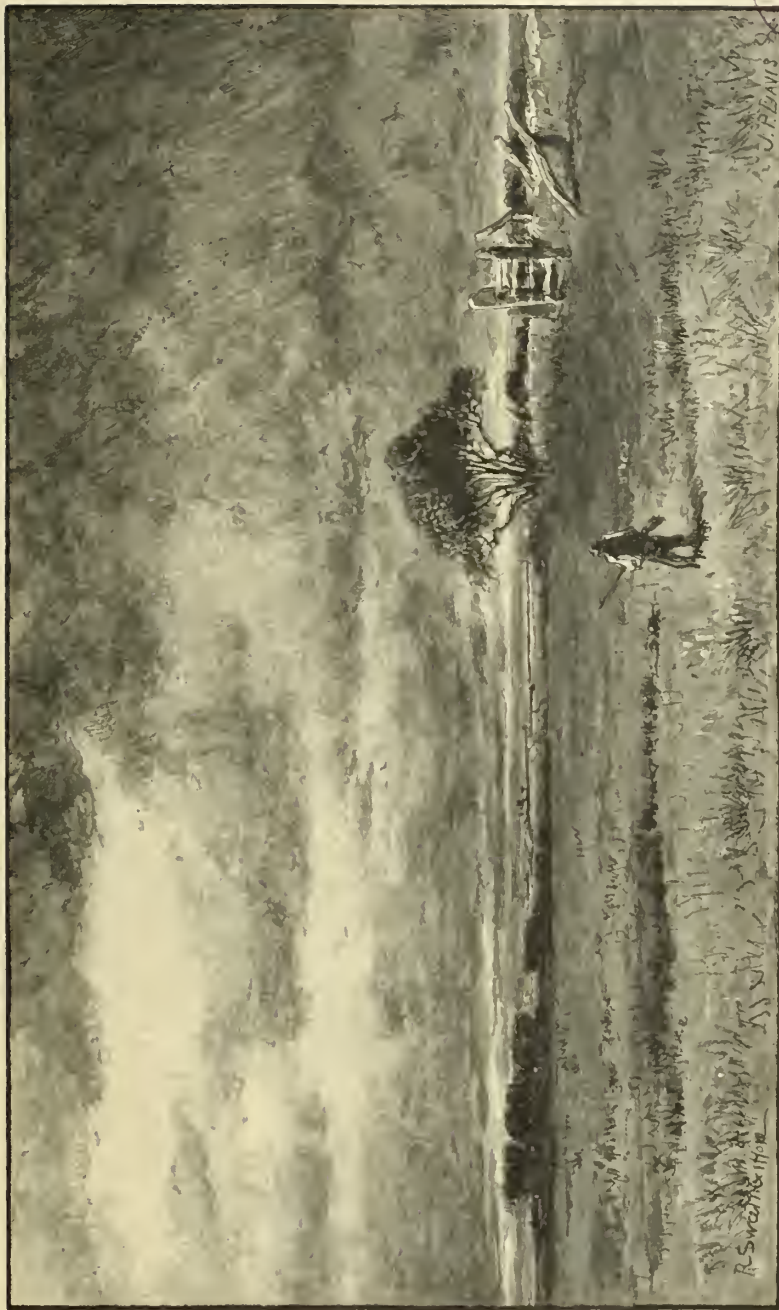
From a Painting by Sanford R. Gifford.

His principal teacher in the technics of painting was the late John R. Smith, of New York City. In 1854 he became a member of the National Academy of Design. He was a soldier in the War for the Union; and one of his best pictures, "The Camp of the Seventh Regiment," was sketched while he was with that famous organization of volunteers. To one who knows him well, his success seems natural enough. In his opinion, an artist is simply a poet. Both work from the same principles and aim at the same result, namely, to reproduce the impressions which they have received from beautiful things in Nature—the poet reproducing them when they can be reproduced by words; the painter, when they are so subtle as to elude the grasp of words.

Take, for instance, the impression made upon one by an Indian-summer afternoon, when not only the foliage but the very atmosphere itself, owing to its density, is suffused with color, so that the natural color of the leaves is heightened by the colored light upon and through and around them. Everybody feels the influence and responds to the charm of such a day. But who shall so describe the scene that the impression of it shall be reproduced by words? One might as well try to describe all the colors of the sunset. The artist alone has the means whereby we shall be made to feel just as he felt when he saw the scene, and just as we ourselves should have felt had we seen it. Nay, more: by the secrets of his art, he can even emphasize the impression which the natural scene would have made upon us. He can direct our attention to its salient features, can remove from our attention unimportant features, can make new and finer combinations than Nature herself ever made, and can so arrange matters that our imaginations shall be more easily stimulated. In one sense, therefore, he can really improve upon Nature. Accordingly, when Mr. Gifford finds himself particularly impressed by any natural scene, and determined to make a picture, the first question that arises is, "What causes all this beauty?" (for, if there is not beauty in it, he does not wish to paint it). The grand distinction between an artist and another person of equal sensibility to natural beauty who is not an artist is, that the former can penetrate into the causes of that beauty, and can make use of those causes, while the latter cannot do either. With Mr. Gifford landscape-painting is air-painting; and his endeavor is to imitate the color of the air, to use the oppo-

sitions of light and dark and color that he sees before him. If the forms are represented as they are in Nature under atmospheric conditions of light, dark, and color, these forms will look as they look in Nature, and will produce the same effect. Thus much, perhaps, Mr. Gifford believes in common with every educated artist. But every artist has his own particular method of work, and, in the case of a successful artist, this particular method is always an interesting thing to know. Mr. Gifford's method is this: When he sees anything which vividly impresses him, and which therefore he wishes to reproduce, he makes a little sketch of it in pencil on a card about as large as an ordinary visiting-card. It takes him, say, half a minute to make it; but there is the idea of the future picture fixed as firmly if not as fully as in the completed work itself. While traveling, he can in this way lay up a good stock of material for future use. The next step is to make a larger sketch, this time in oil, where what has already been done in black-and-white is repeated in color. To this sketch, which is about twelve inches by eight, he devotes an hour or two. It serves the purpose of defining to him just what he wants to do, and of fixing it in enduring material. Sometimes the sketch is not successful, and is thrown aside to make room for another. It helps him, also, to decide what he does not want to do. He experiments with it; puts in or leaves out, according as he finds that he can increase or perfect his idea. When satisfactorily finished, it is a model in miniature of what he proposes to do.

He is now ready to paint the picture itself. All that he asks for is a favorable day on which to begin. To Mr. Gifford, this first day is the great day. He waits for it; he prepares for it. He wishes to be in the best possible physical condition. He is careful about his food; he is careful to husband his resources. When the day comes, he begins work just after sunrise, and continues until just before sunset. Ten, eleven, twelve, consecutive hours, according to the season of the year, are occupied in the first great effort to put the scene on the canvas. He feels fresh and eager. His studio-door is locked. Nothing is allowed to interrupt him. His luncheon, taken in his studio, consists of a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. His inspiration is at fever-heat; every faculty is stretched to its utmost; his brush moves rapidly, almost carelessly. He does not stop to criticise his work. The divine afflatus is within him, and he does unquestioningly whatever it tells him to do, while his pig-



R. SWAIN GIFFORD, PINX.

DARTMOUTH MOORS, MASS.

(DRAWN ON THE BLOCK BY THE ARTIST.)

JOHN P. DAVIS, SCULPTOR

BOSTON
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SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

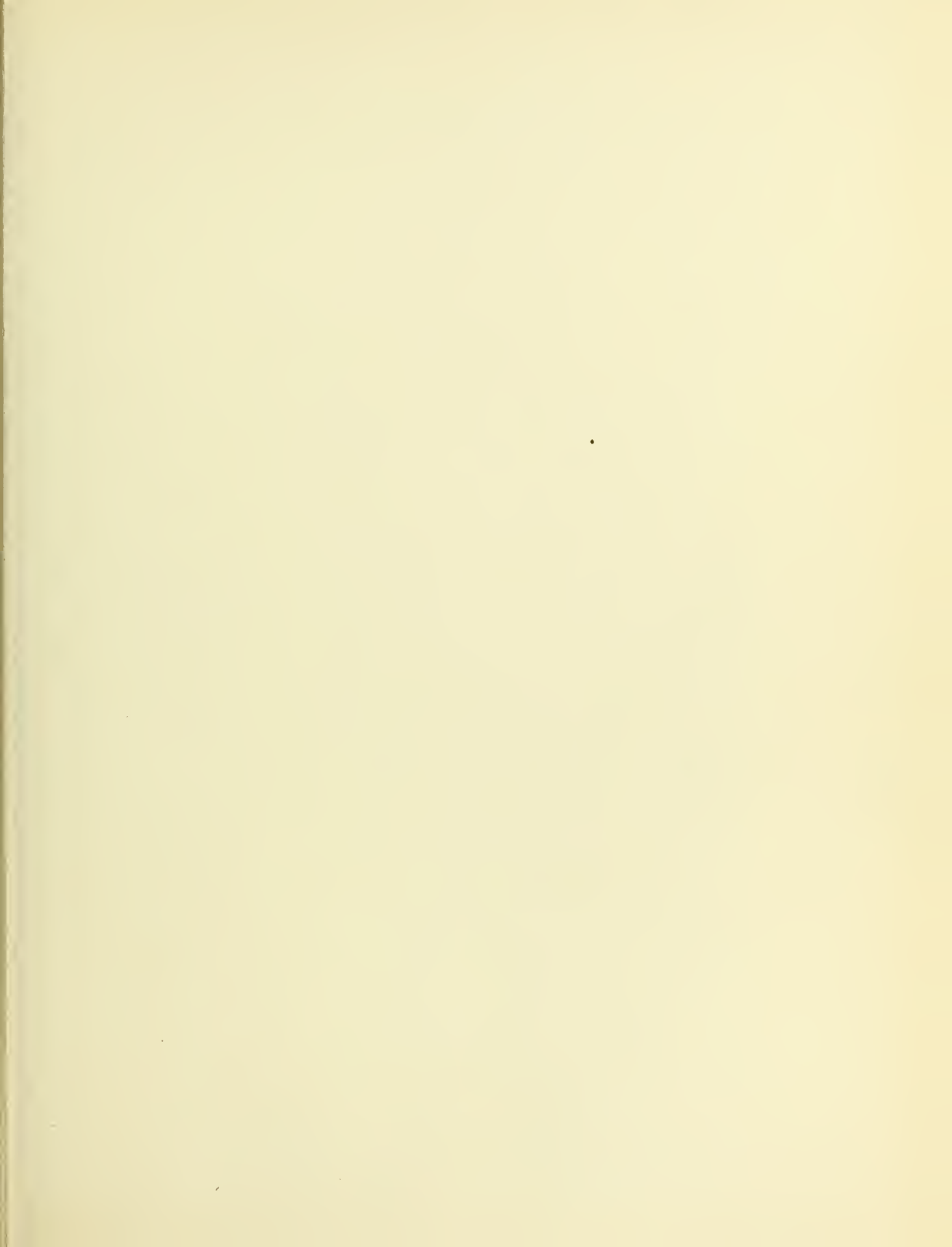
From a Painting by Sanford R. Gifford.

ments are wet and in movable condition. No day is ever long enough for this first day's work ; and very often, at the end of it, the picture looks finished, even to the eye of an artist. First of all, on this first day, he removes the glaring white of his canvas by staining it with a solution of turpentine and burnt sienna ; the reason being that a surface of pure white causes the colors laid upon it to look more brilliant than they will when the canvas is entirely covered with pigments. Then he takes a white-chalk crayon and makes a drawing of the picture he expects to paint. After that is done, he sets his palette, placing small quantities of white, cadmium, vermilion, madder-lake, raw sienna, burnt sienna, caledonia brown, and permanent blue, one after another along the upper rim, in the order just enumerated. These are all the manufactured pigments that he uses ; they consist of the fundamental red, yellow, and brown, with their lights and darks. Just below this row of pigments he puts another row, consisting of three or four tints of mixed white and cadmium, three or four tints of orange (obtained by mixing the former tints with red), and three or four tints of green (if foliage is to be painted). Along the lower rim of the palette he arranges, one after another, several tints of blue. The palette is then ready. The workshop—the battle-ground, if we please—is in the centre, between these tints of blue and the tints of orange. Here are created all the thousand special tints soon to be seen in the picture.

The first thing that Mr. Gifford paints, when producing a landscape, is the horizon of the sky ; and his reason for doing so is, that in landscape-painting the color of the sky is the key-note of the picture—that is to say, it governs the impression, determining whether the impression shall be gay or grave, lively or severe ; so much so, indeed, that landscape-painting may be called (what we have already said Mr. Gifford calls it) air-painting. Different conditions of the air produce different impressions upon the mind, making us feel sad, or glad, or awed, or what not. Hence the condition—that is, the color—of the air is the one essential thing to be attended to in landscape-painting. If the painter misses that, he misses everything. Now, the color of the sky at the horizon is the key-note of the color of the air. Mr. Gifford, therefore, begins with the horizon. When the long day is finished, and the picture is produced, the work of criticism, of correction, of completion, is in place. Mr. Gifford does this work slowly. He likes to keep his picture in his studio as

long as possible. He believes in the Horatian maxim of the seven years' fixing of a poem. Sometimes he does not touch the canvas for months after his first criticisms have been executed. Then, suddenly, he sees something that will help it along. I remember hearing him say one day, in his studio: "I thought that picture was done half a dozen times. It certainly might have been called finished six months ago. I was working at it all day yesterday." But one limitation should be noted here. Mr. Gifford does not experiment with his paintings. He does not make a change in one of them unless he knows precisely what he wishes to do. He does not put in a cow, a tree, a figure, and then take it out again. I once heard a landscape-painter laughingly remark: "Do you see the grass in that picture? I have buried twelve cows there!" But the turf was as smiling as ever. When Mr. Gifford is done, he stops. And he knows when he is done. Yet, on the other hand, he would rather take the risk of destroying a picture than to feel the slightest doubt respecting any part of it. The moment of his keenest pleasure is not when his work is satisfactorily completed, but when, long beforehand, he feels that he is going to be successful with it.

Mr. Gifford varnishes the finished picture so many times with boiled oil, or some other semi-transparent or translucent substance, that a veil is made between the canvas and the spectator's eye—a veil which corresponds to the natural veil of the atmosphere. The farther off an object is in Nature the denser is the veil through which we see it; so that the object itself is of secondary importance. The really important thing is the veil or medium through which we see it. And this veil is different at different times. One day we go out in the morning, and, looking up and down the street, take no note of the sight. We are not impressed. Another day there is a slight change in the density or the clarity of the atmosphere, and lo! what before was a commonplace view has become exquisitely beautiful. It was the change in the air that made the change in the object; and especially when finishing his picture does the artist bear in mind this fact. Moreover, as the spectator looks through this veil of varnish, the light is reflected and refracted just as it is through the atmosphere—reflections and refractions which, though unseen, are nevertheless felt. The surface of the picture, therefore, ceases to be opaque; it becomes transparent, and we look through it upon





THE ADIRONDACKS, FROM LAKE PARADOX.

From a Painting by John B. Bristol.



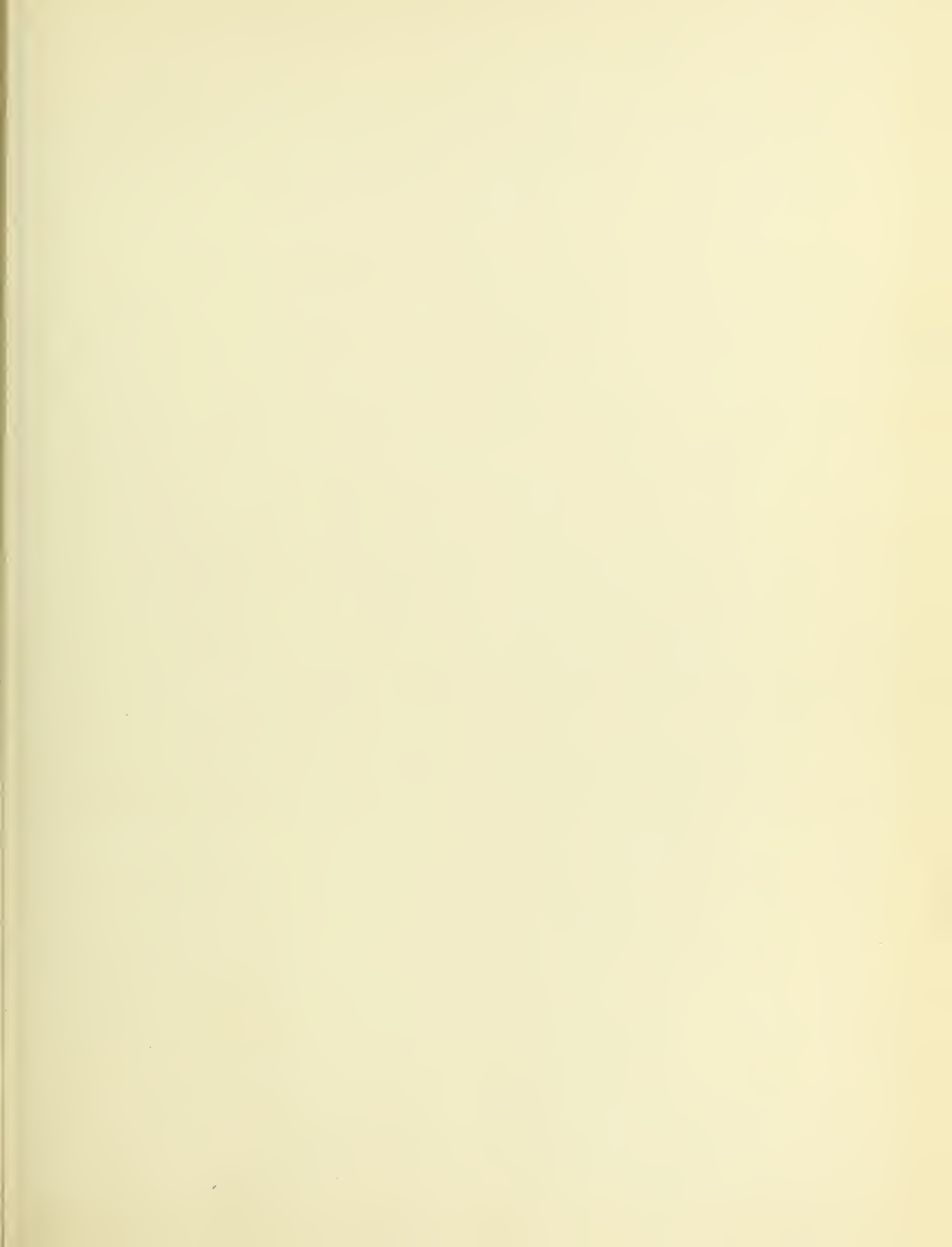
and into the scene beyond. In a word, the process of the artist is the process of Nature.

Mr. Gifford's industry often leads him to make a dozen sketches of the same scene. The first sketch, indeed, contains the essence, but day after day he visits the place, corrects the first sketch, qualifies it, establishes the relations of one part to another, and fixes the varied gradations of color. His portfolios are heavy with studies of rocks, of trees, of fallen leaves, of streams, of ocean-waves. Some painters think that, if they reproduce such objects exactly, they lose some of the poetry of natural facts. Mr. Gifford does not think so. He believes in Nature, and is not ashamed laboriously to imitate her. An artist like Corot offends him by slovenliness. To him one of Corot's finished landscapes is scarcely more than a sketch. He gets from it nothing more than he would get from a drawing. "The best thing by Corot that I ever saw," said Mr. Gifford one day, "was a lithograph after one of his pictures." On the other hand, every critic knows that Mr. Gifford does not elaborate unnecessarily, or so as to draw attention to the mechanism of the work, simply as mechanism. That were a fault almost as bad as the worst. Nor is Mr. Gifford disposed wantonly to sport with color, to show it off merely as color and nothing else.

Some of Mr. Gifford's best-known pictures are "Home in the Wilderness," painted in 1856, and owned by Mr. J. M. Hartshorne; "Hunter Mountain, Twilight," also painted in 1856, and owned by Mr. J. W. Pinchot; "Kauterskill Cove, Twilight," painted in 1861, and owned by ex-Mayor Brown, of Portland, Maine; "Twilight in the Adirondacks," 1864, owned by Mr. C. H. Ludington; "Palanza, Lake Maggiore," 1869, owned by Mr. John H. Caswell; "Fishing-Boats of the Adriatic," 1870, owned by Mr. Charles Stuart Smith; "Tivoli," 1870, owned by Mr. Robert Gordon; "Santa Maria della Salute," 1871, owned by Mrs. Salisbury; "Monte Ferro, Lake Maggiore," 1871, owned by Mr. J. B. Colgate; "Golden Horn," 1873, owned by Mr. W. I. Peake; "Venetian Sails," 1873, owned by Mr. John Jacob Astor; and "Brindisi," 1875, formerly in the collection of Mr. John Taylor Johnston. Mr. J. H. Sherwood bought his "Column of St. Mark;" Mr. Robert Hoe, his "Sunrise on the Sea-shore;" Mr. E. F. Hall, his "Schloss Rheinstein;" Mr. Joseph Harrison, his "Mansfield Mountain;" and Mr. J. M. Fiske, his "Shrewsbury River,

Sandy Hook." The two works which we have engraved are in his best style, displaying the fineness of his handling, and the refinement of his feeling for beauty. Perhaps no painter in this country has achieved a better mastery of the light-giving properties of the sky.

If America has another landscape-painter more truly a son of the soil than is Mr. JOHN B. BRISTOL, we do not know where to lay hands upon him. His native place is Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York, and his birthday March 14, 1826. Not far distant from this pleasant village is the city of Hudson, where lived, and in the eyes of the inhabitants reigned, Henry Ary, a portrait-painter, who had garnered a very considerable amount of local fame. As Bristol grew up, he became acquainted with the artist, rarely missing the opportunity of calling upon him when in town, and rarely returning to his father's farmhouse without a fresh stock of art-ideas, and a strong determination to put them in practice. At length he spent a whole winter with Ary, and was graduated a professional portrait-painter. Too many persons, however, had to be consulted and pleased in the making of a portrait, and Bristol got discouraged, and, in time, disgusted. He went to the mountains, the lakes, the meadows, and the forests, and has continued to go there ever since. First, Llewellyn Park, in New Jersey, attracted him. Mr. Jacob B. Murray, of Brooklyn, owns a picture of a view in and from that pleasant suburban retreat. Next, the scenery of St. John's River and St. Augustine, in Florida, took hold of him. Mr. Cyrus Butler and Mr. William E. Dodge, Jr., of New York, have reproductions of semi-tropical surroundings of those places. Berkshire County, Massachusetts, especially in its pastoral aspects, then received his attention—his "Mount Everett," now in the possession of a resident of Utica, New York, and his "View of Monument Mountain, near Great Barrington," owned by a resident of Riverdale, New York, being among his principal transcriptions in that region. Finally, he turned, whither most Americans love to turn, toward the White Mountains and Lake George; and his ripest and truest endeavors have concerned themselves with the loveliness and the majesty there gathered. His "Mount Equinox, Vermont," for example, in the National Academy Exhibition of 1877, now owned by Mr. McCoy, of







LAKE GEORGE, FROM NEAR SABBATH-DAY POINT.

From a Painting by John B. Bristol.

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Baltimore, is perhaps the best word he has spoken on the subject of landscape-art.

Bristol's pictures are the outgrowth of a desire to express the sentiment of Nature as he feels it; and this sentiment, in his case, is always refined and pleasing. He shows us scenes of peaceful beauty. Independent of their execution, his subjects are always interesting—often of commanding interest. Not depending for success upon the technics of his art, he asks of the spectator no special artistic training as a prerequisite to appreciation. He would be the last man in the world to try to invest with charm a clump of decayed trunks, a skyless forest-interior, or a bit of bare heath traversed by ruts and bordered by straggling trees. Picturesqueness—that is his first criterion for a subject; an unpicturesque subject, indeed, would not make an impression upon him. He does not handle common, every-day themes, nor themes destitute of what is called the human element. Every one of his landscapes contains a house, a fence, a figure, a road, a clearing, something besides trees, and skies, and mountains—something that man has made, and that man will recognize as such. Mr. Bristol's views of art wear a homely, honest, old-fashioned air.

Here, for instance, are the two pictures of his which we have engraved—"The Adirondacks, from Lake Paradox," a hazy, midsummer, early evening effect, a lake imbosomed in hills beneath a cloudless sky, the foreground only in local color, the atmosphere beyond gradually growing into the horizon-tints, and blending with them; and "Lake George, from near Sabbath-Day Point," a similar mid-afternoon effect, the sun on the right, out of sight, blazing athwart the cloud-masses, glistening on the surface of the rippled water, and leaving in sombre shadow, save on a few edges or ledges, the mighty and majestic mountain. No lack of picturesqueness in these landscapes, surely; while in one of them is the clearing and in the other of them the sail-boat, to humanize the scene. Whether or not this is the subtlest or richest sort of landscape-art we are not now considering. We are looking at the matter from Mr. Bristol's point of view, and the oftener we do so, divesting our minds of every achievement, say of the modern French landscape-painters, the more easily are we forced to confess that such pictures deserve a local habitation and a name; for they touch and cheer the hearts of men whom the modern French painters cannot reach. "You see Nature as I see her," said a spectator to Mr. Bristol one

day; "that picture makes me feel as I feel when I go a-fishing." That picture, then, was a work of art. "You express something in that work," said another spectator, "which delights me. When I look at that landscape, I feel there is no sin there." So here we get a step farther. "When I attended church," wrote a third spectator, "I used to pay the preacher; and when I saw your picture I felt as though I had listened to a sermon which had done me good. Pray accept the accompanying trifle as a slight acknowledgment of my indebtedness." Well, as Prof. Weir, of West Point, used to say, "some pictures are confessedly immoral in their tendency; why, then, cannot other pictures be moral in their tendency? Why is it not lawful for an artist to infuse into his work a moral design?" And yet—but we are not discussing the ethics of art, nor whether, indeed, it has any ethics. The matter can be dropped at once.

"Franconia Notch, from Franconia Village," and "Evening, near Tongue Mountain, Lake George," are two of Mr. Bristol's latest landscapes. Mr. Colgate, of Twenty-third Street, New York, is the owner of his Academy contribution in 1876—"View of Lake Champlain from Ferrisburg." "On the Connecticut, near the White Mountains," went a short time ago to the Burlington (Vermont) Exhibition, and, almost immediately after its arrival, found a purchaser. The "View of Mount Oxford" brought the artist a medal from the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia. The "Ascutney Mountains," and the "Valley of the Housatonic," are other important works. Recently Mr. Bristol has painted, with exceptional success, some of the old, covered bridges in the Connecticut Valley. The sight of them goes straight home to many a son of New England.

Mr. Bristol's sense of atmosphere and of perspective is highly stimulated, or perhaps we should say quickened. His pictures are strongest in the rendition of spaciousness, of sunshine, and of cool, transparent shadow. Placid in spirit, faithful in record, unconventional in composition, and serious in purpose, they always are. They readily catch the local effect of air and color, and they convey for the most part a general impression as of out-doors. Their author is a most industrious and progressive workman; his last pictures, compared with his earlier ones, show that, as the years bear him on, his vision of Nature widens. Mr. Bristol, moreover, is thoroughly original in his methods and his subjects; each picture that he paints being a true child of inspiration.



PETER MORAN.

PETER MORAN.

GENIUS, as distinguished from talent merely, is so rare that it is seldom indeed found unmistakably manifested in more than one member of the same generation of a family. As it descends the thread of lineage it seems to be governed by some occult rule by which it is frequently wont to skip several generations and manifest itself when least expected. It rarely descends from father to son, and it is still more seldom to be found, to any appreciable degree, in the possession of two or more of the immediate offspring of the same parents. But the instance of the Moran family proves a bright and notable exception. It exhibits three brothers, Edward, Thomas and Peter, all of whom are remarkably gifted artists. Although following different lines in the profession that they have chosen, they are equally famous and proficient each in his special department, and all stand at the forefront of the particular branch of the calling to which they have devoted their efforts and genius. Edward has devoted his attention to marine subjects; Thomas' genius has found sympathetic expression in landscape painting; while Peter, the youngest of the trio, is unexcelled among American artists as a delineator of animals, and his famous etchings have also placed his name in the front rank of those who have won fame in that now popular branch of art in this country.

PETER MORAN, the immediate subject of this sketch, was born at Bolton, Lancashire, England, March 4, 1842. His mother was an English woman, and his father, as the name implies, was of Irish parentage, and, in fact, a native of that country. The family emigrated to America in 1846, and located permanently in Philadelphia, where Peter Moran has ever since resided. Mr. Moran's parents were in comfortable though not affluent circumstances, and the sons, whose names have since become famous, were, therefore, to a great extent, necessarily the architects of their own fortunes. Peter Moran's rudimentary education was obtained in the Harrison Grammar School in Philadelphia. At the age of fifteen he left his books and thenceforward faced active, practical life and work, although study with him may be said to have begun where school-life ended. He was apprenticed to the firm of Herline & Hensel, lithographic printers, and remained with them about a year. Not being advanced as rapidly as he thought he deserved, he appealed to his employers for promotion, but his request received no attention from them. This was in 1857. Though the effect of the financial panic of that year was still felt, the boy's natural independence asserted itself, and regardless of the difficulty of obtaining employment he gave up his position rather than submit to what he considered an injustice and a want of proper appreciation of his efforts and ability. His destiny, perhaps, guided him in this. The next two years were spent by the youth without any money-getting occupation. At the expiration of this period he began his life-career by for-

mally devoting his attention to art. In the early part of 1859 he began study and work in the studio and under the tuition of his elder brothers, Edward and Thomas. He confined his attention and efforts primarily to marine painting, hoping and proposing to succeed in that line of his profession. He was on the way to it, but had not yet found the true sphere for his genius. He revelled in outdoor work, and his studies were apt to be quite as often sketches of animal life as of marine subjects. Gradually he drifted entirely into delineating animal life, and his family and friends recognized the fact that his tastes and talents lay in that line or branch of art, and that he had found his proper mission, or rather that it had found him.

In 1863 Mr. Moran, then in his twenty-first year, went abroad for the purpose of study. He was supplied with letters of introduction to the leading artists of England and others prominent in art circles in the Old World, amongst them Sir Edward Landseer, the noted animal painter; but his youth, inexperience and native modesty conspired to bar him out from a personal acquaintance with that man of genius. He did not present his credentials though he remained in England for a year, studying the work of that great artist and visiting the most noted galleries in the kingdom. Mr. Moran's life has been a busy one, completely devoted to his art. His very hours of recreation have been periods of work, although possessing all the elements of relaxation, for he has always devoted a certain portion of the year to outdoor sketching. His studies have been made largely in the rural districts near home, but he made two or three extended trips to the far West, and some of his most famous canvases and plates are the results of these tours. He has a varied and valuable collection of sketches depicting Indian life both among the nomad and puebla or house-dwelling tribes. His reminiscences of the experiences of his party among the Zuni Indians of New Mexico, and the more warlike roving tribes, and his description of their habits and character, are most interesting and as graphic as the work of his pencil or brush. Besides a number of finished pictures of these subjects, he has a wealth of studies for future paintings and etchings, and several works in a more or less forward state of completion.

But it is in purely pastoral scenes and pictures that the marvellous skill of the artist is most faithfully portrayed. His cattle and sheep fairly appear to live upon the canvas. In his etchings his animals, resting by the brook-side and under the shade of sheltering trees, seem to have been lifted bodily and tenderly with their surroundings and placed upon the plate, where they appear as if imbued with life. The number of his studies of this character is almost legion, and he has been prolific in the quantity of his finished work.

Among the most prized and commented upon of his oil paintings are perhaps his "Return of the Herd," "A Settled Rain," "Evening," "On the Trail," "A Sunny Slope," and "The Return from Labor." Of his etchings, "Ploughing the Stubble," "A New England Orchard," "A Passing Storm," "A Summer Afternoon," "Changing Pastures," "A New England Road" and "The Lowing Herd,"

are probably his most noted examples. The oil painting first mentioned, "The Return of the Herd," represents a herdsman bringing in his cattle which are outlined against a background of brilliant sky, with the forerunning shadows of a storm in the distance. It is the property of Mrs. Bowen, of West Walnut street, Philadelphia. "A Settled Rain" depicts a flock of sheep huddled around a pump and watering-trough, drenched and shivering in the pouring rain. "Evening" shows a flock of sheep being driven through a gully in Fairmount Park, the scene being outlined against a sunset sky. "On the Trail" is a scene on a sterile plain in Idaho Territory, representing a band of Indians on their riding ponies and leading others laden with camp equipments. "A Sunny Slope" and "The Return from Labor," two masterpieces in conception and execution, are the property of Mr. Smith, brother-in-law of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel. Examples of his genius are valuable and necessary parts of all complete collections of American artists. He was awarded the Centennial medals in 1876, both for the paintings and etchings which he exhibited, being the only American exhibitor of etchings who received an award.

Of Mr. Moran's etchings the three that are awarded the very highest places accorded to the work of an American artist, at least, are thus treated by the pen of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in a recent issue of the *Century Magazine*:

"But our finest etchings of this kind, I should say, are those of Mr. Peter Moran. Three that I have recently seen—one showing cattle in a storm, another cattle crossing a summer brook, and the third sheep in a shady spring-time pasture—are truly remarkable works. They are very elaborate in treatment, yet they show that valuable kind of artistic discretion which knows when to stop. They are not in any place over elaborate—that is, there is never any elaboration for the sake of elaboration merely, never any effort to 'finish' for the mere sake of finishing. Even in their most closely worked passages every line is beautifully placed and full of meaning, and there are other passages finely harmonizing with the more elaborate, where the untouched paper is wisely left to play its part. They are, in short, true etchings, if very elaborate ones—etchings wrought with a true respect for the intrinsic capabilities of the art and a true and a very masterly command over its processes. Their technical qualities have won the very highest praises in Paris, where, if anywhere, good etching is understood and prized, and their pictorial qualities are yet so great that the eye most ignorant of etching must be charmed by them. If we will ask for 'pictures' from our etchers, we should indeed rejoice when they give them to us of so complete a kind and yet with so much of the intrinsic charm of etching, properly so called, as does Mr. Peter Moran."

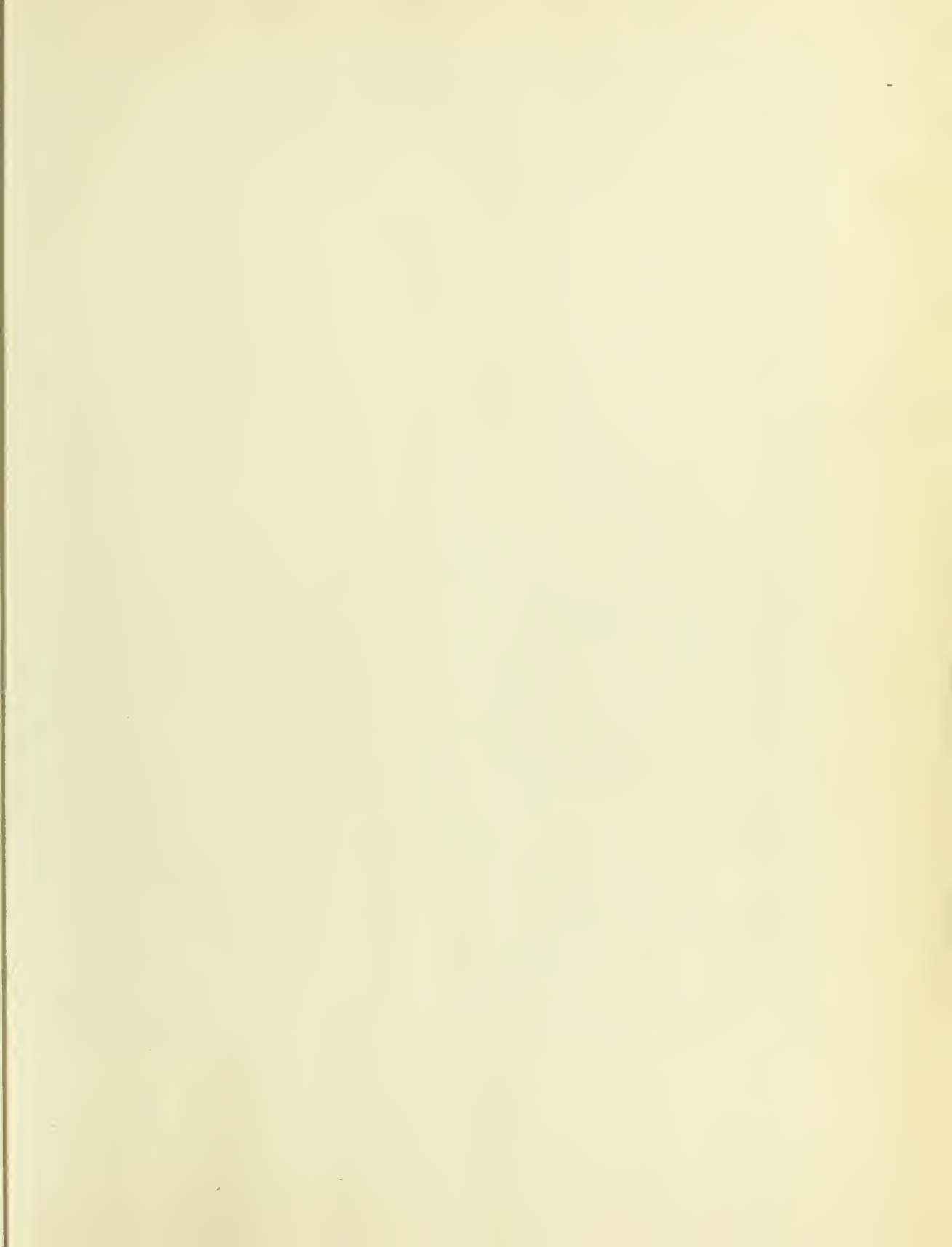
The renowned French painter, Jules Breton, who is also a poet of note, on seeing some of Mr. Moran's etchings in Paris, asked in surprise whose works they were. Upon being told that they were the works of an American artist, he exclaimed: "Why, they are admirable! The man who etched those plates is a master." Later M. Breton sent to America and secured two of those etchings for his own private collection. He also sent to Mr. Moran a presentation copy of a volume of his poems, for which work he had received the prize at the French Academy.

Mr. Moran is President of the Philadelphia Society of Etchers, member of the New York Society of Etchers, and is a member of the Sketch Club and the Art Club of Philadelphia. He is a man of fine social qualities and musical taste and

attainments. Of later years his professional labors have been mainly in the line of etchings, although he has charge of classes of the more advanced students at the School of Design for Women, at Broad and Master streets, Philadelphia, where the especial nature of his work is the teaching of composition, painting in oil and water-colors—particularly in the line of landscapes and animal subjects—charcoal drawing and etching.

Mr. Moran was married when he was in his twenty-sixth year to Miss Emily Kelley, who was born in Dublin, Ireland, of Scotch-Irish parents. Mrs. Moran has considerable reputation as an artist, both as an etcher and painter. They have one child, a son, who bids fair to sustain the reputation of his parents, and whose talents he appears to inherit.

C. R. D.







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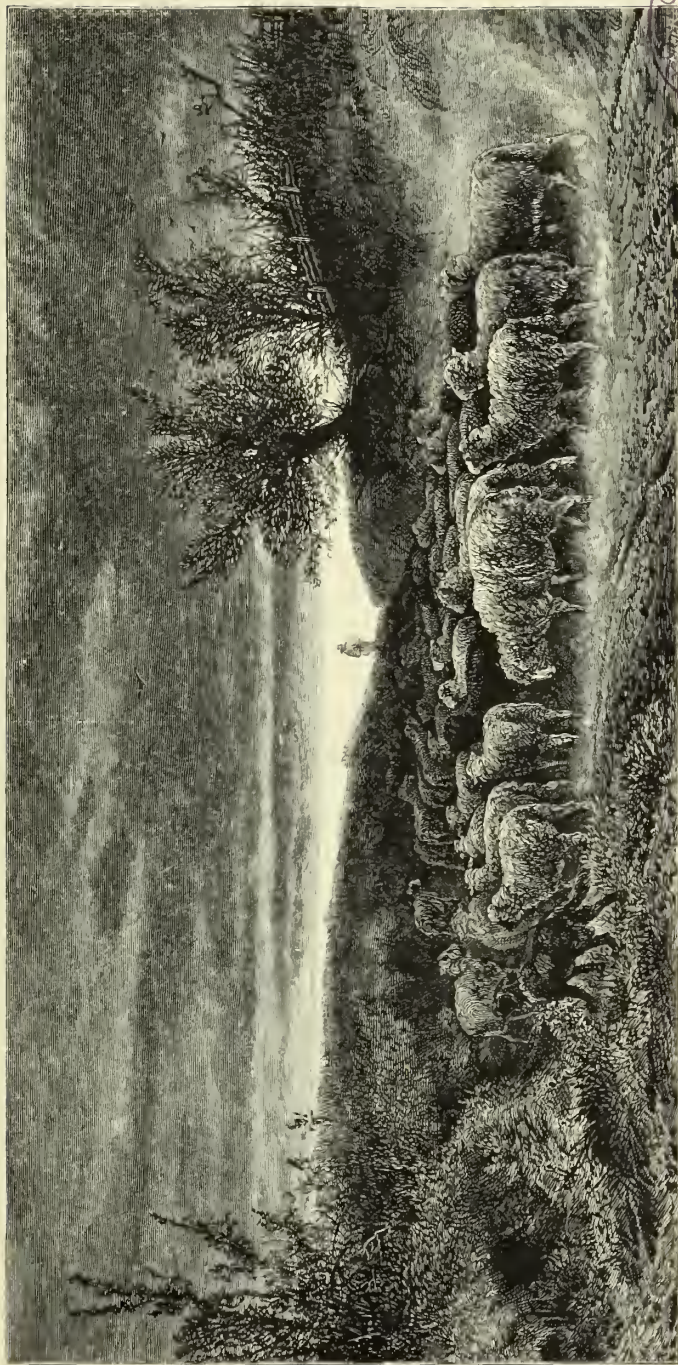
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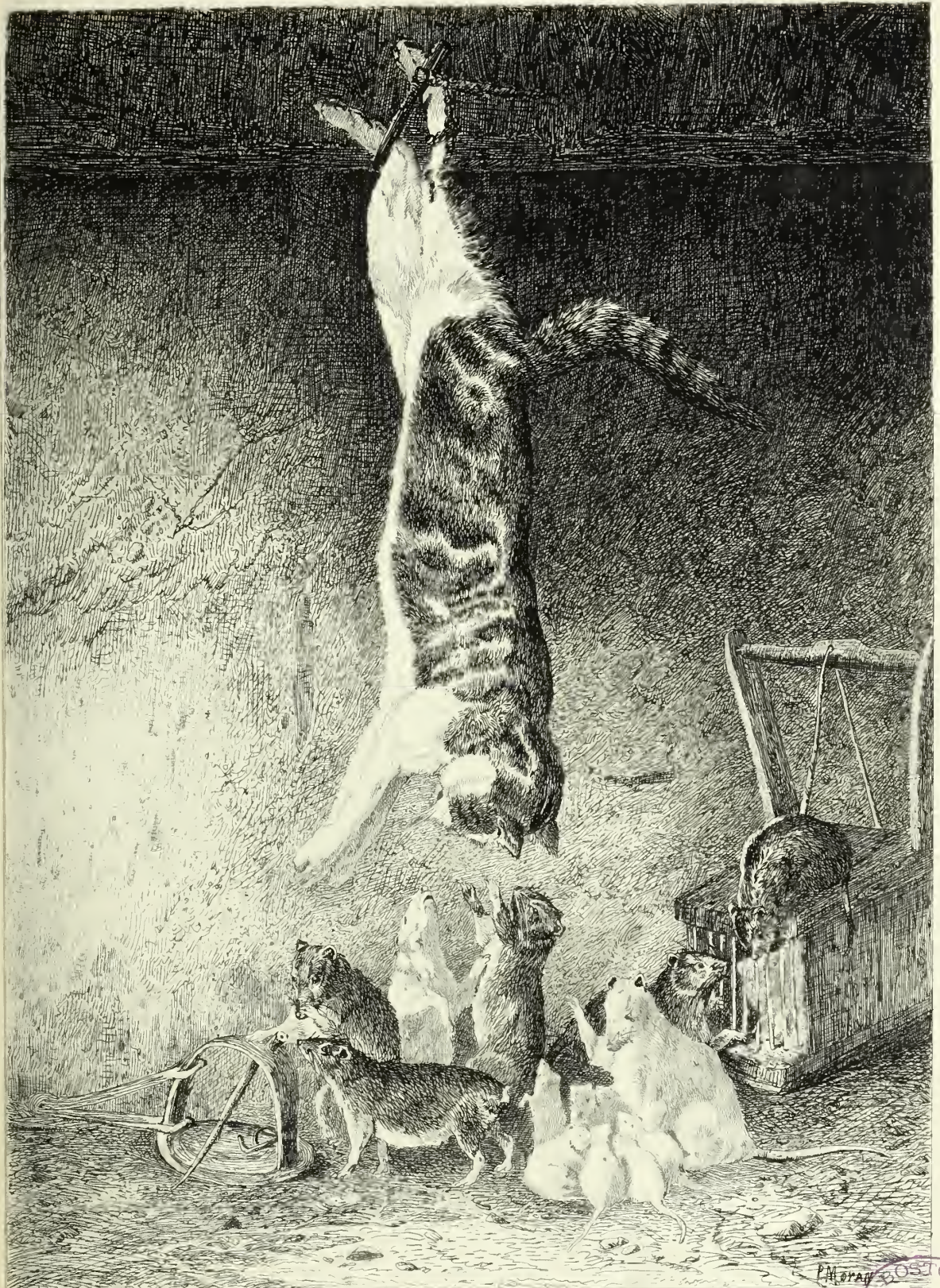
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TWILIGHT.

From a Painting by Peter Moran.



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WILLIAM CASE, ILLUSTRATING, BOSTON.



Still further, and most excellently, he is not a copyist of himself, as is the manner of some—of many, we had almost said. One of the most discouraging features of the outlook for art in every civilized nation of to-day is the frequency and the complacency with which artists repeat themselves in theme and in scheme. Even a breath from the four winds could scarcely vivify bones so dry.

A much younger man than either Mr. Church, Mr. Sanford Gifford, or Mr. Bristol, is Mr. PETER MORAN, of Philadelphia, whose talents have won for him an early and hearty recognition. He was born in the town of Bolton, Lancashire, England, on the 4th of March, 1842. Three years afterward he was brought to America by his parents, and at sixteen years of age he was apprenticed by his father to learn the trade of lithographic printing in the establishment of Messrs. Herline & Hersel, of Philadelphia. Lithographic printing is, doubtless, a very excellent and useful occupation; but Moran did not admire it. He worried along for a few months, as miserable as possible, until he succeeded in picking a very serious quarrel with his employers, and in getting his indenture canceled. He was free and seventeen years old. A lad who would not learn so excellent and useful a trade as that of lithographic printing did not meet with much encouragement from his matter-of-fact relatives; nor, when he told them that he had long cherished the aspiration of becoming an artist, did their estimate of his sagacity and stability increase. His father had taken the measure of his son's capacity, and had chosen for him the lot of a skilled and honest craftsman. His friends, too, interested themselves in him so far as to second his father's plans, and to discourage his liking for the palette. But to no purpose. It chanced that his brothers Thomas and Edward were pleasantly ensconced in a studio, and in a short time we find Peter in that place as their pupil, working with assiduity in the departments of landscape and marine painting, which Thomas and Edward were successfully cultivating. Thomas painted landscapes, and Peter sequestered all of Thomas's learning and method that he could lay hands upon. Edward painted marines, and whatever could be gotten from him was seized and taken possession of in like manner. So far, so good. But one day Peter, seeing a landscape by Lambi-

net, was greatly impressed by the presence of the spirit of Nature in that lamented artist's work, by the freshness, dewiness, transparency, and breadth of his representation, and led to a serious study of the winning Frenchman. Wherever he could gain access to a Lambinet, it was his pleasure and desire to go. Under the influence of this new first love, he painted a little canvas, which soon found a buyer in Mr. Samuel Fales, of Philadelphia; and it is that gentleman whom Mr. Moran might call his professional godfather.

To be off with the old love and on with the new is not always a reprehensible or unpromising condition; and when Mr. Moran began to associate with Troyon and Rosa Bonheur, who were not strangers in Philadelphia, and to find that he cared more for them than for Lambinet, his conscience acquiesced in the change. Cows and sheep thenceforth invited his attention, and secured his sympathy. Not cows and sheep alone, but also the landscapes which they graced or enriched. Troyon's pictures, especially, took hold of him, and have kept hold ever since. It is as an animal-painter that Moran has gotten his success, and that, doubtless, he will continue to be known. In order to study Landseer to advantage, he went to London in 1863, being then twenty-one years old. But Landseer and the English artists in general disappointed him. Landseer, no doubt, was a masterly interpreter of animal character, both from its pathetic and humorous side; but his love of popularity, or some other cause, led him not seldom to the delineation of vulgarity, to excessive caricature, and to an overweening fondness for the literary and the dramatic. The next year Mr. Moran returned home, and produced a large animal-painting, which he sent to the Philadelphia Academy Exhibition, where, before the public opening, it was bought by Mr. Matthew Baldwin, of that city. He then set himself to the delineation of Pennsylvania farm-life—particularly of barn-interiors and domestic animals. In 1873 he painted "The Thunderstorm," which is owned by Mr. Harris, of Newark, New Jersey; in 1874, "A Fog on the Sea-shore," which is owned in Brooklyn, and "Troublesome Models," which is owned by Mr. Z. H. Johnson, of New York; in 1875, "The Settled Rain," now in a New York gallery, and "The Return of the Herd," which received a medal in the Centennial Exhibition. This is undoubtedly his best work. "The Return from Market" followed in 1876, and was bought by the late Mr. Matthew Baird, of Philadelphia. In 1877 his principal works were

"Spring," which is in the collection of Mrs. C. W. Rowland, of Philadelphia; and "Twilight," which was bought by Mr. W. H. Whitney, also of Philadelphia.

This picture we have engraved. The heaviest clouds are a dark-yellow gray; those nearer the horizon are warmer in tone with strong reflected light, the color of which is white, gradationed into yellow and blue. The sheep are gray, and the general tone of the dark ground against the sky is brown, running to a gray-green in the foreground. The tone of the painting, as a whole, is olive. Evidences of fine and sensitive observation occur in this representation, and the sentiment of the twilight hour is tenderly and lovingly expressed. The other picture engraved is "The Return of the Herd" during the approach of a thunder-storm. Already the fierce rain has overtaken the group of cattle in the distance, but the white cow and her yellowish-red calf in the bright yellow-gray foreground are enveloped in light. The bull is dark-brown and black, and a noble specimen of his race. Mr. Moran's aim, in this canvas and elsewhere, is to give the best natural representation of his subject in a broad and general manner.

To the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society, in 1877, Mr. Moran contributed several etchings on copper, and also paintings in water-colors, entitled "The Noonday Rest," "The Stable-Door," and "A Mist on the Sea-shore." They are substantial and effective works. In addition to his other prize, he received an award of a medal from the judges at the Centennial Exhibition for a set of fifteen etchings. He is persistently industrious, and his future is promising.

IN the spring of 1878 Mr. WINSLOW HOMER exhibited in a Boston auction-room a collection of fifty or more sketches in pencil and in water-colors which possessed unusual interest. In composition they were not remarkable—few of Mr. Homer's productions are noteworthy in that respect; he does not seem to care greatly for it; but, in their ability to make the spectator feel their subjects at once, they were very strong. Some of them were exceedingly simple—a girl swinging in a hammock, another standing in the fields, a third playing checkers or chess—yet from almost all of them there came a sense of fresh-

ness and pleasurable-ness. The handling of the figures was easy and decisive; you said to yourself that the pictures had been made quickly and without effort, and you felt that in most instances, at least, they were true to Nature. When the sale took place they provoked considerable competition, but did not fetch a great deal of money, partly because of the stringency of the times, partly because of the lateness of the season, and partly because of their fragmentary character. They widened and strengthened the artist's reputation, however, displaying his genius to much better advantage than do many of his finished works.

Mr. Homer is, perhaps, as much respected by intelligent lovers of art as is any other painter in this country. He was born in Boston, February 24, 1836. When six years old he went with his parents to Cambridge, and acquired a lasting liking for out-door country-life. The ponds, the meadows, and the fishing, became his delight. To this day there is no recreation that he prefers to an excursion into the country. Like most artists, he was fond of drawing sketches in his boyhood. He has a pile of crayon reproductions of all sorts of things, made as early as 1847, each picture being supplemented by his full name and the exact date, in careful juvenile fashion. His father encouraged his leaning toward art, and, on one occasion, when on a visit to London, sent him a complete set of lithographs by Julian—representations of heads, ears, noses, eyes, faces, trees, houses, everything that a young draughtsman might fancy trying his hand at—and also lithographs of animals by Victor Adam, which the son hastened to make profitable use of. At school he drew maps and illustrated text-books, stealthily but systematically. When the time came for him to choose a business or profession, his parents never once thought of his becoming an artist, and, of course, did not recognize the fact that he was already one. It chanced on a certain morning that his father, while reading a newspaper, caught sight of the following brief advertisement: "Boy wanted; apply to Bufford, lithographer. Must have a taste for drawing. No other wanted." Now, Bufford was a friend of the elder Homer, and a member of the fire company of which the latter was the foreman—in those days the fire department in New England towns was conducted by gentlemen. "There's a chance for Winslow!" exclaimed the author of Winslow's being. Application was made forthwith to Bufford; and the furnishing-store across the way,



WATERMELON-EATERS.
From a Painting by Winslow Homer.

where were sold dickeys, etc., and where, at one time, it was seriously thought that Winslow had better begin life as clerk, was abandoned for the headquarters of Cambridge lithography. The boy was accepted on trial for two weeks. He suited, and staid for two years, or until he was twenty-one. He suited so well, indeed, that his employer relinquished the bonus of three hundred dollars usually demanded of apprentices in consideration of their being taught a trade. His first work was designing title-pages for sheet-music, ordered by Oliver Ditson of Boston—"Katy Darling" and "Oh, whistle and I'll come to You, my Lad" being the subjects of his initial efforts in this direction. Bufford assigned to him the more interesting kinds of pictorial decoration, leaving such avocations as card-printing to the other apprentices. His most important triumph at the lithographer's was the designing on stone of the portraits of the entire Senate of Massachusetts. But his sojourn there was a treadmill existence. Two years at that grindstone unfitted him for further bondage; and, since the day he left it, he has called no man master. He determined to be an artist; took a room in the *Ballou's Pictorial Building*, in Winter Street, Boston, and made drawings, occasionally, for that periodical. His first production there was a sketch of a street-scene in Boston—some horses rearing in lively fashion, and several pedestrians promenading on the sidewalk. In a year or two he began to send sketches to Harper & Brothers, of New York, who invariably accepted them. Some of these early works were a series entitled "Life in Harvard College," including a foot-ball game on the campus. He knew the students well, and had cultivated them a good deal. Next he drew cartoons of the muster at Concord, in 1857 or 1858, also for the Harpers. Soon he spent a winter in New York, attended a drawing-school in Brooklyn, and visited the old Düsseldorf Gallery on Broadway, where he saw and was deeply impressed by Page's "Venus." "What I remember best," says Mr. Homer, "is the smell of paint; I used to love it in a picture-gallery." The Harpers sent for him, and made him a generous offer to enter their establishment and work regularly as an artist. "I declined it," says Homer, "because I had had a taste of freedom. The slavery at Bufford's was too fresh in my recollection to let me care to bind myself again. From the time that I took my nose off that lithographic stone, I have had no master, and never shall have any."

It was in 1859 that he came to New York. For two years he occupied a studio in Nassau Street, and lived in Sixteenth Street. Gradually he got acquainted with the artists, and in 1861 he moved to the University Building on Washington Square, where several of them had rooms. He attended the night-school of the Academy of Design, then in Thirteenth Street, under Prof. Cummings's tuition, and in 1861 determined to paint. For a month, in the old Dodworth Building near Grace Church, he took lessons in painting of Rondel, an artist from Boston, who, once a week, on Saturdays, taught him how to handle his brush, set his palette, etc. The next summer he bought a tin box, containing pigments, oils, and various equipments, and started out into the country to paint from Nature. Funds being scarce, he got an appointment from the Harpers as artist-correspondent at the seat of war, and went to Washington, where he drew sketches of Lincoln's inauguration, and afterward to the front with the first batch of soldier-volunteers. Twice again he made a trip to the Army of the Potomac, these times independently of the publishers. His first oil-paintings were pictures of war-scenes; for example: "Home, Sweet Home," which represents homesick soldiers listening to the playing of a regimental band; "The Last Goose at Yorktown," now owned by Mr. Dean, of Waverley Place, New York; and "Zouaves pitching Quoits." In 1865 he painted his "Prisoners to the Front," recently in Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection, a work which soon gave him reputation.

One of his latest productions is the "Cotton-Pickers," two stalwart negro women in a cotton-field, which now has a home in London. His "A Fair Wind" and "Over the Hills" are in New York, in Mr. Charles Smith's gallery. Mr. Homer is not wholly a master of *technique*, but he understands the nature and the aims of art; he can see and lay hold of the essentials of character, and he paints his own thoughts—not other persons'. It is not strange, therefore, that, almost from the outset of his career as a painter, his works have compelled the attention of the public, and have invested themselves with earnest admiration. The praise they have earned is honest praise. They reveal on the part of the artist an ability to grasp dominant characteristics and to reproduce specific expressions of scenes and sitters; and for this reason it is that no two of Mr. Homer's pictures look alike. Every canvas with his name attached bears the reflex of a distinct artistic

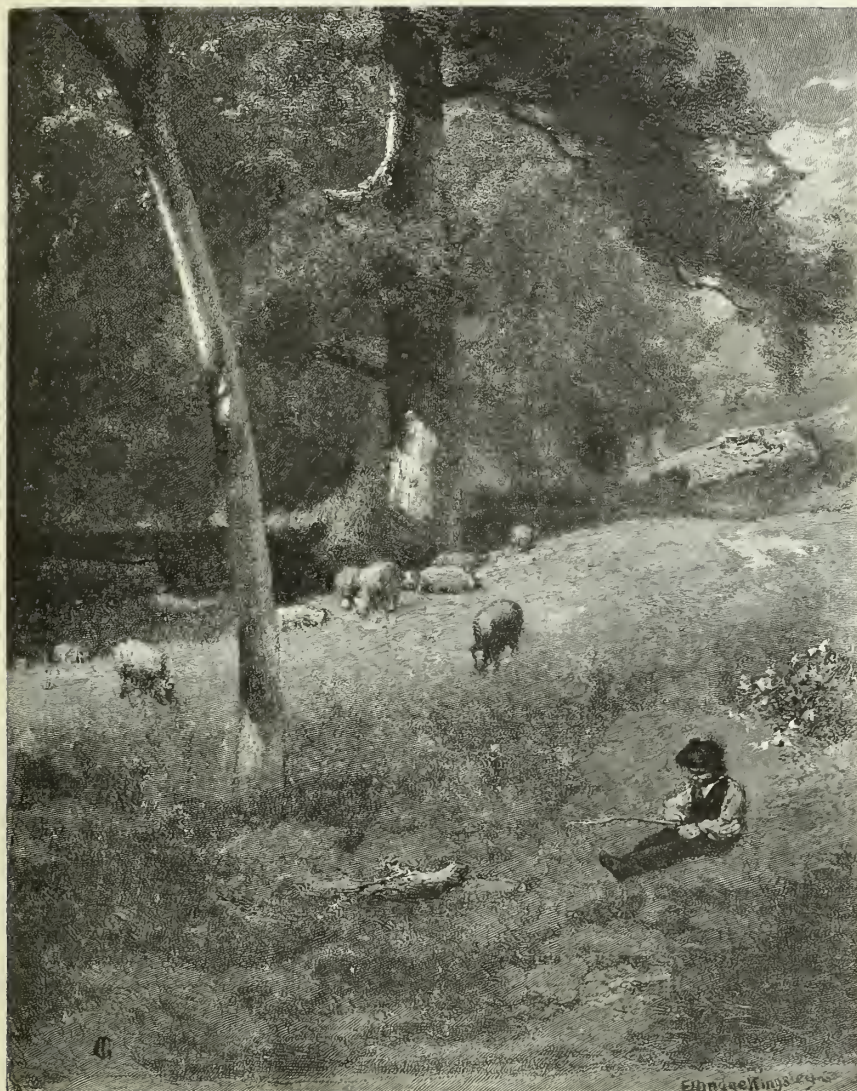


IN THE FIELDS.

From a Painting by Winslow Homer.







UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

IT is little short of impertinent to write of a painter who, in his own work, has already expressed himself a thousand times better. But there are many who never see his pictures, and many who, seeing them, lack the habit of judging and do not understand. The natural refuge of the writer on art is the commonplace of praise, extracted either from the comments of the artist on his own productions, or from utterances, private or public, on the part of his friends. For who cares to be dogmatic

in the analysis of work which the painter alone understands, and he not always thoroughly? By much more is the hazard greater when one comes to consider the subtler processes which go before the work—namely, the mental and moral processes which give that work its value. We meet with a picture that gives us a pleasant feeling; it is a graceful figure that one would like to have in one's home; or a landscape that recalls memories of happy days. Having become possessed of it, there



PINE-GROVES OF BARBARINI VILLA.

is a period of enjoyment which ends either pleasurably or ill. In one case, it fits into place and becomes a spiritual comrade; in the other tedium sets in, and one feels that its absence would be a relief. But now and then we come upon a picture that may not be certainly and at once pleasurable in its effect, but it arrests the attention with a shock. We may be troubled before it; but if we are not hampered by prejudices or schooled learning,—if we have resolved not to take opinions at second-hand, but to be brave enough to admire what gives us sensations of pleasure, or akin thereto,—we may be sure that, to us at least, the work of art is a masterpiece. Our taste may change. Ten years hence we may have come to other conclusions, sounder or less sound. But, for the time being, this is the picture that reveals to us a glimpse of that shadowy paradise of which the gate-keeper is genius.

Some such shock has befallen the writer while looking at more than one—yes, more than ten—of the landscapes of George Inness. A private opinion, to be sure, and perhaps worth no more and no less than that of anybody else. But when one has such a sensation, it is interesting to follow it back and see if there is not good reason for its existence. Are the technical processes by which the artist reaches these effects marked by the freedom and variety, the grasp and certainty, which characterize a master of his profes-

sion? And behind the technical work does there lie a mental labor which will explain to some extent the excitement produced in the mind of the observer? These few pages are scant space in which to make the trial, but possibly a more pretentious medium would only serve to show more plainly how threadbare is the attempt.

Looking at the life of Inness from the outside, it is merely that of a thousand other artists. He had few advantages of education; became an engraver; was overtaken by ill health. He had his days of enthusiasm and hope. He married and brought up children—one a painter of promise, with children of his own. When fortune smiled he enjoyed three stays in Europe—the last, and most fruitful of beautiful work, being of four years' duration. He shared the struggles of American art before the war—its well-meant but not always wise encouragements after the war, its period of dejection and loss of prestige. There have been years in his life when he sold pictures quickly at very high prices, succeeded by more years when he made nothing. He has felt the fallacious stimulus of our "good times," and endured the wholesome discipline of our "hard times." And what is the upshot of it all? Well, for one thing, the lack of pettiness seen in his work might reasonably be attributed to this varied experience. As devoted to his studio as J. J., the painter drawn by Thackeray, and as careless of the

business portion of his profession, nevertheless, Inness has not been able to escape the usual lot of men. Black Care has peeped over his shoulder and insisted on having a hand in his work. Another thing is the ab-

hood, which answered scorn for scorn, and social snubbing by artistic snubbing. Elastic, like our government, the social atmosphere in which he found himself was full of crudities, but full of life; if there was no great support



CLOSE OF A STORMY DAY.

sence of early paintings. What has become of all the pictures painted before 1860, when the pre-Raphaelite movement was beginning to have its echoes on this side of the water? Sold to all sorts of people, at all sorts of prices, in all sorts of ways; destroyed, many of them, painted over by their maker, scattered to the four quarters of the earth. There would have been no chance for this artist to coddle his pictures and concentrate his art upon itself, even if it had been strongly in his nature to do so. Another result: no possibility of becoming self-conscious and affected, like too many of his English cousins in art. Severely as the social fabric of New York handled him, there was breadth in its treatment. If it did not buy his pictures, it was either because it was honestly ignorant of their value, or because it thought it could not afford the money. But there was no social caste to drive artists and writers into one of two fatal paths—either into revolt at the fretting and pervasive tyranny, or into those grimaces which often prove a passport to success.

Inness has suffered; but there has never been a necessity here, as there was in England, that painters of genius should band themselves together into a Pre-Raphaelite Brother-

hood, which answered scorn for scorn, and social snubbing by artistic snubbing. Elastic, like our government, the social atmosphere in which he found himself was full of crudities, but full of life; if there was no great support in it, there was no demoralizing influence exerted by it upon his art. He fought his way along by his own methods, without the depressing feeling that, let his genius be ever so great, ninnies were being born every day whom a large body of his fellow-citizens would rank above him. The acid that bit into the soul of Carlyle was present in America in such a feeble, dilute condition that the painter need never feel its presence.

Inness seems never to have had even so much of social ambition as to make him wish to knock at those doors in his city which are least ready to open to men neither rich nor well-accredited. Sufficient for him were his own family, his studio, and his private circle of friends. A steady workman at his profession, he would go to nature for impressions, simply, neither with boast nor with too much hope. Sometimes it is plain that he has labored hard at his sketches; hours and days pass while struggling at one scene. In such cases the work is minute, painstaking, almost painful. For his nature is most excitable, and can only be made to apply itself by the strongest exercise of will. But then the benefit of self-restraint shows unerringly in the sketch. On other occasions, he has been an impressionist in the fullest sense of the term.



AN AUTUMN MORNING.

Overwhelmed by the beauty of a scene, the play of light and shade, the balance of clouds, distant hills and nearer masses of forest, he has dashed his paint on with hardly a line of pencil or charcoal to guide him, working in that rapt condition of mind during which the lapse of time is not felt, in which the mind seems to extend itself through the fingers to the tip of the brush, and the latter, as it moves on the prepared surface, seems to obey the general laws of nature which fashioned the very landscape that is being counterfeited at the instant. These were moments of the painter's ecstasy, rare enough in comparison with cooler moods, but leaving their mark with equal unerringness. From sketches taken under such varying circumstances have arisen in the quiet of his studio the procession of landscapes issuing from his hand during the past thirty years. Grave landscapes and gay, landscapes noble and plain, expressive landscapes and those that told of indifferent moods. Some touch a height of magnificence that gives one cause to remember the great men of former days—Claude, Poussin, Rosa, Ruysdael, Constable, Turner. Others have the sturdy look of Rousseau. But Inness is not an imitator or follower of any of these; if he had one merit only, it would be originality. Genius more varied is not unknown and genius that has broader limits. But in his own lines as a

landscapist and colorist he is like no one else. Consider his "Stone Pines at Monte Mario," and "Hickory Grove at Medfield, Mass.," his "Coming Storm," and "Light Triumphant."

It is only at a distance that the work of Inness seems to be unvaried. It is always landscape, and always one feels the individual manner which has not been allowed to degenerate into mannerism. But the moods in which the different pictures have been conceived are often varied, and then another key-note of color is struck. Sometimes that note is laid down on the canvas at the start: its complementary color is added; then follow the other colors and their shades of color, all with reference to the first. Again, it may seem better to reverse the order somewhat: the key color is washed over later. Inness has learned to subordinate his materials; they flow plastic under his brush or thumb. A disciple of the older school, he seldom uses the palette-knife or brushes of extraordinary character, yet, if he thought better effects could be gained through them, he would not hesitate a moment to use them. This may seem trivial: it is only mentioned to show that, notwithstanding the intensity of certain of his convictions, which will presently be mentioned, he has no narrowness regarding the methods of his work or the tools employed. When the right mood is on he becomes dra-



J.P. DAVIS. Sc.

SUNSET.

matic, although always as a landscapist, and reaches closely to the borders of the sublime. There is a moorland piece which shows this trait well. Heavy bowlders encumber the moor; one almost hides a farm-house, whose gray roof, were it not for the smoke at its chimney, might be taken for another mass of rock. A figure is detected in the open central space. The sky is magnificent with heavy, black rain-clouds, that reflect the ruggedness of the moor; in the center, and as a counterpart of the farm-house roof, is a brilliant white cloud that has caught the sunlight. There is a fine glowing effect in the heavens and in the distant moor that is aided by the smoke and the

little curling white clouds above the heavier masses. This is not direct work from nature—it is pure dramatic imagination. It is based on a very different scene. The original is a comparatively sober copy of a real landscape, in which thickets and woods stand for the bowlders, a peaceful train of cattle fills a green meadow in the center, and in which the bed of the wild stream, that seems at one time to have spun the bowlders about like curling-stones, is a placid river. The narrow realist will be likely to object to a picture which he will say is one of *chic*. But what then? Suppose it is. *Chic* is a great thing—if you are great enough in art to use and not abuse it!

It has become almost hackneyed to divide the works of a painter into so many "styles," more or less representative of varying periods of his development. The habit is convenient as affording a method of obtaining a comprehensive view; it is also the natural method, for artists often do materially change their styles. With Inness, distinctions of the kind are not sharply defined, yet they exist all the same. His art has been very slow in development. He does not accept philosophical ideas suddenly, nor without great stress of thought—a veritable spiritual combat. Three epochs may be distinguished in his work, but their borders overlap, and it would be rash to affirm absolutely in every

the Italian masters,—his influences were rather French, Flemish, and Dutch,—but because he painted Italian scenes. Finally, a post-war style, in which he now works without loss of the good in his previous efforts, but with complete control of his art. If big words are not out of place, the present may be called his synthetic style as opposed to the analytic of the days before the war. In the figure he was never grounded, partly because of an overwhelming tendency to landscape, but also because of illness in youth and the lack of sound instruction to be had in New York when he was a boy. It is heresy to suggest that in the end the omission has served him. But is it not imaginable that the lack of early



LOITERING.

case to which of the three a picture belongs. With due deference, therefore, to the possibility of mistake, these three styles may be postulated: An ante-war style, consisting of painstaking, rather stiff, analytical work, similar to that of many of his comrades in the "Hudson River School," etc. Secondly, a war style, which we may consider the result of the agitation produced by the four years of tumult and national anguish, and which shows itself in fluidity of outlines, a breaking-up of the old rigidity, a new grasp of what is magnificent in landscape breadth, a throwing overboard of the pettiness of the former style. This may also be called the "Italian" style of Inness, not so much because he learned from

training, such as artists get easily to-day, kept him poor and humble and forced him to greater efforts in the only branch of painting he could follow?

There remains the personality behind the artistic product. A painter deserving the name of artist works, consciously or unconsciously, from inner rules which he has, as it were, invented for himself. It is easily conceivable that he may be a great artist, and yet unequal in his work; a genius, and surpassed by lesser men in deftness of hand. But behind his pictures he must have intellectual and moral forces more potent than those of the ordinary craftsman of his profession, and also possess naturally either a fair share of facility

in the expression of his ideas, or else such indomitable will that he overcomes that lack in his temperament by hard labor. Now, Inness piques himself on the logic displayed in the management of his landscapes. His methods are the result of much observation of nature and the pictures of modern and ancient masters. Particulars are reasoned out with a rigidity of logic that sounds dry. His groping after truth has been as constant as it was earnest. Yet there is plenty of imagination and poetry in the scenes. Back of the landscapes, in whose confection rules founded on logic that can be expressed in the mathematical terms have been strictly followed, lies the whole world of immaterial spirits, of whom Swedenborg was the latest prophet. Not for Inness the wild extravagances of technique belonging to the later pictures of Turner. The so-called "Slave-ship" is a bugbear. He has a horror of the illogical presence of floating iron chains and of marine monsters unknown to the merely human eye—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. His contempt for the "Slave-ship" is so great that one is half persuaded that there is self-illusion at the bottom, and that some day Inness will awake to the fact that the picture which shocked him so much is just the picture he would prefer out of all the other eccentricities of Turner. He regards as unmanly, if not positively ignorant, the fashion Turner had of placing the vanishing point—that point to which all the parallel lines seem to tend—to the left or the right of the picture, instead of near the center, thus disturbing its repose. But—paradox as it may seem—along with such dry and technical axioms, such *Philisterschaft*, in a true artist goes the fact that to Inness the whole cosmogony of inner spirits superintends the creation of the pictures. He is nothing if not an idealist.

He is, in fact, without being of a complicated nature, an artist with more than one side to his character. Alternately one might take him for a poet or a Philistine; an idealist or a hide-bound realist; an impressionist or a pre-Raphaelite. Beginning under the influence of Durand, he saw the limitations of that good but restricted painter. From Thomas Cole he had the same repulsion that shows in his criticism of Turner. The pre-Raphaelite influences in their English shape were strong enough to make him try more than one study in that direction. But good sense—or, shall we say, the intuition of genius?—saved him from exhibiting much that smacked strongly of a movement wholesome as a preparation but misleading when taken literally. The impressionists also leave him cold, for has he not been, on many occasions,

an impressionist? Some of his studies are faithful imitations of nature pursued for weeks at a time. Others, as we have said, are dashed in during the heat of imaginative creation.

Like some of the great Dutchmen, like their reverential followers Constable, Corot, Rousseau, landscape is to this artist the highest walk of art. It not only represents the nature that we see and the human feelings that move us when we look on nature, but something that includes both. It is an expression—feeble enough, to be sure, but still an expression—of the Godhead. In the mind of Inness, religion, landscape, and human nature mingle so thoroughly that there is no separating the several ideas. You may learn from him how the symbolization of the Divine Trinity is reflected in the mathematical relations of perspective and aerial distance. That such ideas are not mere whims with him is attested by various papers published in the magazines where he has given some of his thoughts. He not only believes what he says, but tries to carry out in his pictures this interrelation of art and religion. He is too much of an artist to make the result hard and absolute, as, to choose an extreme example in the opposite direction, Holman Hunt did in "The Shadow of the Cross." Holman Hunt seeks to return to the simplicity of the Van Eycks in treating religious questions, and would like to make himself a pious burgher of the tenth century in order to accomplish it. Inness is a modern to the last degree, and, thrown in upon himself by a scoffing world, tries to express his religious opinions under the veil of landscape. Perhaps even that is saying too much. Do his landscapes hint of religion? Does he try to express religion? We should say no. It is rather the methods by which he does them that are governed in his own mind by religious ideas. The result is fine, but, to the world, too far removed to be understood as religious in motive. Let us, then, rather say of his religion that he does not express, but hides it, in his art. Holman Hunt uses religious scenes to point a moral. Inness uses his convictions of a "world religion" in order to "adorn a tale." Out of all the landscape-painters stimulated and over-stimulated by the civil war, a few are emerging here and there into the position of masters. A rough and unideal schooling has been theirs: the public ignorant and uncritical; the press ignorant and hypercritical, or else fulsome in praise. Here an artist would be ruined by the injudicious support of friends and followers; there another was starved mentally and pinched actually by lack of notice. The survivors in the struggle are such landscape-

painters as Homer Martin, George Fuller, and others. Inness belongs to the scanty band.

He is often compared to Rousseau. No doubt Rousseau had some effect in crystallizing the ideas of Inness in landscape art, but the latter is in no sense his follower. The limitations of Rousseau have not been maintained—who knows whether wisely or not? Truly American in this, Inness has demanded more elbow-room than his great Parisian contemporary. Inside his own wider field he is also more versatile. Strangely enough, he approaches in temperament and physique a type that is considered Gallic. Black, slender, agile, not tall, vivacious of gesture, rapid in talk, easily moved, imaginative within sharply defined bounds, he is more of a Gaul than the average Frenchman. The name Inness means "island" in the Irish and Highland Scotch dialects of the Celtic. Mr. Inness is probably of comparatively pure Celtic blood, and may, for that reason, be dowered with ideality, opinionativeness, enthusiasm. In talk he becomes so carried away by the subject that he forgets how time is flying. What pleases him best is to have many pictures in process of making at one time. Then, having them arranged about his room, he

likes to attack one or the other, as the mood strikes him. It is the insatiable craving for movement and variety which makes his picturesque even while at work on what are often considered sober landscapes. No painter labors harder; but the intensity of his work must find relief in change of mood and method. Habit has made him love the chains that bind him in his studio, but his excitable mind must have vent. For that reason one can see in his studio, side by side on different easels, a careful wood interior that has just escaped the commonplace by a happy flood of light which he has poured into a blue patch of sky, caught again on a trickling stream and reflected off on the nodding heads of blackberry vines; a wild stretch of desolation on a moor, with an accompanying drama of cloud-forms; or a railway embankment with laborers and supply-train on the long sweep of red clay, and, beyond them, the steeples of a New Jersey town. There are even genre pictures—small groups of girls at play, and such attempts at work foreign to his best vein. But in these the landscape is always the valuable part.

Inness paints Nature as the Ossian of the Highlands sang of it—in its great outer, rather than in its little inner, form.

Henry Eckford.

LOVE CROWNED.

A MAIDEN, with a garland on her head,
Sat in her bower between two lovers: one
Wore such a wreath as hers; the other none.
But him, in merry wise, she garlanded
With that she wore; then, gayly, took instead
The other's wreath and wore it as her own;
Whereat both smiled, each deeming she had shown
Himself the favorite. Though she nothing said
Concerning this by any spoken word,
Yet by her act, methinks, the maid preferred
The lover she discrowned. A friendly thing
Or whimsical—no more—the gift she gave
(A queen might do as much by any slave),
But he whose crown she wore was her heart's king.

John Godfrey Saxe.





W. H. Brown

impression. His style is large and free, realistic and straightforward, broad and bold; and many of his finished works have somewhat of the charm of open-air sketches—were, indeed, painted out-doors in the sunlight, in the immediate presence of Nature; while in the best of them may always be recognized a certain noble simplicity, quietude, and sobriety, that one feels grateful for in an age of gilded spread-eagleism, together with an abundance of free touches made in inspired unconsciousness of rules, and sometimes fine enough almost to atone for insufficiency of textures and feebleness of relation of color to sentiment. His negro studies, recently brought from Virginia, are in several respects—in their total freedom from conventionalism and mannerism, in their strong look of life, and in their sensitive feeling for character—the most successful things of the kind that this country has yet produced. One of them, “Eating Watermelons,” we have engraved. It is a chapter in the life of an American boy. His “Snap the Whip” and “Village School,” in Mr. John H. Sherwood’s collection, are other chapters. His fame as a painter was founded upon his original and happy treatment of just such subjects as these. “In the Fields” shows us a stalwart young farmer stopping to listen to the song of a lark. “The Song of the Lark” was its title on the occasion of its first exhibition in 1877 in the gallery of the Century Club.

No American painter has thought more deeply and can express himself more instructively concerning the philosophy of his art than Mr. GEORGE INNESS. He was born in Newburg, New York, May 1, 1825. In his fourteenth year his parents were living in Newark, New Jersey, where he took lessons of an old drawing-teacher named Barker. “I used often to wonder,” he says, “if I should ever be able to do what he did.” At this time, as before and since, his health was extremely delicate. His sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams, which often caused him to jump out of bed and run downstairs in terror. His father tried to start him in a store, but in a month he had driven all the customers away. He did not take kindly to mercantile life. Sherman & Smith, of New York, map-engravers, received him next. The confinement told too heavily upon him, and in one year he left the place, but

soon returned, and left again. He went home to Newark, made some studies and sketches from Nature, and soon afterward entered the studio of Regis Gignoux, in New York. In a few months he was at work in his own studio. Mr. J. J. Mapes, of New York, bought one of the first of the young artist's pictures—a small landscape with sheep—for twenty-five dollars; the Art Union became a good customer, and Mr. Ogden Haggerty a warm friend. But Mr. Inness soon became dissatisfied with what he had done. He noticed in some prints after the old masters the presence of a spirit that did not animate his own productions. He took the prints with him out to Nature, and tried to find what it was that produced the sentiment he so admired and missed. At that time his preference was for Durand over Cole, and he had begun to be successful. Mr. Haggerty offered to send him to Europe; and some time afterward he set sail for England, and on arriving there proceeded straight to Rome. He was in Italy fifteen months, and soon in New York again. The works of the European artists, which were beginning to find their way to this country, continued to impress him; and in 1850, about a year and a half after his first visit, he returned to Europe and remained in France a year. In 1860 he was settled in the simple country scenery of Medfield, Massachusetts, where he painted some of his best pictures, among them a landscape now belonging to Mr. Gibson, of Brooklyn, which a distinguished friend named "Light Triumphant," and which we have engraved. Mr. Maynard, of Boston, bought some of his finest works, notably a large road-scene at twilight. His style then was rich and full in color, strong and impulsive. "I always felt," he says, "as if I had two opposing styles"—one impetuous and eager, the other classic and elegant; so that, while some of his pictures were dashed off under an inspiration, others were painfully elaborated. After four years he left Medfield for Eaglewood, near Perth Amboy, New Jersey. There he fell into the study of theology, which for seven years was almost his only reading. Meanwhile he painted a number of highly-successful landscapes, the best of which is twenty by thirty inches, and belongs to Mr. Skates, of New York. He returned to New York, lived there a year, went again to Rome, remained there and in Paris four years, his pictures gradually assuming a more studied style, came back to this country, sojourned a year in Boston, and then found his way to New York, where his home has been ever



LIGHT TRIUMPHANT.
From a Painting by George Inness.

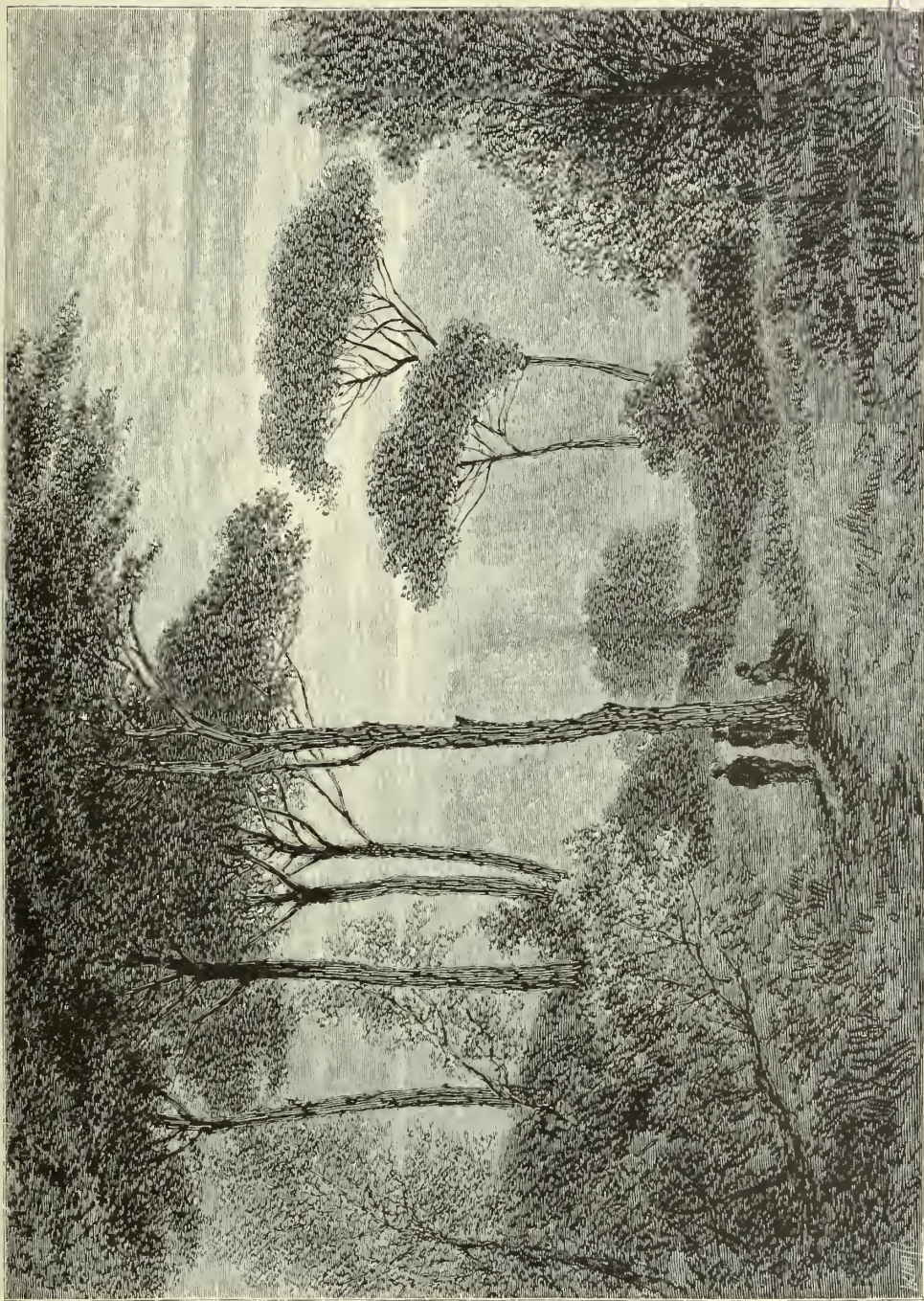
since. His "Homestead" and "Autumn," the former in the South Room and the latter in the North Room during the exhibition in the New York National Academy in 1877, are undoubtedly the best things he has yet done, the "Homestead" being especially noteworthy for its elaboration and for its perfection of natural quality. The texture of the grass in the foreground and the fullness and harmony of local color are wonderfully true to Nature. These traits are characteristic of his landscapes. His favorite process of painting is as follows: First, he stains his white, fresh canvas with Venetian red, but not enough to lose the sense of entire transparency. Then, with a piece of charcoal he draws, more or less carefully, the outlines of the picture, afterward confirming the outline with a pencil, and puts in a few of the prominent shadows with a little ivory-black on a brush. His principal pigments are white, very little black, Antwerp-blue, Indian-red, and lemon-chrome. He begins anywhere on the canvas, and works in mass from generals to particulars, keeping his shadows thin and transparent, and allowing the red with which the canvas was stained to come through as a part of the color. When the work is sufficiently dry, he adds to his palette cobalt (for the sake of giving permanency to the blues), brown, and pink. The last steps are glazing, delicate painting, and scumbling, and the use of any additional pigments that are needed.

Mr. Inness sometimes paints for fifteen hours a day, the length of time, of course, depending chiefly upon physical condition, states of feeling, and the nature of the emotion to be expressed. He paints standing, whether the canvas is large or small. His keenest pleasure is usually at the beginning of his task; as the picture gets under way, the labor becomes harder and harder, and he often lays the canvas aside for another one. Sometimes he has twenty pictures in hand simultaneously, working on four or five of them in a single day.

Mr. Inness's nature is a deeply religious one. When painting, he always feels that there is a power behind him teaching him—not, indeed, how to paint, but what is truth, what is the significance of things. "The whole effort and aim of the true artist," he said one day while conversing with the writer, "is to eschew whatever is individual, whatever is the result of the influence of his own evil nature, of his own carnal lusts, and to acknowledge nothing but the

inspiration that comes from truth and goodness, or the divine principle within him, nothing but the one personality or God, who is the centre of man, and the source of all noble inspiration. For, just as it is impossible for him to personalize Nature on his canvas, so it is impossible for him truly to personalize himself. Like every other man, the artist is an individual representation of a personality, which is God. This personality is everywhere to be loved and revered; but the assumption of it to self is the creation in man of his own misery; the subjection of himself to insults, to distresses, to a general disagreement with all the conditions of his existence. By eschewing it as belonging to himself, he learns to love and to reverence it as represented in truth and good everywhere. That truth and good are God, existing from the beginning, one with the beginning, creating all things. I would not give a fig for art-ideas except as they represent what I perceive behind them; and I love to think most of what I, in common with all men, need most—the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hill-side, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth.”

In the same conversation, Mr. Inness expressed himself as follows concerning the true purpose of the painter: This purpose is “simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of veneration, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion, if the work has unity, as every such work should have, and the true beauty of the work consists in the beauty of the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Its real greatness consists in the quality and the force of this emotion. Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough fully to reproduce the impression that the artist wishes to reproduce. When more than this is done, the impression is weakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things, which may be very cleverly painted, and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of an artist are to combine the two, namely, to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression. Meissonier always makes his thought clear; he is most painstaking with details, but



PINE-GROVE, BARBERINI VILLA, ALBANO.

From a Painting by George Inness.

he sometimes loses in sentiment. Corot, on the contrary, is, to some minds, lacking in objective force. He is most appreciated by the highly-educated artistic taste, and he is least appreciated by the crude taste. He tried for years to get more objective force, but he found that what he gained in that respect he lost in sentiment. If a painter could unite Meissonier's careful reproduction of details with Corot's inspirational power, he would be the very god of art. But Corot's art is higher than Meissonier's. Let Corot paint a rainbow, and his work reminds you of the poet's description, 'The rainbow is the spirit of the flowers.' Let Meissonier paint a rainbow, and his work reminds you of a definition in chemistry. The one is poetic truth, the other is scientific truth; the former is æsthetic, the latter is analytic. The reality of every artistic vision lies in the thought animating the artist's mind. This is proved by the fact that every artist who attempts only to imitate what he sees fails to represent that something which comes home to him as a satisfaction—fails to make a representation corresponding in the satisfaction which it produces to the satisfaction felt in his first perception. Consequently, we find that men of strong artistic genius, which enables them to dash off an impression coming, as they suppose, from what is outwardly seen, may produce a work, however incomplete or imperfect in details, of greater vitality, having more of that peculiar quality called 'freshness,' either as to color or spontaneity of artistic impulse, than can other men after laborious efforts—a work which appeals to the cultivated mind as something more or less perfect of Nature. Now, this spontaneous movement by which he produces a picture is governed by the law of homogeneity or unity, and accordingly we find that in proportion to the perfection of his genius is the unity of his picture."

Concerning *chiaro-oscuro*, or the means of producing sensuous impressions of objects by effects of light and dark, the mind, said Mr. Inness, is governed by a law of equilibrium. "If we consider for a moment that all things appear to us (so far as their light and dark, or *chiaro-oscuro*, are concerned) by means of the shadow which their own objectivity produces, we shall see at once that in reasoning concerning light and dark, we must start from the point of equilibrium, which is half-way between light and dark. At that point all things cease to appear—all is light and flat as a fog of vapor that obscures everything. Now, in Nature we find that the horizon is where all things cease to

appear. The horizon, therefore, the flat blue of the sky (not clouds) is the point of equilibrium—the foil against which all lights and darks are relieved, the middle tone or the half-dark or half-light of the picture. Hence, it is the horizon that the artist must consult in producing a representation in which all parts are in equilibrium; and there is no greater difficulty than in finding the relation which the sky bears to the objects in his landscape. The eye is continually deceived by the tendency of the mind to make violent contrasts of light against dark, and dark against light, when looking at Nature analytically. A person seeing a dark shadow (as of a building) against the horizon, cannot easily keep at the same time the idea that the horizon is really the half-way house of light and dark; but, if from the deck of a vessel he will observe the ocean-line when the sun is under a cloud, he will find that, although the sky at the horizon appears to him to be very light, yet the moment that the sun dashes its light upon the water the exact reverse is produced—the sky looking very dark, showing that the proposition is true. . . .

“There is a notion,” he continued, “that objective force is inconsistent with poetic representation. But this is a very grave error. What is often called poetry is a mere jingle of rhyme—intellectual dish-water. The poetic quality is not obtained by eschewing any truths of fact or of Nature which can be included in a harmony or real representation. The lack of local color in a work of art—the lack of objective form, even though the work may have the equilibrium of a well-diffused *chiaro-oscuro*—is still, so far, a detraction from its power forcibly to represent emotional vision, and therefore a lack in the full presentation of the poetic principle. Poetry is the vision of reality. When John saw the vision of the Apocalypse, he *saw* it. He did not see emasculation, or weakness, or gaseous representation. He saw *things*, and those things represented an idea. . . .

“Among the French artists it is that we find the best works of art. Millet is one of those artistic angels whose aim was to represent pure and holy human sentiments—sentiments which speak of home, of love, of labor, of sorrow, and so on. Many of his pictures, indeed, display weaknesses to which minds like his are at times peculiarly liable, as though the strength of flesh and blood had overcome the power of the spirit. But he is the very first in that class of painters who reproduce such sentiments in their paintings; and in

his paintings do we find the highest of these sentiments. Meissonier is a very wonderful painter, but his aim seems to be a material and not a spiritual one. The imitative has too strong a hold upon his mind. Hence, even in his simplest and best things we find the presence of individualities which should have had no place, because they are really outside of the idea or impression which he intended to convey. That idea which came fresh into his mind from the scene which he saw—why should he not have reproduced in its original purity unalloyed by the mixture of those individualities? Even in his greatest efforts there is not that power to awaken our emotion which the simplest works of a painter like Decamps possess. There every detail of the picture is a part of the vision which impressed the artist, and which he purposed to reproduce, to the end that it might impress others; and every detail has been subordinated to the expression of the artist's impression. Take one of his pictures, 'The Suicide'—a representation of a dead man lying on a bed in a garret, partly in the sunlight. All is given up to the expression of the idea of *desolation*. The scene is painted as though the artist had seen it in a dream. Nothing is done to gratify curiosity, or to withdraw the mind from the great central point—the dead man; yet all is felt to be complete and truly finished. The spectator carries away from it a strong impression, but his memory is not taxed with a multitude of facts. The simple story is impressed upon his mind, and remains there forever. . . .

In Mr. Inness's "Light Triumphant," and "Pine Grove, Barberini Villa," which are engraved herewith, these principles of art are fully exemplified. The rendering of light, of color, and of texture, is very nobly done. Some of his works, to be sure, are not so successful, but his aim is always pure, and his inspiration is always felt. He is a great painter, and his name will be held in honor.

In early boyhood, THOMAS HICKS, who was born at Newtown, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, October 18, 1823, had developed a talent for drawing, especially for caricaturing. The antimasonic campaign was vigorous in Bucks County in those days, and Thomas made a sketch admirably adapted to elicit the execrations of every stanch freemason in the neighborhood. The village

postmaster, having seen and admired that sketch, presented the author of it with Cunningham's "Lives of the English Painters," one of the lives in which—that of Barry—fired the enthusiasm of the recipient. "I will be a painter," he resolved, keeping the resolution at once by producing a portrait of his cousin, and keeping the portrait two months for fear that it might cause him ridicule. He showed it to the brother of the subject. It was recognized at once as a portrait, and the young artist took great courage.

Dr. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, who was on a visit to Newtown, became interested in Hicks, and advised him to go to the Academy of the Fine Arts in the Quaker City. The portrait-painter went there—it was in the summer of 1839. In the winter, for some inscrutable reason, the doors of the institution were closed, and Hicks repaired to the National Academy of Design, then at Beekman and Nassau Streets, New York. There he drew so successfully from the antique that, before the season ended, he was admitted to the life-school as a reward of merit. A number of his pictures, chiefly *genre* subjects, were soon bought by the Art Union. In 1845 Mr. Hicks went to London, and, after experimenting in the National Gallery, made a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Infant Samuel," ordered by Mr. Hippolyte Mali. In the sailing-packet which took him across the Atlantic were Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Dalton, of Boston, young Mr. Oxnard, and Colonel Polk, a brother of the President, just appointed *chargé* at Naples. Not long afterward he met Oxnard in Paris. "Goodwin wants to see you," said the latter; "he is in the long gallery of the Louvre." Hicks, whose finances were not in a plethoric condition—he had left home with a small letter of credit, and with the intention of staying away only a year—hastened to find his late fellow-passenger. "Walk down the gallery with me," said Goodwin, "and show me what you admire." The artist had been working his brains and wrist several weeks in that generously-stocked museum—had, indeed, worked himself half sick, and knew what was choice. "Pick out some smaller samples," said the patron, when the larger ones had been indicated to him, "and we will walk back again." Correggio's "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine" was one of the works that pleased them both, and Hicks received from Goodwin an order for a copy. He spent three years in Italy. In 1847, Kensett, George William Curtis, W. W. Story, and Margaret Fuller, came to Rome, and a merry party they made,



"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

From a Painting by Thomas Hicks.

holding receptions every night. In the summer of that year Hicks, Kensett, Curtis, and his brother Burril Curtis, went to Venice and remained a month. During June of the next year, Hicks returned to Paris at the beginning of the revolution there, entered the studio of Couture—then quite the fashionable resort for our young artists abroad—ascertained that the demerits rather than the merits of that painter usually descended upon his pupils, became satisfied that his own case was not likely to be an exception, and, after an eighteen months' sojourn, came home.

It was in the autumn of 1849 that he found himself in his studio on Broadway, near Prince Street, and also in the Century Club, where he has held many positions of honor. At a meeting of the club, January 26, 1858, he read a eulogy on the character and works of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, which was published by order of the club and extensively circulated.

The following passage from it gives some of Mr. Hicks's views on art-matters: "From the number and variety of Crawford's works, together with the rapidity of their execution, it might be inferred that he did not bestow upon them the elaboration which sculpture requires. But in a careful examination of their intrinsic merit, if such deficiencies are discovered, they are the results of two facts with which he was perfectly acquainted: First, that the imagination and other high faculties of the mind, when educated and intelligent, are affected by the very reverse of those qualities which are merely visual, microscopic, and mechanical; and, secondly, that his invention was so fertile, his thoughts and fancy so teeming with forms of grandeur and beauty, that the necessity to create new works was imperative. Some such charges were made against Michael Angelo—how groundlessly, history is perpetually demonstrating. Does it ever occur to a cultivated mind that the Sibyls and Prophets in the Sistine Chapel are wanting in finish? Still, the works of Carlo Dolci have many admirers, and Michel Angelo has left the indisputable proof of his ability to lose in monotonous softness all traces of other character, and has showed his contempt for it in a solitary bass-relief in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Crawford, also, in some of his works, carried tenderness and elaboration into the superlative degree. In the group of 'The Children in the Wood,' nothing is omitted that belongs to the story. The shoes, the little birds and leaves, are all wrought out with the utmost truth-

fulness, while the touching pathos of the sleeping children is consistent and exquisite. But we may safely assert that there is not a work in sculpture, ancient or modern, that surpasses in elaboration the portrait-bust of Mrs. Crawford, executed in 1846. Every attribute of the best art is retained in its fullest expression. Intellectuality, dignity, and womanly sweetness, glow with the artist's skill. The effect of the whole is classical, preserving in almost faultless symmetry the minutest individuality of character. This is carried with studied particularity into the laces and flowers. Their ornate and delicate tracery is so subdued as to heighten the imposing perfection of the work. In the entire range of sculptured portraiture, it has neither superior nor equal."

Mr. Hicks's portrait of George T. Trimble, now in the Board of Education building; of Pelatiah Perrit, now in the Seamen's Savings-Bank; of ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish; of Jonathan Sturgis, now in the Union League Club gallery; of Mr. Van Dyke, a Detroit lawyer; of Frank Palmer, of Margaret Fuller, of R. M. Olyphant, of Secretary Evarts, of Governor John A. King, in the City Hall; of Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the first Superintendent of the Astor Library; of Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia; of Dr. E. K. Kane; of Dr. Frank W. Johnston, of the New York Hospital; of Fitz-Greene Halleck, of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, of Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, and of Mr. H. W. Longfellow, are among his best productions. To the annual exhibitions of the Artists' Fund Society, of which he was elected the president in 1875, Mr. Hicks has contributed a number of striking *genre* and figure pieces; for example, "A Pennsylvania Kitchen," "The Vacant Chair," "The Garden-Gate," "Autumn Leaves," "Brittany Flower-Girl," "Reading George Eliot," "The Morning Prayer," and "No Place like Home," which is engraved to accompany this sketch, and tells a clear and pleasing story. In his pleasant studio in Astor Place, New York, which he has occupied for more than twenty years, is a life-size portrait of Edwin Booth as *Iago*, full of deviltry, fire, and force. Mr. Hicks strives to reproduce the character of a sitter in its highest and truest condition, to become in sympathy with the best phase of the sitter, and to transcribe it. He has an especially profound respect for three pictures, namely, Raphael's "Portrait of Julius II.," Raphael's "Portrait of Cæsar Borgia," and Titian's "Portrait of a Gentleman," in the Pitti Palace; and in them he



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL MEADE.

From a Painting by Thomas Hicks.







HERMAN HERZOG.



HERMAN HERZOG.

HERMAN HERZOG, the celebrated landscape painter, was born in Bremen, Germany. Even in boyhood his sphere in life was not a matter of doubt among his relatives. There are some men who find their vocations late, some perhaps never, and but few indeed whose calling is so plain in childhood as to excite the universal comment, "That boy, if he lives, will be a mechanic, a lawyer, an artist," etc. The artist was manifest in young Herzog from childhood. It was not one of those abnormal developments of the mental growth at the expense of physical dwarfage that too often waits upon the precocious budding of innate genius, but a bright and active mind in a sound physical organization. At the age of seventeen years young Herzog entered the Dusseldorf Academy, then the acknowledged art school of Europe. He became a pupil of Professor Schirmer. In 1854, Professor Schirmer having resigned his chair in the Dusseldorf Academy to assume charge of the Academy of Art at Carlsruhe, Hans Gude, the celebrated Norwegian landscape painter, became the private tutor of the young artist, and pointed the way to the dazzling heights and distant possibilities in the art that lay before him. It was through Hans Gude's prompting that Mr. Herzog made the first of his fruitful voyages to Norway, in which he found the inspiration and subjects that have made both the scenes and the painter famous the wide world over.

His first great picture, painted after his return, was purchased by the Queen of Hanover, and this gave him, as though by the royal right of his inherent genius, the key to the gate that bars the roadway to success, thus gaining at the very beginning of his career what so many have to strive, suffer and starve for before they can hope to propitiate the smiles of the jealous goddess Fortune. Her majesty at later dates added to the royal collection other works of Mr. Herzog. He subsequently revisited Scandinavia, made tours of Switzerland, tarried in Italy, wandered in the Bavarian Tyrol, sketched on the shores of the North Sea and the coasts of Holland and Belgium, and constantly added new jewels to his diadem.

Lured by the fame of the marvellous grandeur and beauty of the Western Continent, Mr. Herzog, in 1875, extended his travels to America, and made a sketching tour of the Adirondacks, Lake George and Niagara. But these only whetted his zeal for the greater natural wonders of the far West, and he extended his tour through Mexico, California and Colorado. The strokes of his pencil faithfully outlined the marvellous, and at the touch of his brush the canvas reflected the gorgeous colorings of the scenes that nature had painted with lavish generosity.

In 1876 Mr. Herzog, who had just found such boundless inspiration for genius in the scenery of America, and being out of sympathy with the political changes

in Germany, which infringed upon the privileges of his native Bremen, decided to make this country his home, and accordingly brought his family to America. He settled in Philadelphia, and has since made that city his abiding place. Since that period his pencil and brush have been busy with American scenery and landscape. He has been exceedingly happy in his delineation of the mountain scenery of Pennsylvania, and has flitted from one romantic spot to another throughout America, always transferring their features upon the canvas with the practised hand of genius.

A late art critic in one of the great daily papers, speaking of Mr. Herzog and his art, says:

"The characteristics of Herzog's painting is realism, added to an excellent technique. His subjects are all taken from nature, without, however, being 'views.' He possesses a power of selection that is equivalent to creation, and his works, painted out of doors, have the unity of purely ideal compositions. His faculty of catching at a glance all that is characteristic in the motive before him, of choosing the most effective illumination, and even the most favorable season and time of day, assisted by a rapidity of execution which enables him to seize and fetter the most transient phenomena of light and shade—of clouds that pass and of wind-swept water—amounts to genius, and makes his pictures unique among landscapes.

"No one, besides, knows better than he how to intensify the loneliness of a forest dell by the introduction of a shy deer or solitary heron, to increase the savagery of a rocky chasm, where the waterfalls leap from crag to crag, by painting in a bear or other wild animal, while his snow-covered mountain tops are brought nearer to our sympathies as the homes of the reindeer, the chamois or the eagle. Yet, withal, there is no affectation of poetry or sentiment—nothing 'sought' or forced. The effect may be heightened by what is suggested, but it depends finally upon the thoroughness of the work.

"In the range of his subjects he is not less remarkable. Nothing comes amiss to his facile pencil, fertile imagination and earnest love of nature.

"Few men have ever cared less for notoriety; as modest as industrious, he has built his reputation upon his work alone. Like Fortuny, he has never competed for barren honors, and rarely sent his pictures to exhibitions. Whenever he has done so, however, he has met with distinguished success. In 1864, the only occasion on which he exhibited at the Paris Salon, his picture received *mention honorable*, and his work has subsequently been 'medaled' at the expositions of Liege, Brussels and the Centennial in Philadelphia."

The work of this master is seen in all the art galleries of the world, in the salons of the opulent lovers of art throughout this country and Europe, and especially in Philadelphia. His pictures occupy prominent places among the collections of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, the Countess of Flanders, and others of royal and imperial patrons. He is still in the very prime of his ripening manhood and powers, and the fire of his genius burns undimmed by the great drafts that have been made upon it. Few living artists of any age have accomplished so much, and the possibilities for his future are of the brightest nature. His art is his mistress, and fills his whole soul with fervid promptings of undivided lealty. His communion with out-door nature keeps both mind and body in robust health. He can look confidently forward into the future for an extended lease of honorable and successful activity.

C. R. D.

HERMANN HERZOG.

HERMANN HERZOG was born in the city of Bremen, and early exhibited an uncommon inclination and fitness for the pursuit of art. At the age of seventeen he entered the Düsseldorf Academy, at that time the most flourishing art school of Europe, as a pupil of Professor Schirmer. When, however, in 1854, that distinguished master was called to take charge of the Academy of Carlsruhe, the young artist became a private scholar of the great Norwegian landscape painter, Hans Gude, whose influence gave the final direction to his genius, and led him to make "the first of those fruitful voyages to Norway, which have had the result of linking his name with the beauties of that picturesque land, and making both known all over the world."

His first picture painted on his return was purchased by the Queen of Hanover, who subsequently acquired two others, and the path to success, thus auspiciously opened to him, has been pursued ever since without impediment.

He subsequently revisited Scandinavia, and wandered besides over many other countries, making studies in Switzerland, Italy, the Bavarian Tyrol, and on the shores of the North Sea, and the coasts of Holland and Belgium. In 1871 he made his first visit to America, during which he painted many subjects from the Adirondacks, Lake George, and Niagara. Later he made an extended tour through Mexico, California, and Colorado, finding fresh motives for his pencil wherever he went.

Of late years, he has devoted himself more especially to the delineation of American landscape, and he has been almost the pioneer in one of the most romantic regions of Pennsylvania, if not indeed of all America—that of the Upper Delaware, where the river, separating Pike County from the

THE HERZOG COLLECTION.

State of New Jersey, flows through scenery scarcely equalled in the world for variety of charm, for grandeur combined with beauty.

The *Philadelphia Press* of March 15, 1885, in an article, from which much of the above has been taken, says of the artist and his work :

“The characteristic of Herzog’s painting is realism, added to an excellent technique. His subjects are all taken from nature, without, however, being ‘views.’ He possesses a power of selection that is equivalent to creation, and his works, painted out of doors, have the unity of purely ideal compositions. His faculty of catching, at a glance, all that is characteristic in the motive before him, of choosing the most effective illumination, and even the most favorable season and time of day, assisted by a rapidity of execution which enables him to seize and fetter the most transient phenomena of light and shade—of clouds that pass and of wind-swept water—amounts to genius, and makes his pictures unique among landscapes.

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MODERN PAINTINGS.

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"The Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Countess of Flanders, and others, are among the royal and imperial amateurs who have purchased his pictures.

"Herzog is still a young man, and, while there are few living of his age who have accomplished so much, more still may be expected of him. His habit of constant study, of going to nature for even the slightest detail, keeps his work fresh and original, and it is reasonable to suppose that before the time arrives when his biography may be written, he will have won new laurels and added still more to his already established reputation.'

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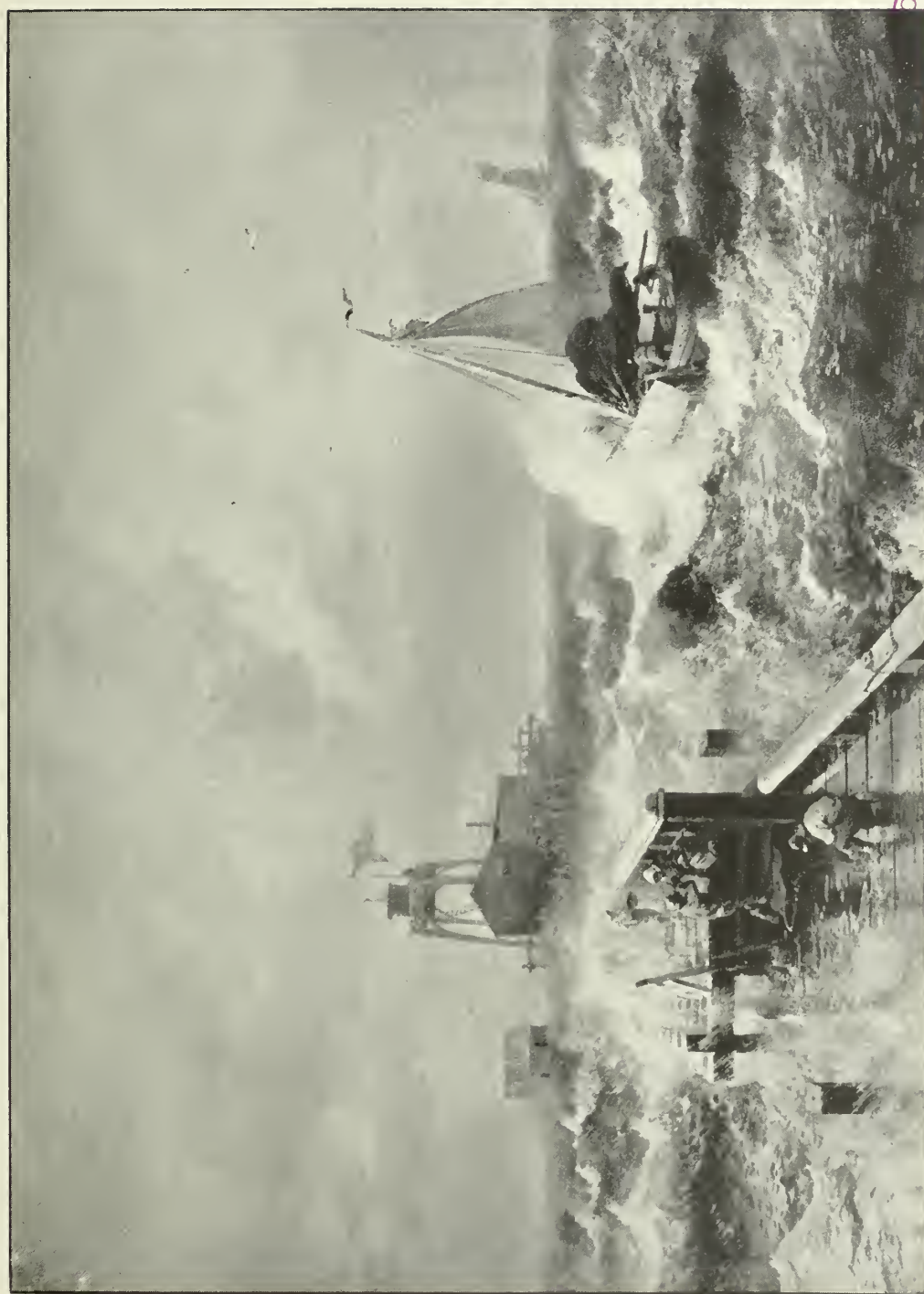
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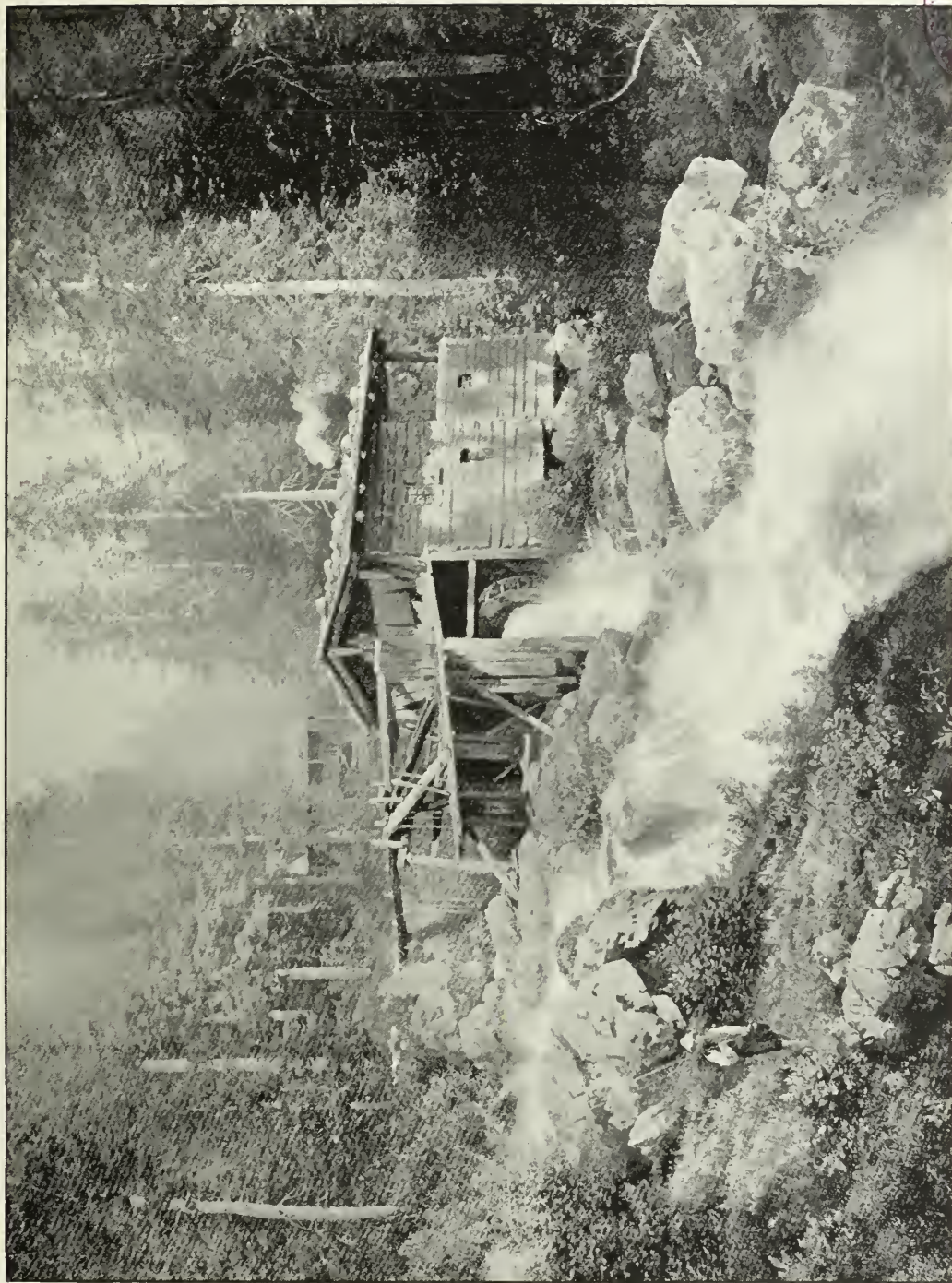
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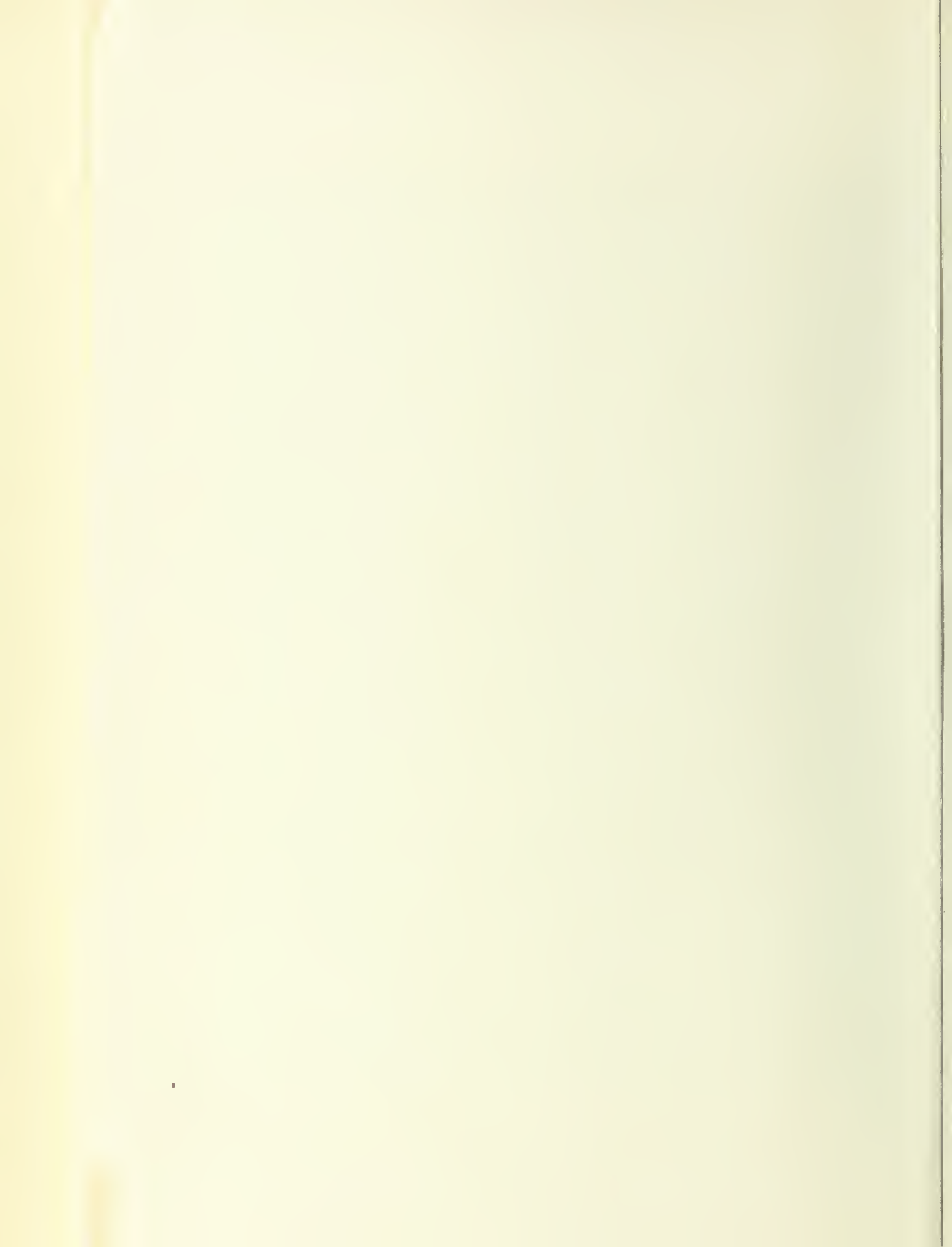
THE MILL AT GOLLING, TYROL.

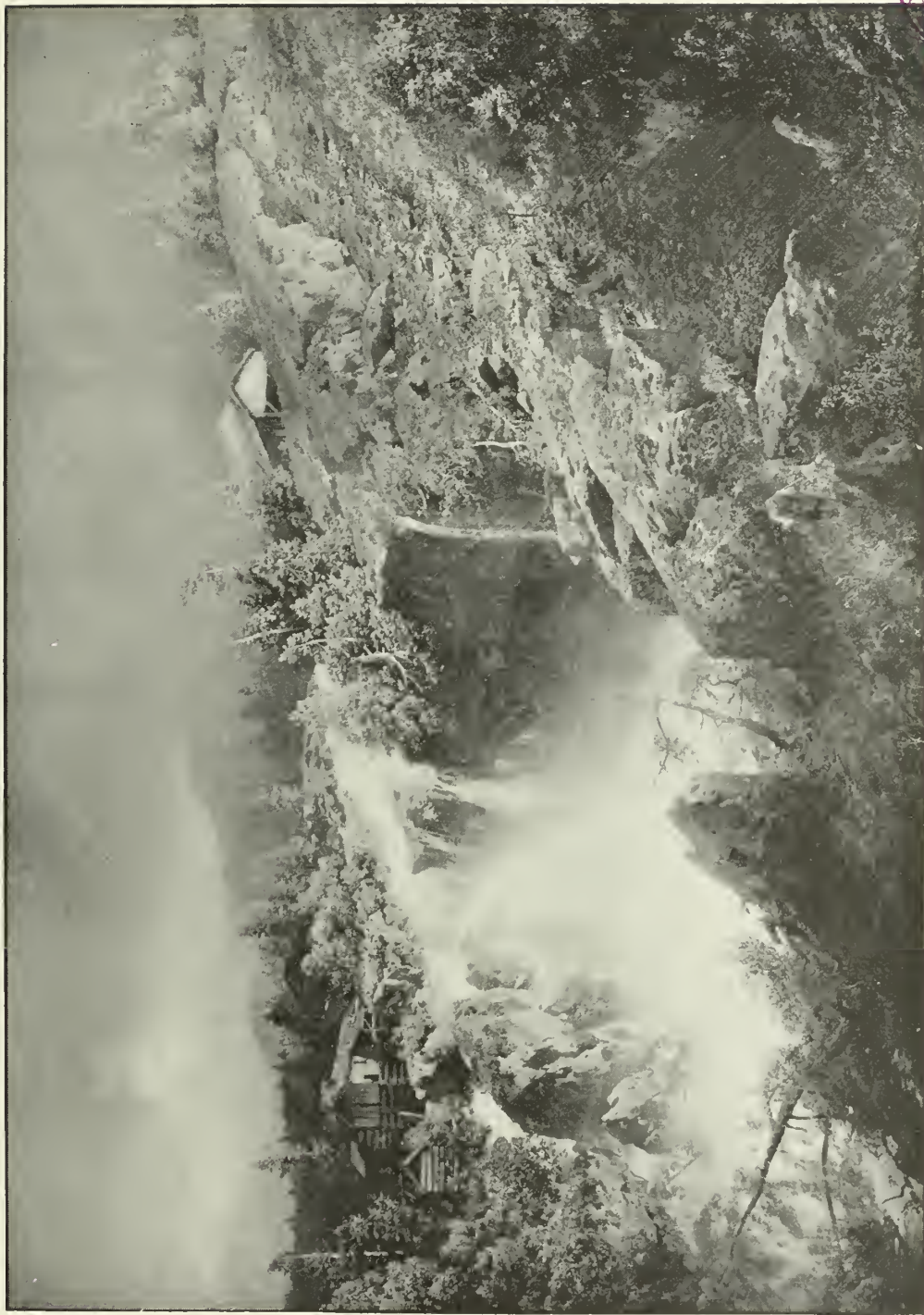




LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE.

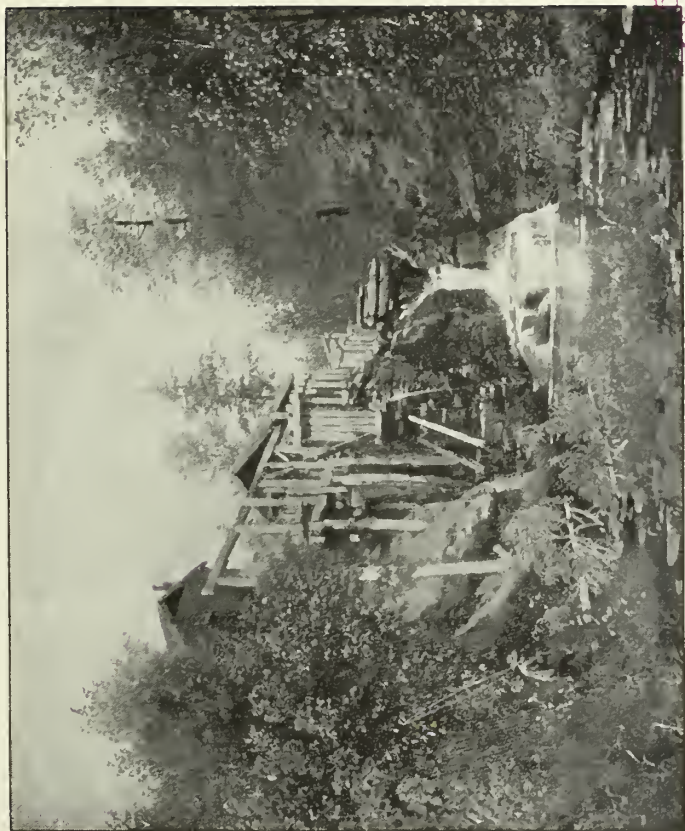






NORWEGIAN WATERFALL IN HALLINGDAHLEN.





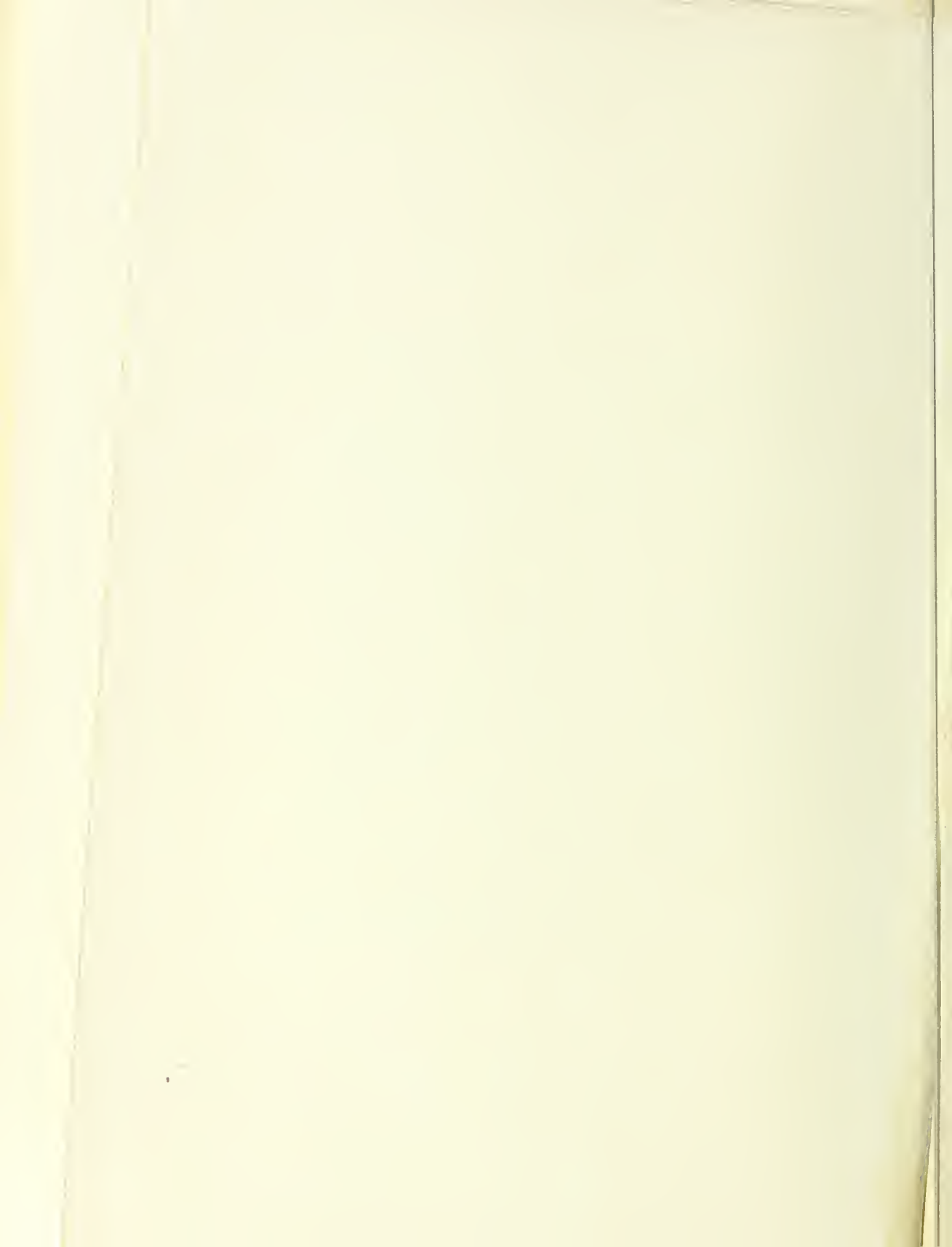
ABANDONED SAW MILL, ADAMS BROOK.







NORWEGIAN WATERFALL, WITH BEARS, NEAR GOOL.







finds the embodiment and the vindication of the true principles and methods of portraiture. The railroad disaster at Norwalk, Connecticut, in May, 1853, very nearly proved fatal to him. He and his friend were two out of four persons saved from a car containing forty passengers.

The portrait of General Meade is undoubtedly the finest piece of characterization that the artist ever set his name against; rich and solid in color and in sentiment, and managed so as to make an impressive war-picture. The commander of the Army of the Potomac is standing on the crest of a hill, on the slope of which his soldiers have spread their tents, while far behind them in the sunshine stretches the gleaming plain. His left hand rests upon the hilt of his sword, his right hand grasps his belt, and his right forearm presses his hat to his side. His coat is partly unbuttoned, and near the opening thus made hang his eye-glasses from a cord around his neck. The features of the face constitute a happy and striking likeness, and its expression is nobly chosen, having in it none of the mock-furious or pseudo-military, but telling rather of a sense of responsibility—a “fronting with level eyelids the To Come”—a self-contained and self-centred soul. Near and just behind him are half a dozen of his men. From the peak of one of the tents floats listlessly the flag of the Union. It is a serious time in the history of the country; not the glamour of war, but its stern realities are in the artist's mind. There, too, the spectator is forced to believe, is a vigorous and ardent patriotism, with which every pigment in the picture seems to be aglow. The figure is manly, full, and rich, the invention fresh and ripe, and the motive simple yet striking. The tints are finely harmonized, the handling is precise, and the execution is carried entirely up to the requirements of a just and sensible realism. This work is destined to increase largely in value as the years go on; already it may be said to form an important chapter in the pictorial history of the war. Mr. Hicks received a medal for it at the Centennial Exhibition.

In making a picture, Mr. MAURITZ FREDERICK HENDRICK DE HAAS, the marine painter, first prepares a sketch with charcoal and chalk on tinted paper, in order to get forms and the general effect. Next, on the canvas itself, which is slightly tinted, he draws in charcoal the outlines of the picture, at

the same time often improving upon the sketch already made. Then he sets his palette, beginning at the right, with the following pigments, in the order now given: vermilion, the cadmiums, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, gold ochre, sienna, and the blues. Below the blues, at the extreme left, are placed the browns; below the vermilion and the cadmiums, at the extreme right, are placed the lakes; between the browns and the lakes is placed the white. He likes a large palette and plenty of room. The pigment of which he uses the most is white—for the sky and water. Cobalt-blue comes next so far as quantity is concerned. The other pigments are applied in very nearly equal amounts. The charcoal outlines are next “drawn in” with umber and turpentine, and are thus preserved. Then comes the painting proper. Most artists begin with the sky first, but he begins below the horizon, and lays in the background and foreground tentatively and proximately, not finishing them till afterward. Next in order is the sky. When about half done the picture is put into its frame, and “worked up” to it. The most difficult part of his work is the rendering of the sky, although many marine painters find the water the most troublesome; and the most pleasant part of his work is the finishing, after the canvas has been entirely covered, and all the parts have been roughly put together. The older he grows the harder he finds it to paint a picture. “Nothing is easier,” he remarked, “than to make water look thin, transparent, and glassy—thin and transparent, so that any object would drop through it to the bottom; glassy, so that the waves would cut right into a ship. The artist, however, gives you water on which a vessel can safely float—wet water, water with movement and body to it. I like nothing better than to paint a storm.”

Mr. De Haas's style is neither what is known as the broad nor what may be called the minute. He always tries to finish a picture as far as the impression that he desires to convey will allow; but his finish is rather in color than in lines. He believes in trying to represent things as he sees them in Nature; and he cares nothing for book-principles of art. “I don't think,” he exclaimed, “that a picture is ever done; I may think that I can't do any more to it—and, indeed, I never let a picture go that I can improve; but a completed picture does not exist. When I see one of my old pictures, sometimes I feel like changing it, and at other times I am surprised to see it looking so



THE COAST OF FRANCE.

From a Painting by M. F. H. De Haas.



well. I have, and always have had, a special fancy for moonlight-scenes ; the oftener I see them the more I am impressed by them. The moonlight-scenes in and near New York are, I think, finer than in any other locality, except perhaps on the ocean. They are more luminous, more highly-colored, and more atmospheric, than in Europe. The cloud-scenery in the suburbs of New York is the noblest and most beautiful in the world.

"The great charm of marine painting," he says, "consists in the fact that every cloud of any size affects the color of the water, so much so that what you see is rather sky-reflection than the real color of the water, except, of course, in the immediate foreground. Wind, also, comes in and changes the color. On the surface of a lake, when there is no wind and no motion, the sky is perfectly mirrored. I have seen instances where you could hardly tell which was sky and which was lake. The reflection was complete both in color and in shape. Since waves never exactly repeat themselves, I watch the appearance of just such a wave as I wish to represent, draw it at once, and take its color from a second wave. Only after long experience will the drawing be successful, and even then the correct aspect of a wave is hard to get. Waves in deep water have one distinctive aspect, waves in soundings another, waves along the shore another. In mid-ocean, for instance, they are rounder and hill-like ; near the land they become sharp and broken up. As for color, in deep water they are a dark, inky blue, difficult to describe because it varies with the appearance of the sky ; while toward soundings they become greenish, and nearer the shore green, where the coast is rocky, and yellowish where it is sandy. Waves in deep water are always the most difficult for me to paint ; the motions of those on the coast are much more distinct and regular."

Mr. De Haas was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1832. His first teacher in art was the figure-painter Spoel. After the regular course of instruction in the Academy of the Fine Arts in his native city, he became a pupil of Roseboom, the landscape-painter ; and it was while in the studio of this artist that he developed a special fondness for marine painting. He went to the coast of Holland several times on sketching-excursions, and in 1851 visited London and practised himself in the use of water-colors. The next year he made many studies of the Channel-coast of England, which were received by

Roseboom with appreciation, and which gained for the young draughtsman a letter of introduction to the celebrated marine painter Louis Meyer, who lived at the Hague. For two years De Haas worked with Meyer, meanwhile sending specimens of his skill to the principal Continental exhibitions and also to England. One of these specimens found a way to the heart of the Queen of Holland, who honored De Haas with a substantial token of her admiration. In 1857 he made a trip in the flag-ship of a Dutch admiral. Soon afterward he sent to the Hague Academy Exhibition a large picture, which had the good fortune not only to be hung honorably, but to be bought by the hanging committee. The same year, however, he set sail for New York.

During the last fifteen years, Mr. De Haas has become well known throughout this country, and has won distinguished success. His marines are in the galleries of Mr. Belmont, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, and Mr. Charles Gould, of New York, Mr. William H. Stewart, of Philadelphia, and of many gentlemen in Boston, Chicago, and other cities. He became an Associate of the National Academy of Design in 1863, and a full member in 1867. One of his conspicuous works is a representation of Admiral Farragut's fleet passing the batteries and fortresses near New Orleans.

"The Coast of France," which is engraved, is a typical representation. Mr. De Haas has painted scores of pictures, the composition of which is not at all dissimilar. On the left are the chalky cliffs, the stony shore, the sailing-vessels stranded at low tide; in the middle distance is a row-boat full of sturdy watermen, beyond whom stretches a smooth expanse of sea, illumined by the glory of the setting sun. The listless, lazy waves that creep along the coast are in a full blaze of light, which beats against the sail and side of the principal fishing-smack, and bathes the cliffs in a tender radiance. One of the sailors has built a fire on the shore, and will soon welcome his fellows, who are approaching in the small boat. "Long Island Sound by Moonlight," also engraved, is more picturesque. A brig, under very nearly full sail, just passed between the lighthouse and the shore, is cleaving the shimmering water amid the refulgence of a moon that has not yet begun to wane. The sky is peculiarly varied and beautiful. The position and the rigging of the vessel would, doubtless, be satisfactory to the eyes of a sailor; the water looks like real water, and the quality of the whole is brilliant and pure. So



LONG ISLAND SOUND BY MOONLIGHT.

From a Painting by M. F. H. De Haas.

far as familiarity with the appearance and handling of a ship are concerned, Mr. De Haas has no superior in the studios of this country.

Much of his success is due to his taste in the selection and arrangement of subjects. The walls of his studio are decorated with multitudinous studies of gorgeous sunsets, mid-ocean waves, rock-bound coasts, white-crested breakers, stranded and swift-sailing vessels, and tender moonlight effects, which are interesting in themselves, and in what they have to say about the artist's industry and sensibilities.

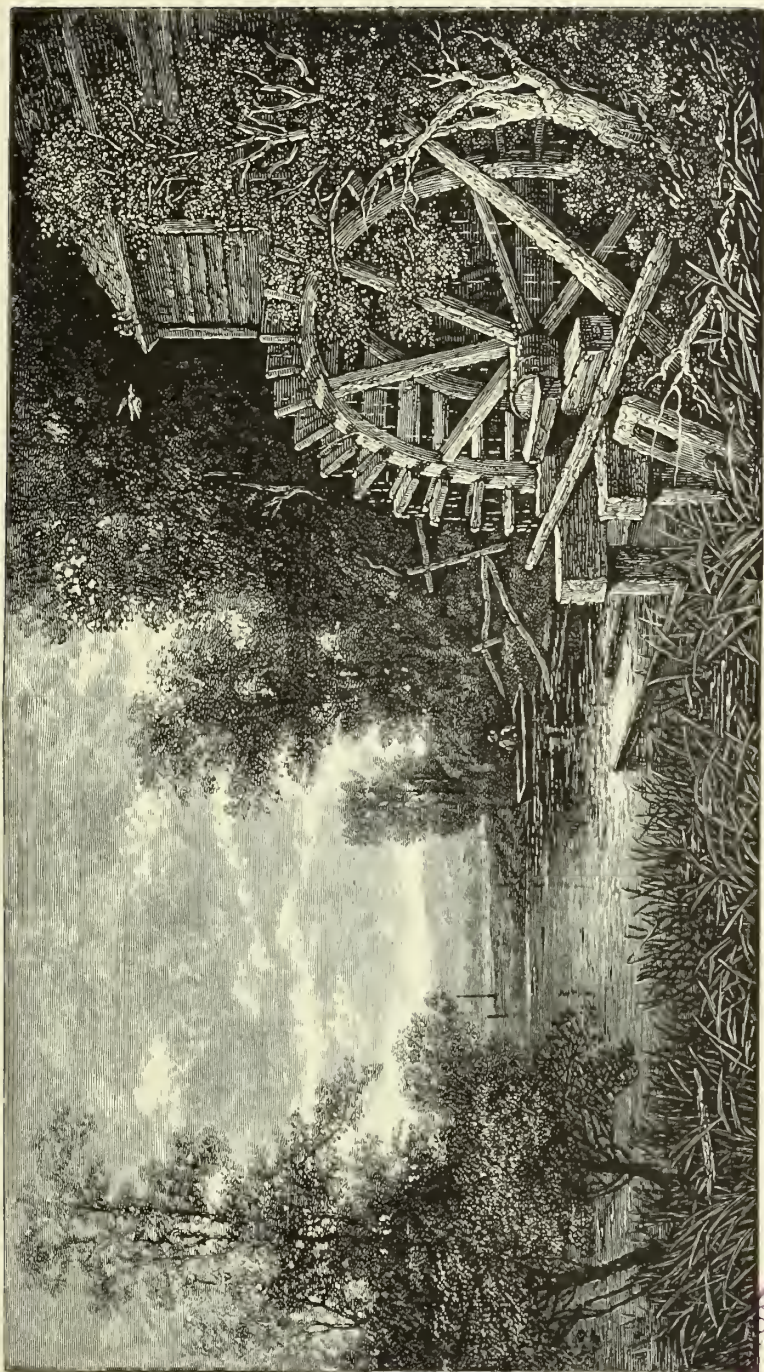
From a paper on Mr. De Haas, in a recent number of Appletons' *Art Journal*, the following extract is taken in addition to the several quotations already made: "A painter in any department of art naturally magnifies the characteristic difficulties of that department; and perhaps it is impossible to tell whether landscapes or figures, animals or marines, are the hardest subjects to paint. Mr. De Haas, as might have been expected, thinks that marines are the hardest, and his reasons for the opinion are fresh and bountiful. A coast-painter, he says, is only half a marine painter. A marine painter is a painter who can paint mid-ocean scenes as well. To do this it is necessary that he should go to sea, and become as familiar with the appearance and the handling of a ship and her rigging as a sailor is. He must learn how to put a vessel in position, what sails to use under different circumstances, what each particular rope is for, how the vessel appears at various times, how the water looks, what elements disturb it, and a thousand other things, a knowledge of which can be obtained only by going to sea. Mr. De Haas's practice has been accordant with his theory. He has been a sailor in the Dutch Navy; he has cruised in the English Channel in pilot-boats and other craft; he has witnessed a great variety of noble sea-scenes, and has preserved the noblest of them in sketches. He has also crossed the Atlantic, and he knows how to sail a ship. But a figure-painter does not need to go out of his studio—he can bring his models into it. Mr. De Haas admits that it is more difficult to make drawings of the human form in different positions than to make drawings of ships in different positions; but he thinks that if figure-painters would only try marine painting they would get a more adequate idea of its demands. Wave-drawing, sky-painting, and wave-coloring, would open their eyes, even if an attempt to represent a ship did not. For the sake of peace, however, he

would concede to figure-painting an equal difficulty with that of marine painting. But he could not go further than that. The fact that there are so few good marine painters in this or any other country is perhaps an argument on his side of the fence. 'People,' he said, 'often want an artist to paint an impossible picture. They go to his studio, pick out a sketch that they like, a mid-day coast-scene, for instance, and ask him to make a sunset or a moonlight scene out of it. This thing can't be done, of course; but, if you take the trouble quietly to explain why it can't be done, they will see the reasons at once. Most intelligent persons sometimes make just such mistakes, simply because they have not had a special training. Very often they wish a picture painted from a high point of view—a point from which all creation is visible behind and before. A little explanation will convince them that such a representation would do for a panorama, but not for a picture. I suppose that every artist has had such experiences in his studio.'

"Marine painters, as far as Mr. De Haas's observation goes, make mistakes oftenest in the position and in the drawing of vessels. These vessels are frequently represented in positions where neither the wind nor the currents of the scene could ever have put them, and are also imperfectly drawn. Then, too, the rigging often assumes impossible aspects. Many of these faults, of course, only a sailor-critic could detect."

CHARLES HENRY MILLER, the landscape-painter, is a native of New York City, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1863, when twenty-one years old. Not long afterward, he went to England as surgeon of the ship *Harvest Queen*. Already he had exhibited in the National Academy a picture called "The Challenge Accepted," and from boyhood had been an enthusiastic draughtsman. When, therefore, he found himself for the first time in the galleries of the Old World, he was prepared to be stimulated by them. On returning home, he decided to abandon the practice of medicine, and to mix pigments instead of pills. In a short time he went to Europe again, visited London and Paris, and settled in Munich. His principal teacher in the last-named city was Prof. *Lier*, the landscape-painter.

For three years he studied there, making excursions meanwhile to Paris,



OLD MILL AT SPRINGFIELD.

From a Painting by Charles Henry Miller.

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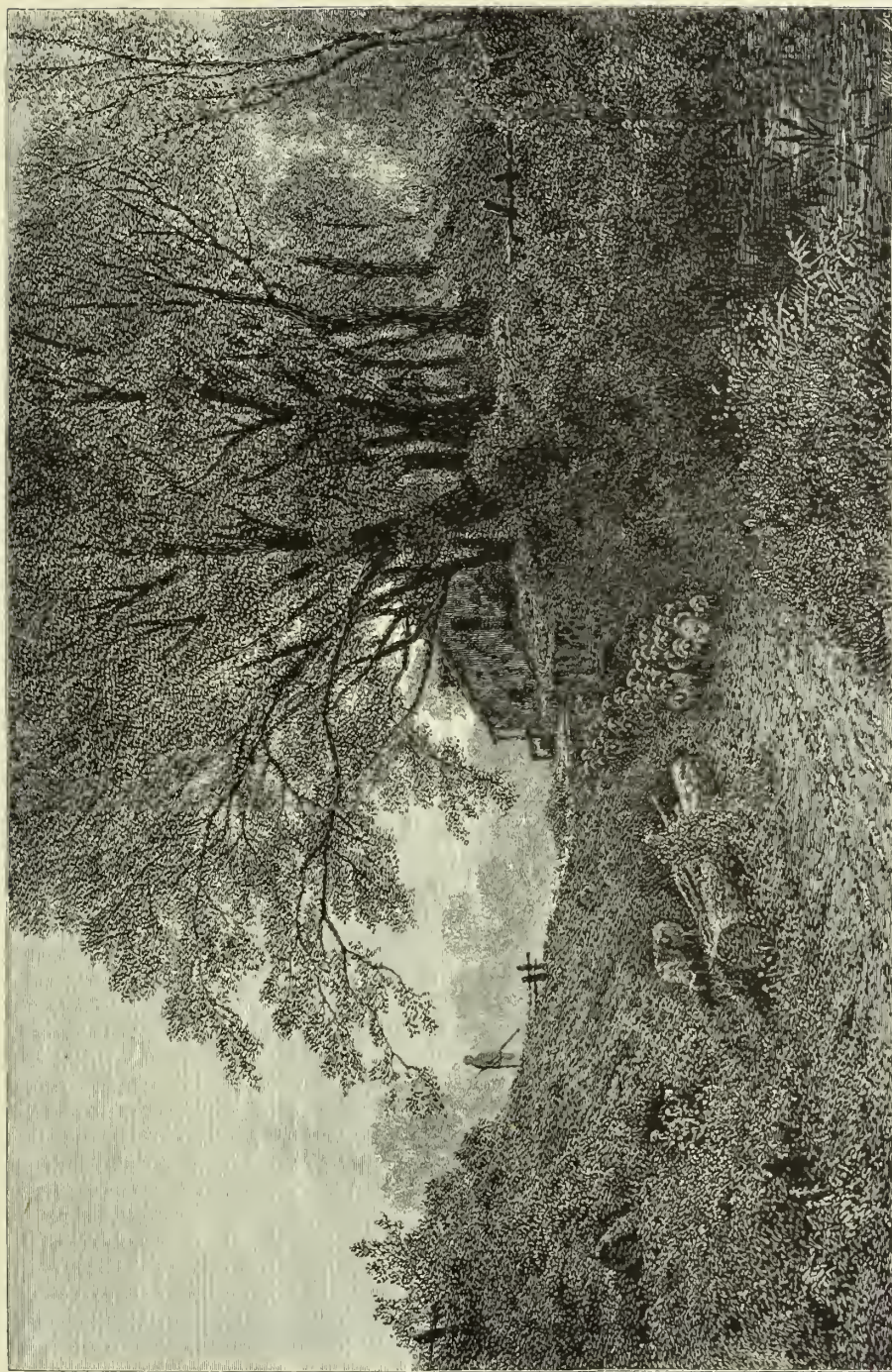
Dresden, Leipsic, and Vienna, and seeing what was to be seen in the galleries and studios of these centres. He painted "An Old Mill near Munich" and "Road-side near Munich," and sent them to the New York National Academy Exhibition. Another Munich picture is the "Return to the Fold," which is engraved herewith.

Back in his native land again, Mr. Miller undertook the application of the principles and methods which he had learned in Europe to the reproduction of familiar landscapes near New York City. In 1871 he exhibited a twilight-scene at Dachau, near the Bavarian capital; but the most of his principal works were concerned with places on Long Island; and it was the merits of his "Long Island Homestead"—a study from Nature—that caused him to be elected an Associate of the Academy in 1874. The next year he became an Academician, having again brought himself into very favorable notice by his "High Bridge from Harlem Lane" and his "Sheep-Washing." In 1877 he was a member of the hanging committee of the Academy, distinguishing himself by giving some of the best places on the line to the works of his brother-artists, who were studying in Munich or had lately been there—of Duveneck, Chase, Shirlaw, Low, Macy, and others. That year became, in consequence, a notable one in the history of the exhibitions of that institution. Mr. Miller was himself effectively represented by his large "Autumn," a landscape of indisputable strength.

It is greatly to the credit of this artist that, though he has mastered the Munich methods in landscape, he has not sold his birthright as an American. One can easily enjoy many of his works without detecting in them a foreign inspiration. His "Old Mill at Springfield," for example, is distinctively a domestic production, made at home by a man who felt at home while making it. So many of our young painters, after the incalculable advantages of a foreign training, have, on their return to this country, never exhibited anything equal to the things wrought out by them during their residence abroad, and have reproduced so often, in their scheme of color, their subjects, and their composition, the peculiarities of European masters, that the spectator is surprised as well as refreshed to observe in any one of them the evidences of originality in conception and in treatment. Mr. Miller displays these evidences very often, and invariably in each instance gets recognition and praise

for doing so. He has none of the boldness of Munkacsy, for example, nor has he yet developed any grand style of his own; but he is better off, probably, than if he had. Setting himself to the direct interpretation of American landscapes, he has manifested a sensitiveness and delicacy of perception, a largeness of grasp, an honesty and vitality of impulse, and a degree of technical skill, which are rare and admirable. Extremely careful, refined almost to subtlety, and tender, are his renditions of every-day scenes. He feels what he paints, and he loves it. What is called "high art," with its ambitions, and conventionalism, and impossibilities, has no place on his canvas. "We heard two friends," says a recent writer, "one day standing before a picture, and one said to the other, 'Well, what is it?' and his friend answered him, 'It's high art,' and apparently the answer was satisfactory. Now, this picture is what is called 'high art,' or an effort after it, and, to our minds, it suggests the doubt whether high art is art at all. Here is a picture treated according to traditional rules of composition, with central interest, and subordinate groupings, and flowing lines and light-and-shade arrangement, carefully studied, and anatomical studies made, let us suppose, of each separate figure; and then the whole put together and well painted, for it is well painted—and yet the whole has no power to affect us in any way, or to resemble anything we have ever seen, or to bring any scene before us as it ought actually to have happened." Now, Mr. Miller confronts us directly with Nature, his methods and means being set aside; yet while we look we are conscious of being in the hands of a teacher who can show us what otherwise might have escaped us.

Of Scottish art, which has produced some fine things in this country, JAMES McDUGALL HART is a highly-creditable incarnation. He was born on the 10th of May, 1828, in Kilmarnock, Ayreshire, Scotland, in the same township with Robert Burns. When six years of age he came to America with his parents, who found a home in Albany, New York. There the painter spent most of his youthful days. He went to Europe in 1852-'53, studied in Düsseldorf and Munich, and made a sketching-tour along the Rhine and in the Tyrol, chiefly on foot. In 1857, he moved to New York, and for the



RETURN TO THE FOLD.
From a Painting by Charles Henry Miller.

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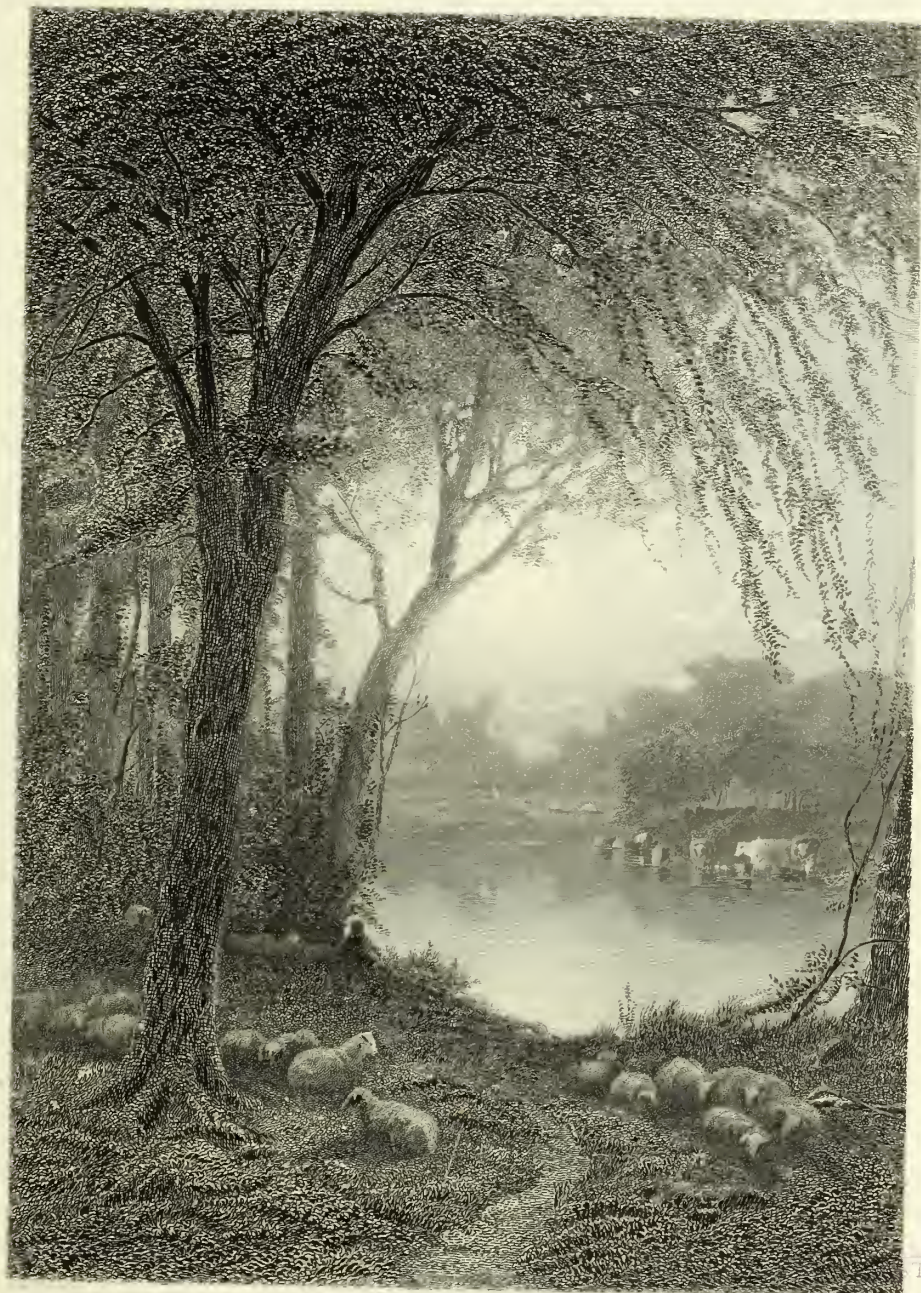




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last twenty-one years has been distinguished there. Some of our well-known artists have been his pupils.

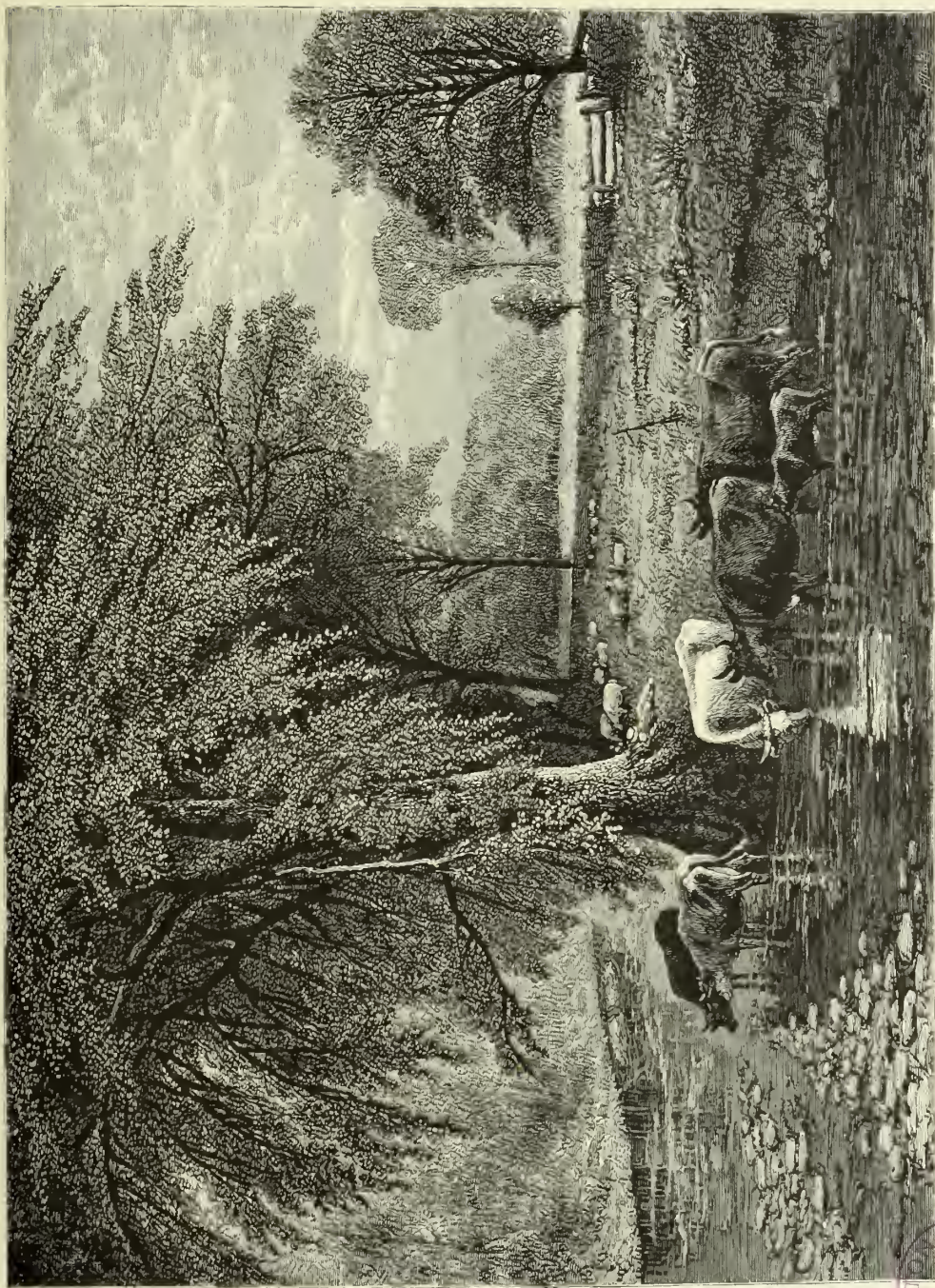
These are the principal external events in one of the most uneventful of lives. We should not forget, however, to chronicle the facts that in 1857 Mr. Hart was elected an Academician, and that a few years after, on the nomination of a friend and patron, he became a member of the Union League Club in New York City. He paid his initiation-fee, kept away from the institution a year, and then resigned. He spends his evenings with his family, and is less seldom seen in a public place than any other artist in New York. At his studio he can be found from early morning till early evening. His industry is something amazing, while his capacity for hard work, and plenty of it, is unusual. He has the hearty manners of the best type of his countrymen in the land of Burns; his wit is fluent and spontaneous; his good-nature is the same; you would appeal to him instinctively in trouble if he were near you, and you would trust him to the last dollar you had in the world. Some of the finest qualities that make a man prized in social life are to be found in James M. Hart; and why he has not been carried by them into social life is inscrutable, and, in many respects, to be regretted. He has hid one of his lights under a bushel.

But let us see the man in his pictures. These consist chiefly of landscapes with cattle. And let us hear his own words concerning the motive of them: "I strive," he remarked one day, "to reproduce in my landscapes the feeling produced by the original scenes themselves. That is what I try for—only that, and just that. In this painting, for instance," pointing to one near him, "I aimed at the lazy, listless influence of an Indian-summer day. If the painting were perfect, you would feel precisely as you feel when contemplating such a scene in Nature. In that painting," indicating another one, "I strove for the effect of the midsummer color; in the next one, for the impression made by the autumn woods when you walk in them and the dry branches crackle under your feet. A business-man, while looking at one of my landscapes—it was my 'Under the Elms'—said: 'That picture rests me; a sensation of rest steals all over me when I look at it.' That is precisely what I had striven after."

Here, then, are no "symphonies," or "nocturnes," or "variations," or "ar-

rangements" of color, and no improvements upon Nature; but utmost simplicity and singleness of purpose; the attempt to make a canvas do exactly what Nature does. This artist's art undertakes to act upon our sensibilities as do real scenes of beauty in the external world. If some of these divert and cheer us, so would he have them do in his pictures; if some of these rest and quiet us, so would he have them do in his pictures; if others instruct and lift us up, so would he have them do in his pictures. It has been said of Millet that he tried to render all the phases through which Nature passed: to paint, not only the impressions of the seasons, the atmosphere, the temperature, the outer coverings of things—"the clod of earth, the tuft of heath in a vast plain, the soil saturated by the rain, dead trees with blackened branches that here and there have caught a flake of snow, yellow leaves scattered over a soil cracked from want of rain, and covered with hoar-frost"—but also to reproduce phenomena as intangible and occult as the miasma in the air. With Mr. Hart, however, the purpose is simpler and the result surer. He knows his limitations much better than his critics do, and wisely never ventures beyond them.

His first notable picture, which got him an election as Associate of the Academy in 1857, the year when he came to New York, was a midsummer landscape with cattle, and was sold on the opening day of the Academy Exhibition to Mr. W. H. Daly, of New York. The next year he exhibited on a similar occasion his "Morning on Loon Lake," a fog-effect, deer on the right in the water startled by wild-ducks flying up—a subject at that time novel and striking. Mr. Hart says that he could not sell "a deer-picture" now; people want from him "something with cattle in it." In ex-Governor E. D. Morgan's gallery is "A Summer Memory of Berkshire," which represented the artist at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The title of this picture is, for Mr. Hart, unusually poetic, and well describes the summer landscape in the hills of Berkshire, Massachusetts. "The Drove at the Ford" has found a magnificent home in the Corcoran Art-Gallery at Washington. The sunlight streams through an opening in the trees directly upon the spectator. "Friends in Stormy Weather," owned by Mr. John Hoey, represents a bull protecting a cow and calf on a hill-top, from which shoots up a birch-tree. Mr. John H. Sherwood has his "Cows in Pasture," with trees, and a warm, bright sky.



A SUMMER DAY ON THE BOQUET RIVER.

From a Painting by James M. Hart.



Colonel Roebling, the engineer of the East River Bridge, is the possessor of "Coming out of the Shade," cattle emerging from the edge of the woods into the sunset glow; in the foreground a pool in which are reflected the white legs of the nearest cow.

In 1871, after painting his "Under the Elms," now in the possession of Mrs. Carnochan, of New York, Mr. Hart began to feel the need of a thorough acquaintance with cattle. He went out-doors and began to study them. He found them worth studying. Perhaps no artist in this country better appreciates the nature and the merits of oxen, or would better understand Mr. Hamerton's enthusiastic eulogy of them: "Who that has seen these creatures work can be indifferent to the steadfast grandeur of their nature? They have no petulance, no hurry, no nervous excitability; but they will bear the yoke upon their necks, and the thongs about their horns, and push forward without flinching from sunrise until dusk. I hear, as I write, the cry of the ox-drivers—incessant, musical, monotonous. I hear it, not in imagination, but coming to my open window from the fields. The morning is fresh and pure, the scene is wide and fair, and the autumn sunshine filters through an expanse of broken, silvery cloud. They are ploughing not far off, with two teams of six oxen each—white oxen, of the noble Charolais breed, sleek, powerful beasts, whose moving muscles show under their skins like the muscles of trained athletes. The first condition of success in animal-painting is, as the French say, to *possess* your animal. You cannot paint an animal in movement until you know him by heart; you must know his structure, the places of his bones and muscles, and the markings caused by every change of attitude; you must even know more than this: the mind and character of the animal must be familiar to you, and more than familiar—friendly. The amount of knowledge, and of gentle, condescending sympathy—a condescension of which only fine minds are capable—which is necessary to the painting even of a calf, is little dreamed of by persons of exclusively literary culture, who too often conclude that, because the calf himself has not much intellect or information, it does not require much of either to paint him. This comparison between the intellect of the subject and the intellect necessary to grasp the subject, has been the cause of a very curious, old illusion. Figure-painters have imagined that because man is a more intelligent animal than the ass—which, in exceptional

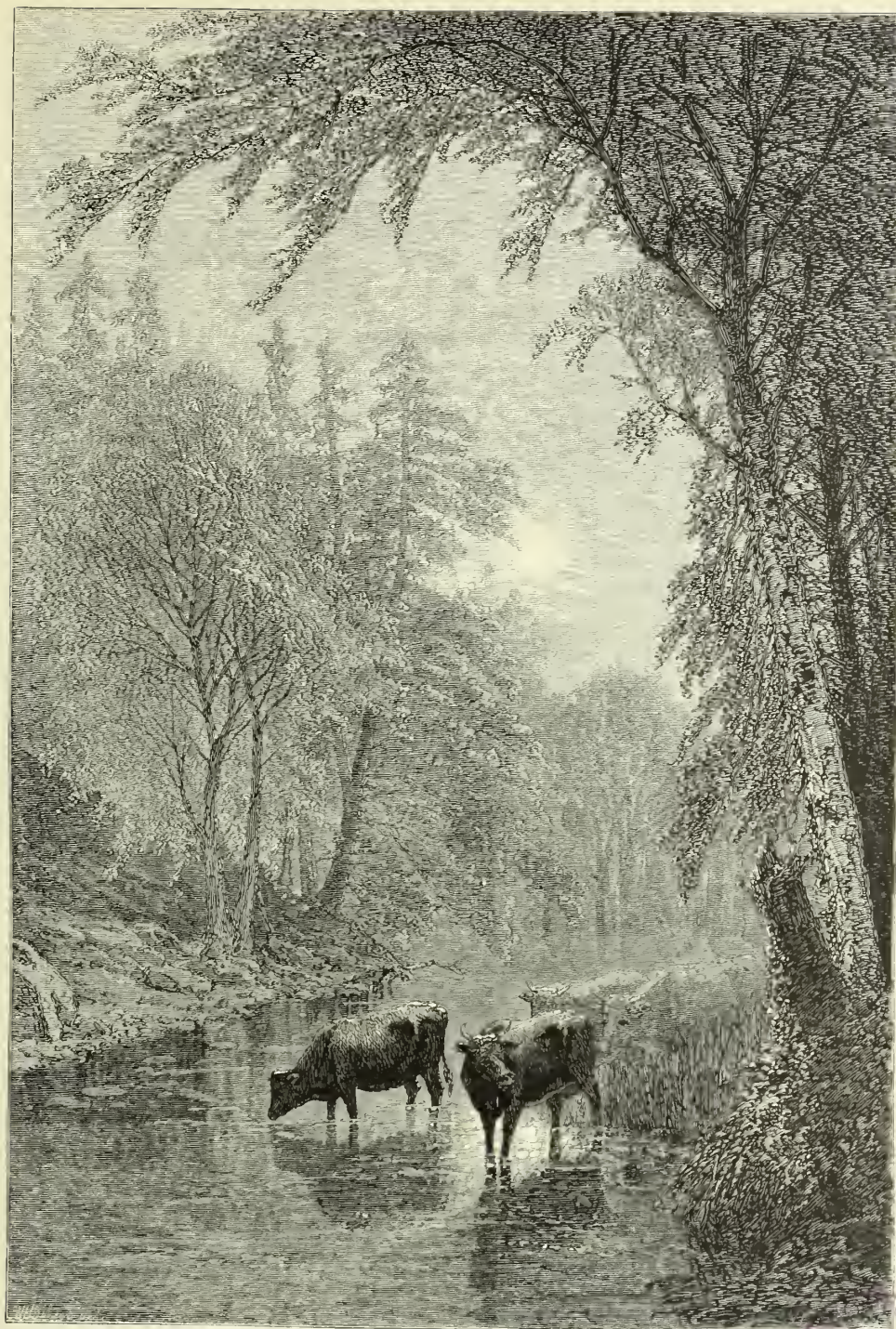
cases, is undoubtedly true—the painter who represents men is superior in the same degree to the painter who represents asses. They do not consider that by the mere fact of our human nature we have easy access to all human nature that resembles our own; whereas, to go out of our humanity, so as to enter fully into the existence of the inferior animals, requires either great effort of imagination, or the most comprehensive sympathy. Children and childish painters solve the difficulty in a very simple way by attributing human sentiments to animals; and as the public easily enters into such human sentiment, it applauds them, without too nicely considering how far they have studied the true character of brutes.” Mr. Hart, however, never lends himself to the perpetration of so easy an untruth. For cows and oxen he has the fullest sympathy. Their thoughts which are not men’s thoughts, their ways which are not men’s ways, and their faces which do not depend for interest upon any human likeness or suggestion, have been the objects of his studious love. He says that he likes cattle as well as landscapes—and this, for an artist like him, is saying a great deal.

An Adirondack scene, “While yet the Wild Deer trod in Spangling Snow,” in Mr. Marshall O. Roberts’s gallery, presents a foreground of beautiful deer, a high mountain in the background, and a dense fog in the centre. Colonel Rush C. Hawkins bought his “In the Autumn Woods,” which was in the Academy Exhibition of 1878, on the south wall of the south room. Cattle coming home through the trees are startled by some slight thing; the white steer has thrown his head up; above and beyond him is a faint-blue sky, where fleecy clouds show themselves through a loose network of branches and russet leaves.

Almost all of Mr. Hart’s pictures are large, and he makes but ten or twelve of them in a year. One of his latest is an expression of these lines of Whittier, a poet in whom this artist delights:

“Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
Like smoke of battle o’er us,
Their white horns gleaming in the sun,
Like shields and spears before us.”

The cattle are accompanied by a real drover’s dog, and behind them are two drovers on horseback. We have engraved “A Summer Day on the Boquet



CATTLE GOING HOME.

From a Painting by James M. Hart.





AUTUMN MORNING.

From a Painting by Jervis McLintock.

River" and "Cattle going Home." The former is a pastoral scene in Essex County, New York. Some cattle, very skillfully grouped, are drinking or standing in a stream, which the heat and drought of summer have very much reduced; beyond them lie or browse a flock of sheep, two of which are near a scarlet shawl. On one side of the river is a luxuriant forest-growth; on the other side a row of stately and flourishing elms, carefully and happily drawn, even to minute details. The sun fills the scene with warmth and brightness. This picture is in the gallery of the late Mr. Alexander T. Stewart. The other one, "Cattle going Home," shows cows fording a brook in a rich atmosphere of approaching sunset. Trees pleasant to see—maples, tamaracks, white-birches, and others—decorate either bank of the narrow stream. The perspective is far-reaching and excellent, and the colors of the clouds, through which the light is breaking, are many and exquisitely beautiful.

"Corot," said Mr. JERVIS McENTEE one day, "is incomplete and slovenly. His landscapes are ghosts of landscapes. They have neither technical nor literary excellence. The 'Orpheus,' recently in the Cottier collection in New York, while not so unfinished as many other of his works, did not strike me as anything noble or large. The sky, to be sure, was of a soft, pleasant color, but it was full of dirt—whether this was part of the scheme or not I don't know. I believe that a man can learn to like anything in art. In France, the rivalry is so great, there is so much competition, that the artists are constantly doing *outré* things, which surprise, or bewilder, or stun. There is no longer any care to record honest impressions of Nature. Art in that country is in a bad way. It is feverish and diseased. All the Cottier pictures were specimens of incomplete art. The groups of Monticelli, to be sure, were interesting bits of color; but a picture should be something more than an interesting bit of color. The thought is the important matter. Take Wilkie's 'Blind-Man's-Buff' for example: I don't remember about the color, but the work tells a charming story, and touches us and moves us very powerfully. It is the same with Knaus's paintings. I know there is a boundary-line between what art and literature should express; but people differ concerning where to draw it.

"In landscape, certainly, you can tell a certain kind of story. The days and seasons in their gay or solemn beauty, in their swift departure, influence you, impress you, awaken emotions, convey teachings. If you can relate this influence, you tell their story. I don't care for mere scenery or 'views,' unless these have some peculiar and distinctive character, which makes places that at first are not picturesque really picturesque; which addresses one's artistic feeling. I especially like to walk when in the country in pasture-fields, where the beautiful greensward has been cut into and broken up by the teeth of the cattle. Side by side you see the traces of what they have eaten and the beauty of what they have not eaten. The sight touches you. If you can make it touch others also, you are a successful artist. The detail, the variety, the beauty, in a piece of pasture-land destitute of any striking object, are always very interesting to me; and I don't care for what is known as 'a fine view.' From my home in the Catskills I can look down a vista of forty miles, a magnificent and commanding sight. But I have never painted it; nor should I care to paint it. What I do like to paint is my impression of a simple scene in Nature. That which has been suggested is more interesting than that which has been copied. The copying that an artist does should appear in a study rather than in a picture proper. In all my studies you will see servile copying; for example, in my tree-drawings I have produced every little twig and leaf, and the knowledge so obtained is used afterward for the purpose of suggesting. Corot's trees, however, do not display much knowledge of that sort. They look like poles with cobwebs wound around them. They are unsubstantial, not real.

"I look upon a landscape as I look upon a human being—its thoughts, its feelings, its moods, are what interest me; and to these I try to give expression. What it says, and thinks, and experiences, this is the matter that concerns the landscape-painter. All art is based upon a knowledge of Nature and a sympathy for her; but in order to represent her it is not necessary to make a thing exactly like a thing. Imitation is not what we want, but suggestion, as I said before. The most popular pictures, undoubtedly, are those that imitate the most—those of the Franco-Spanish school, for instance. I do not believe in art for art's sake, nor in art for schemes of color, for purposes of mere decoration, but in art for the expression of one's self. An artist cannot

improve upon Nature, but often his recollection of a natural scene serves him better than a labored study of it made on the spot. Perhaps this is why landscape-painters who have lived exclusively in the country are not apt to paint so well as when they get away from it. A good deal of untrained art is more valuable than the trained.

"Some people call my landscapes gloomy and disagreeable. They say that I paint the sorrowful side of Nature, that I am attracted by the shadows more than by the sunshine. But this is a mistake. I would not reproduce a late November scene if it saddened me or seemed sad to me. In that season of the year Nature is not sad to me, but quiet, pensive, restful. She is not dying, but resting. Mere sadness, unless it had the dramatic element in it, I would not attempt to paint."

Jervis McEntee was born in Rondout, Ulster County, New York, on the 14th of July, 1828. The place is situated picturesquely on the west bank of the Hudson River, just within the shadows of the Catskill Mountains, and is still his country home. In the winter of 1850-'51 he became the pupil of Mr. Frederick E. Church, in New York. Four years afterward, having spent the intervening period in diligent study in city and in suburb, he opened a studio in New York, and was welcomed cordially by the brotherhood of the profession and by the principal patrons of American art. In the summer of 1859, accompanied by Mr. Sanford R. Gifford, he visited Europe, examining the works of the old masters in the chief galleries, but lingering the longest among the glories of the Alps—those glories of color, of light, and of shadow, which exerted so powerful an influence upon the unfolding genius of the youthful Titian. He did not stay away long. The lapse of a few months saw him back again in his own studio, his impressions of the home-scenes, which had taken strong hold of him, remaining intact side by side with those of the magnificence and splendor of Switzerland. A portfolio of sketches made in that country and in Italy came back with him.

In the Academy Exhibition of 1861 he was represented by an autumn scene, the object of which was to give pictorial expression to the sentiment of Mr. Bryant's poem, "The Death of the Flowers:—"

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere ;

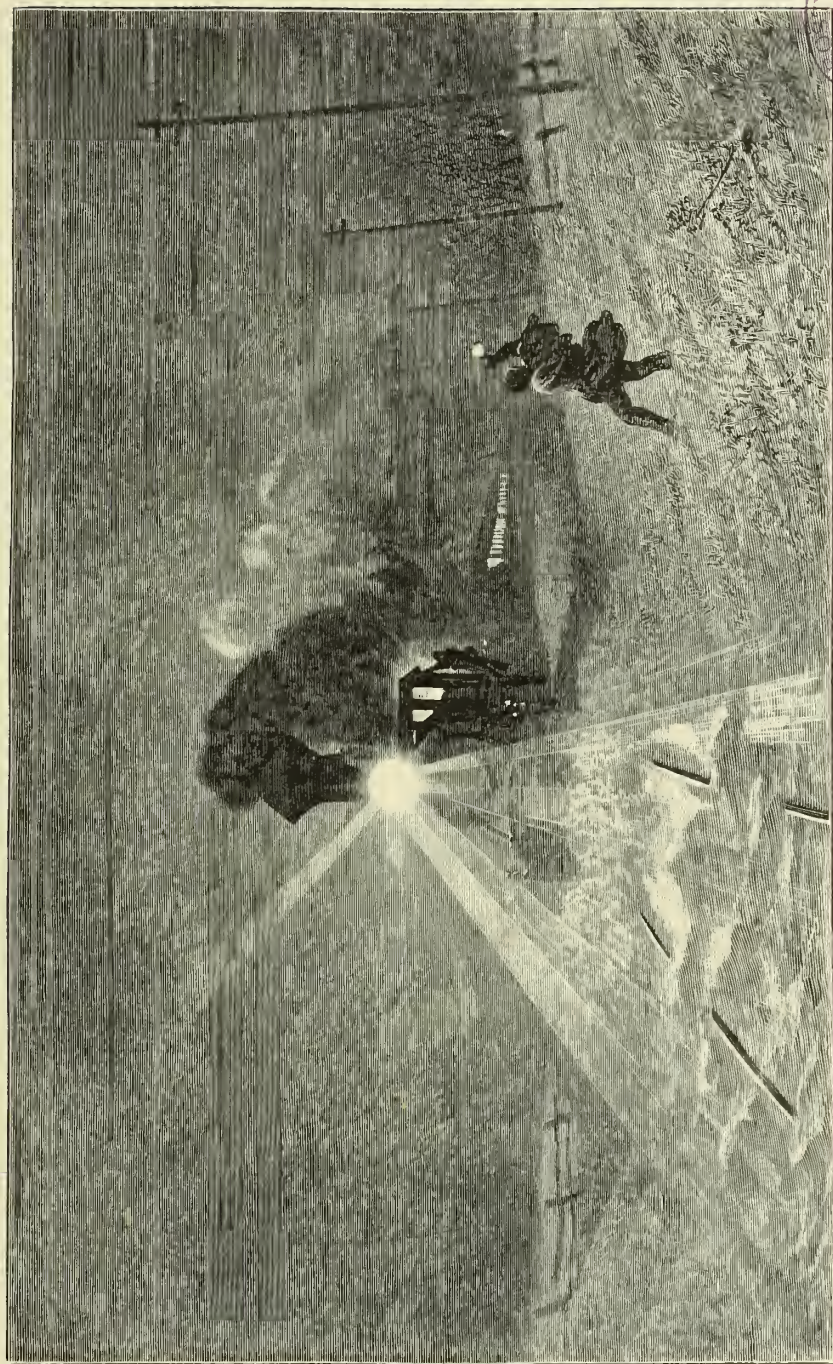
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread ;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more."

The picture, which bore the title "Melancholy Day," was bought while in the exhibition by the late artist James A. Suydam, and bequeathed by him to the Council of the Academy. Its excellence attracted very general recognition, and its author was elected an Academician. It was followed by a series of somewhat similar representations: by "October in the Catskills," "Late Autumn," "An Autumn Afternoon," "An Autumn Morning," and others, in which Mr. McEntee strove to apply the principles already stated, especially to express the influence that these autumn days on the mountain or in the forest had exerted upon his feelings. The name "Melancholy Day," given to his first principal work, seems to indicate that in his earlier artistic life he did like to paint sadness and the dying year. Of late his musings have taken color from divine philosophy, and, where once he saw melancholy on an autumn day, he now sees peace and rest.

To the Royal Academy Exhibition in London in 1872 Mr. McEntee contributed a small landscape, which was not overlooked by the critic of the *London Times*. "A new name, Jervis McEntee," wrote that person, "attached to a landscape of unpretending and rare quality, 'November,' with the appropriate line—

'Shade deepening over shade the country round embrowns,'

is, we understand, American. The picture shows, what is so rare, an imaginative feeling of the subject—a scene of low hills with a foreground of scrubby woodland, its winter suit of brown here and there enlivened, but very sparingly, with a touch of autumnal scarlet and gold, and an horizon of higher hills of sombre indigo. The picture is too low in tone and too sombre in sentiment to attract much attention; but it deserves and will reward study, and affixes a mark in the memory to the artist's name." "Too low in tone and too sombre in sentiment to attract much attention" in England half a dozen years



THE DANGER-SIGNAL.

From a Painting by Jereis McEntee.

ago, he meant. But what would some of the modern French critics say to such an utterance as that?

The Italian studies and sketches made by Mr. McEntee during his visit to Europe have not often been elaborated and exhibited by the artist. On one occasion, his "Scene on the Via Appia, near Rome," was hung in the gallery of the Century Club, of which he is a member; but the most of his pictures are records of his impressions of American scenery in the time of the sere and yellow leaf, the snow, the ice, and the leaden sky. The "Autumn Morning," which we have engraved, is a representative example of the brighter aspects of his theme. It is an autumn morning, to be sure, but the distant mountain is robed in warm sunlight, the clouds are fleecy, fair, and tinged here and there with crimson, which repeats the tints of the trees in the left foreground, and of the bushes near them. Nature certainly is not dying—she is smiling and resting. "The Danger-Signal," a train of cars rounding a curve at night in a driving snow-storm, is later autumn. Across the track and the moor the snow lies in wave-like drifts in the full glare of the white light of the locomotive. The red lantern of the watchman is swung high above his head, but the locomotive is thundering along like the one in Turner's celebrated picture in the London National Gallery.

Concerning a small landscape, "October," in the American Water-Color Society's Exhibition of 1877, the present writer had occasion to say: "The beauty of Mr. Jervis McEntee's landscape is, to a large extent, projected upon the canvas by the intelligence that discerns it; and in the case of his production, as perhaps in that of no other artist represented in the collection, is it true that the proper appreciation of a work of art comes not from intuition but from serious and instructed study. A placid surface of water, a bit of whitish-gray beach, some trees, and some fleecy clouds—these may be said to constitute the picture, but only in the sense that clay constitutes a portrait-bust. There are scores of pictures in the exhibition with all these constituents, and they attract nobody. Nor would one trouble himself to go far to look simply at a placid surface of water, a bit of whitish-gray beach, some trees, and some fleecy clouds. With Mr. McEntee the idea, the sentiment, is everything, and he subordinates all other matters to the expression of it. Take his 'A Nipping and an Eager Air,' for example, in the north-room. What does he care

about the nature of the material of which the man's trousers are made, about the kind of gun the man carries, about the botanical names of the trees or the shrubs around the man? He is seeking something else, and that something is the expression of the coldness of the weather. Whatever is not of service to the interpretation of this idea he ignores and rejects. He is not painting a fashion-plate, like Willems, nor a favorite dog, like Landseer, nor an illustration for a hardware-dealer's catalogue, like Leloir, nor a bouquet in which you shall designate the name of every flower, like Robie. So, in this 'October' in the east-room, it is not water nor beach nor trees nor clouds that he is attempting—it is the most delightful month in the most delightful season of the year. And this month is really represented. You are out-of-doors in the country, and you feel yourself out-of-doors, and the beginning coolness surrounds you, and the tints of the foliage greet you, and the skies of the sunny, shortening day bend over you, and the compliments of the season are offered you—nay, not the compliments only, but the teachings and the inspiration. This is no pictured scene, but Nature herself, hushed, sweet, and mystical. At the same time the mechanism of art is here also, and one may look long without tiring of the technical dexterity, the sylvan repose, the clear, far-reaching perspective, the color and the symmetry, the contrasts and the harmony, the finish and the truth."

MR. WILLIAM H. BEARD was born in Painesville, Ohio, April 13, 1825. After painting some portraits in his native town and in the neighboring towns, he went, at the age of twenty-five years, to Buffalo, which, with the exception of Cleveland, was the nearest large city to Painesville. After a residence of six or eight years in Buffalo, he made the European tour, studying one summer at Düsseldorf, and visiting Paris, Switzerland, and Rome. About the year 1861 he came to New York, and for the last twelve years has occupied his present studio in the Tenth Street Building. Mr. Beard is most widely known as a humorous painter of bears and monkeys. His picture, recently sold in the Latham collection in New York, and entitled "The Runaway Match," is a very adequate representative of his most popular style. The runaways are a pair of monkeys dressed gaudily, after the fashion of some



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"LO, THE POOR INDIAN!"
From a Painting by William H. Beane



country-folk, and standing before a monkey-parson, who is making an inspection of them, in the presence of several monkey-witnesses similarly attired, before forging the matrimonial bonds. In this picture, as in most of his livelier works, his design is to express character by the use of satire rather than of caricature; and in all his pictures he attains this end by telling a story. The literary instinct predominates, as indeed it usually does in American and in English figure-painting. When you look at one of Beard's representations you occupy yourself in reading what he has narrated; and so good is his command of the pictorial syntax and vocabulary that his meaning is always clear. Cruikshank himself is not more easily understood. The subject is the first thing and the chief thing. Perfection of materials and of methods, subtile harmonies of forms, movements, and hues, combinations and contrasts of lines and of color, the poetry of pigment and the mechanism of finish, are not at all what he thinks most of. The thought is his great concern; the vehicle of the thought is of secondary importance.

Successful and many as are his pictures of bears and of monkeys, they are, however, to Mr. Beard himself, by no means his most satisfactory works. He feels happiest when dealing with themes like "Old King Cole," "Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds," and other familiar nursery-rhymes, where the imagination has an easy chance to give a fantastic turn to ideas, thereby exciting merriment and, perhaps, laughter. "Those nursery-rhymes," I once heard him say, "offer such excellent opportunities for pictures;" and so they do, especially to a painter whose playfulness takes the form of humor rather than of wit, and whose liking is to make men ashamed of their folly, rather than to sting them into resentment. But Mr. Beard is serious as well as amusing, and his ripest ambition is embodied in certain sketches which, though not yet translated into finished pictures, undoubtedly soon will be. "The Star of Bethlehem" is one of these sketches, and consists of a group of scenes intended to illustrate the beneficent mission of Christianity, which sheds its cheering rays upon the wise men and the castaways; the toilers on the mountain and the peasants in the cottage; the martyr and the prisoner; infancy and old age. Here the thought conveyed is of the noblest possible description; the feeling is sincere and sympathetic, and the constructive imagination is in lively operation. The subject of another sketch is "The End of Time,"

Death carrying off Time in his arms, amid the crash and destruction of all things. The artist proposes to model these figures in clay, life-size. Like Leighton, the Englishman, and Doré, the Frenchman, he has a *penchant* for sculpture; and certainly it is easier for a painter to become a sculptor than for a sculptor to become a painter.

Some years ago Mr. James Lick, of California, invited contributions of designs for a grand historical monument commemorative of the growth and the glory of that Commonwealth. His death, however, prevented him from accepting any one of the designs prepared in response to the invitation. Mr. Beard was one of the competitors, and the rough draught of a model for such a monument is now in his studio. A colossal figure representing California is seated upon a pedestal, at the base of which are wild animals and the pioneer; above them, Painting, Poetry, and the other Fine Arts; while still higher, at the feet of the colossal figure, stands Science. A more important work is a design for a subterranean entrance to the Museum of Art in the Central Park, which was prepared in 1871. It is a series of very elaborate and picturesque allegorical representations, which he purposed should be carved in the solid rock. These are some of the things that Mr. Beard's pencil has done, and they are precisely the sort of things that he would be most happy to carry into execution. His bears and his monkeys do not please him so well as his patrons; they certainly do not begin to exhaust his resources. The beauty of art is said to lie in not being susceptible of improvement; but Mr. Beard's literary instinct leads him to magnify the importance of his subject, and to yearn for grandeur therein, though he knows well enough that every building need not be a temple, nor every poet a Milton; that simplest objects are often more impressive than the most complex ones, when a true man, well equipped, tells us his impression of them.

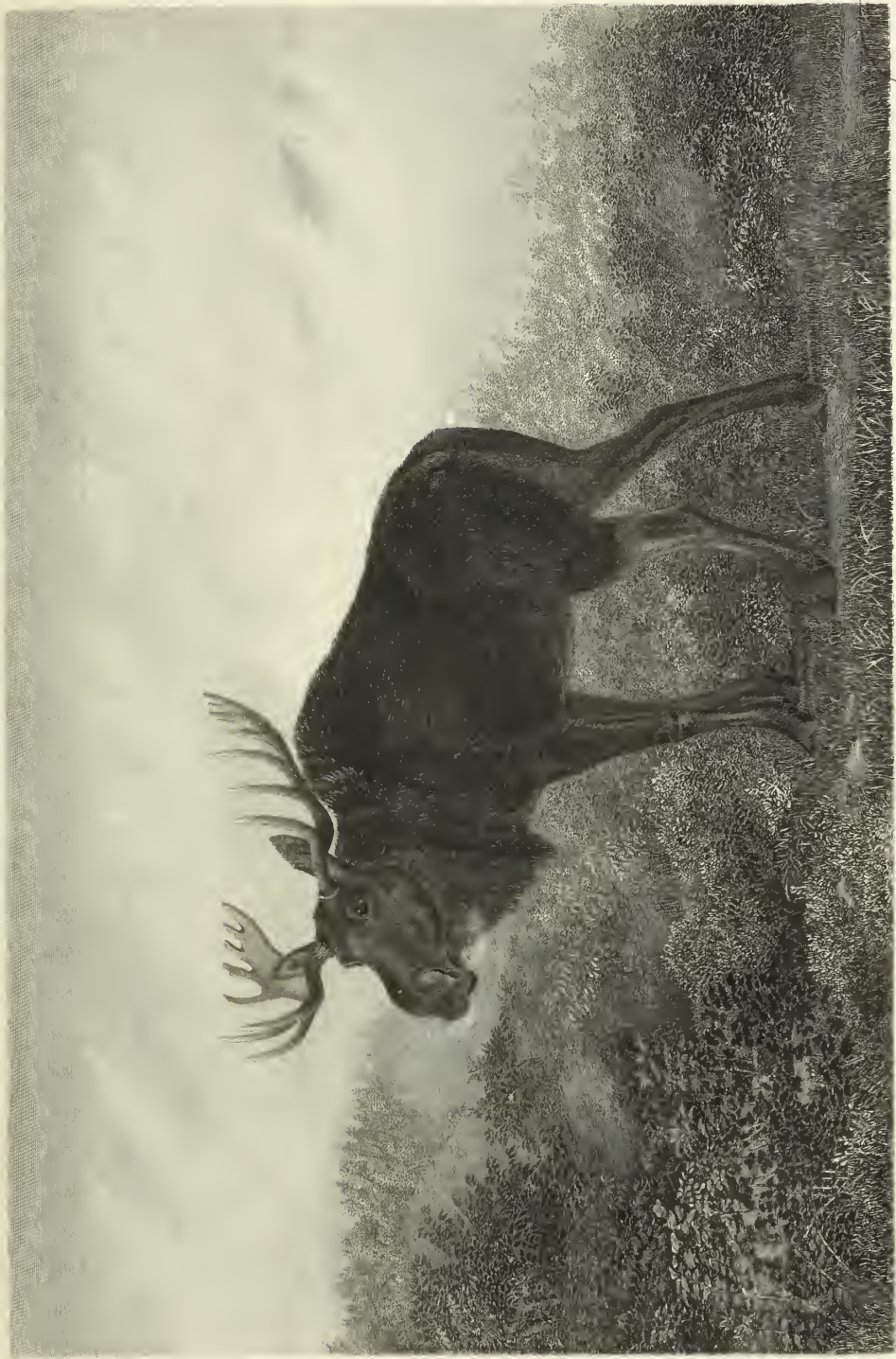
"Lo, the Poor Indian!" presents Mr. Beard from still another point of view. The red-man is reclining on a hill-side, his faithful dog by his side, and his eyes peering eagerly across the prairie, over which the wind is blowing fiercely. There is but little foreground—as little as possible—the general tone is gray, and the sentiment is concentrated and intense. It is not General Sheridan's Indian, nor yet the missionary Eliot's. It is the lonely, picturesque Indian, whom our forefathers dispossessed of his hunting-grounds, and





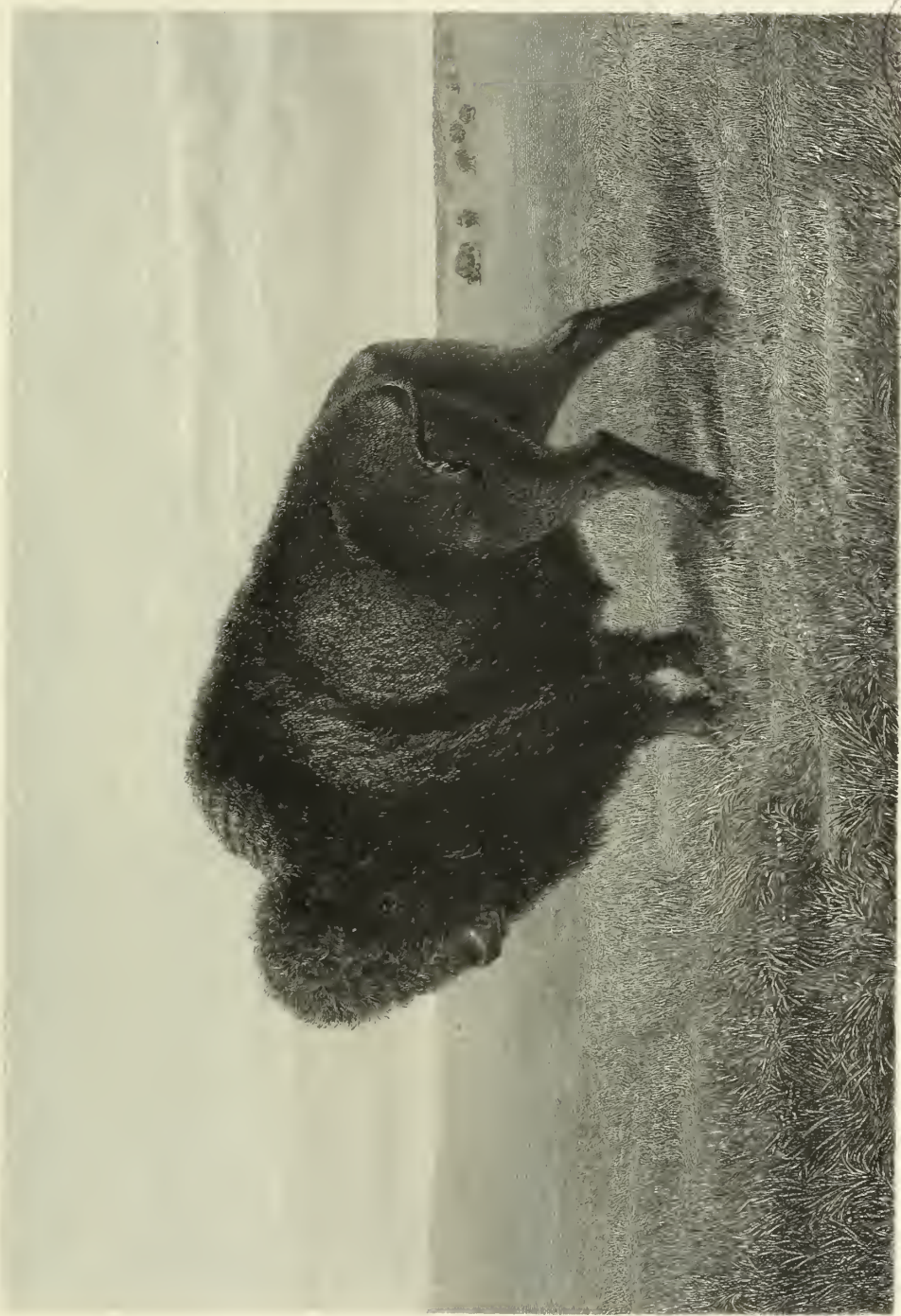
THE MARCH OF SILENUS.

From a Painting by William H. Beard.



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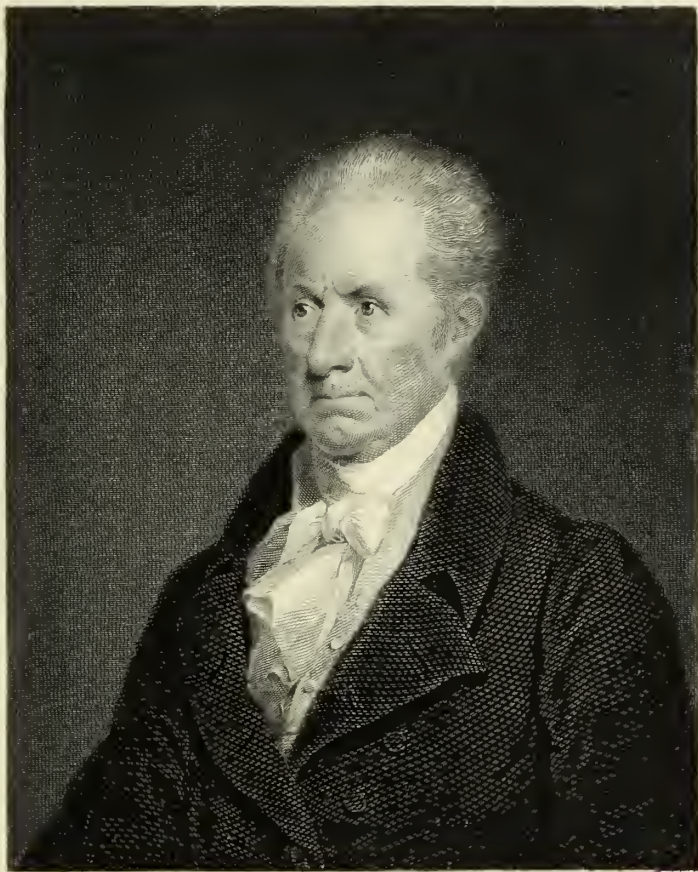
whom our philanthropists idealize and consecrate. He is a very nice person, and very interesting—Lo, the poor Indian! “The March of Silenus” is one of Mr. Beard’s characteristic pictures. Silenus is a great, fat, drunken grizzly bear, followed by goats as satyrs, and other bears as bacchanalians, all of them treated in classic style with a rich, warm tone. The expressions of the several faces are worth noticing, and the sense of inebriated revelry is strong and single. The conception has real dramatic force. To one of the Union League Club’s monthly exhibitions, and also to the New York Academy Exhibition for 1878, Mr. Beard sent his “Who-o! who-o-o!” a semicircular group of rabbits staring at an owl seated on a limb above them. It is freely and deftly painted, the rabbits especially being full of life, action, and distinctive character. His “Cattle upon a Thousand Hills” is a rolling prairie with great herds of beasts, and a finely delicate play of light and shade. His “Fallen Landmark” is a study of a giant birch, by the side of which in the sunlight stands an aged Indian in a contemplative mood. This painting and “The March of Silenus” are owned by the Buffalo Academy of the Fine Arts. “The Wreckers” is a number of crows on an old spar just washed ashore in a white fog. Other works are “The Traveled Fox,” who got his tail cut off by accident, and has returned to persuade his comrades to a similar course; “The Consultation,” a bear-scene, engraved by Holyer, and “The Dancing Bears.” Mr. Beard is now preparing a book of drawings designed to suit the peculiar vein of each celebrated American poet, and to be accompanied by original poems written expressly by the several authors represented.

Next, therefore, to the fact of his humor, the most conspicuous feature of his career is the breadth of its scope. He is a figure-painter, a portrait-painter, a *genre* painter, a landscape-painter, an animal-painter, and, for aught we know to the contrary, a marine painter. He paints woodlands, meadows, and rivers; monkeys, bears, sheep, deer, and rabbits; men, women, and sunburned boys and girls; parlors, kitchens, and bar-rooms; marriages, picnics, and the final destruction of the universe. There is not an American, living or dead, who has transferred to canvas scenes so widely different; and the possibilities of his future are incapable of being soundly estimated even by himself. Tomorrow morning he is quite as likely to make the preliminary sketch of a picture representing the beast in the book of Revelation, Jonah in the whale’s

belly, the white-armed Juno, or the fierce wrath of the Olympian celestials, as to set about telling another monkey or bear story. If the thought should strike him, he would not hesitate a moment to make a crayon-drawing of the earth when it was without form and void. Nor would the brain that could conceive "The End of Time" be staggered by the beginning of eternity.

Mr. Beard's popular reputation rests undoubtedly upon his animal pictures, especially upon his delineations of the domestic life of monkeys and bears. Can it be compared with Landseer's? In some respects, undoubtedly it can be. If Landseer was often dramatic; if on many occasions he abused his dramatic gift, jumping into tragedy when melodrama was on the boards, or into farce when comedy would have been better; if he loved the beasts that he painted, and sympathized with them; and if he was sometimes too good a story-teller, displacing the artistic with the literary, and invading the domain of the penman—all this may be truly said concerning William H. Beard. Each of these artists has fallen into the error of ascribing human emotions and thoughts to animals, when a profounder study would have shown them that a dog's ways are not a man's ways. In manual dexterity, Landseer, of course, has the precedence. Perhaps there never lived an animal-painter who in this particular excelled him.

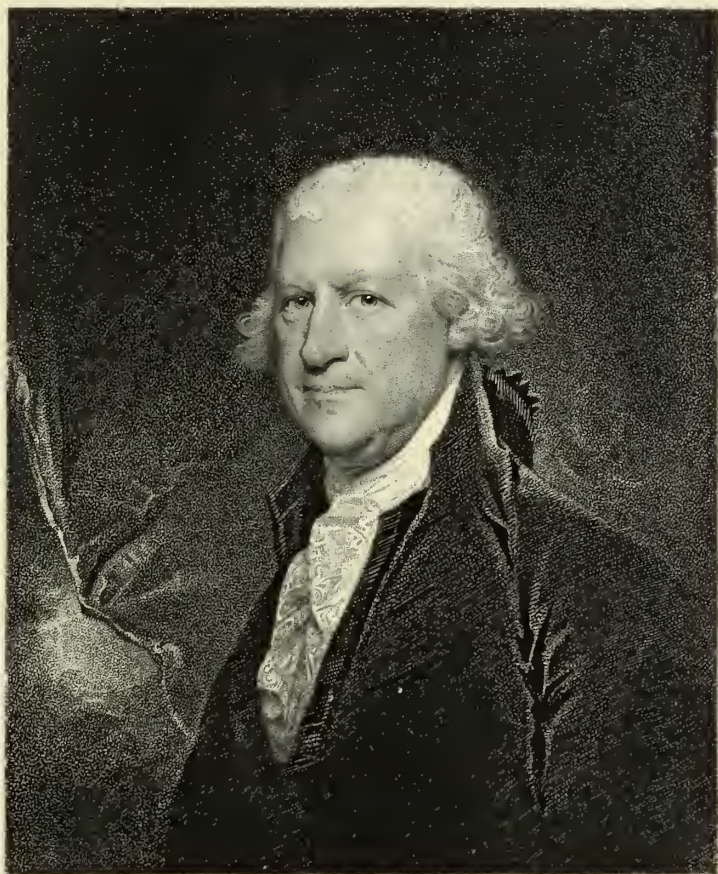
Mr. WILLIAM T. RICHARDS was born in Philadelphia on the 14th of November, 1833. During the earlier years of his career he received some instruction from Paul Weber, a German artist of repute, who has since returned to his native country. One of Mr. Richards's first pictures was a view of Mount Vernon, painted in 1854, for the Art Union of Philadelphia. The next year he went to Europe, and spent twelve months in Florence, Paris, Düsseldorf, and the Tuscan Apennines. He is a pre-Raphaelite, and his studies proper were begun on his return from this trip in 1858, he having been moved to them, he modestly says, by a growing conviction of his need of a painstaking and protracted study of Nature. When he was once on the new path, he continued there for many years. In 1859 he painted for Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, his "Tulip-Trees;" in 1861, for the late Mr. Hugh Davids, his "Wood-Scene;" soon afterward, for the late Mr. William T. Blod-



GILBERT CHARLES STUART



G C Stuart



Edu Schipper

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

IN this biographical sketch of the life and character of GILBERT C. STUART, we shall avail ourselves of the very valuable information afforded us by the venerable Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge, the companion of his childhood and his youth, and the undeviating friend of his manhood and age; and of such other sources of information as are offered to us. Although our greatest portrait painter is but recently dead, already the place of his nativity is disputed, and contending towns claim the honor of producing this extraordinary genius; to Dr. Waterhouse we owe certainty on this head; and even the time of his birth would not have been accurately determined, but that the painter has inscribed "G. Stuart, Pictor, se ipso pinxit, A. D. 1778, Ætatis sua 24," on a portrait painted by himself and presented to his friend, which remains a monument of his early skill, and is the more precious as it is the only portrait he ever painted of himself. This, of course, gives us the year of his birth, 1754.

Between the years 1746 and 1750, there came over from Great Britain to these English colonies a number of Scotch gentlemen, who had not the appearance of what is generally understood by the term emigrants, nor yet merchants or gentlemen of fortune. They came not in companies, but dropped in quietly, one after another. Their unassuming appearance and retired habits, bordering on the reserve, seemed to place them above the common class of British travellers. Their mode of life was snug, discreet, and respectable, yet clannish. Some settled in Philadelphia, some in Perth Amboy, some in New York; but a greater proportion sat down at that pleasant and healthy spot, Rhode Island, called by its first historiographer, Callender, "the Garden of America." Several of the emigrants were professional men; among these was Dr. Thomas Moffat, a learned physician of the Boerhaavean school; but, however learned, his dress and manners were so ill suited to the plainness of the inhabitants of Rhode Island, who were principally Quakers, that he

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

could not make his way among them as a practitioner, and therefore he looked round for some other mode of genteel subsistence ; and he hit upon that of cultivating tobacco and making snuff, to supply the place of the great quantity that was every year imported from Glasgow ; but he could find no man in the country who he thought was able to make him a snuff mill. He therefore wrote to Scotland, and obtained a competent mill-wright, by the name of Gilbert Stuart.

Dr. Moffat selected for his mill seat a proper stream in that part of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence plantations which bore and still bears the Indian name of Narraganset, once occupied by the warlike tribe of the Pequot Indians, made familiar to us by the intensely interesting romance of our novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, under the title of the "Last of the Mohicans."

There, Gilbert Stuart, the father of the great painter, erected the first snuff mill in New England, and there he manufactured that strange article of luxury. He soon after built a house, and married a very handsome woman, daughter of a Mr. Anthony, a substantial farmer ; and of this happy couple, at Narraganset, was born GILBERT CHARLES STUART ; so *christened*, but the middle name, which betokens the jacobite principles of his father, was early dropped by the son, and never used in his days of notoriety ; indeed, but for the signatures of letters addressed to his friend Waterhouse in youth, we should have no evidence that he ever bore more than the famous name of GILBERT STUART.

He is described to us by one of his school fellows as "a very capable, self-willed boy ; handsome, forward, an only son, and habituated at home to have his own way in every thing, with little or no control of the easy, good natured father." He was about thirteen years old when he began to copy pictures, and at length attempted likenesses in black lead. There came to Newport about the year 1772, a Scotch gentleman named Cosmo Alexander ; he was between fifty and sixty years of age, of delicate health, and prepossessing manners, apparently independent of the profession of painting, which ostensibly was his occupation, though it is believed that he, and several other gentlemen of leisure and observation from Britain, were travelling in this country for political purposes. From Mr. Alexander, young STUART first received lessons in the grammar of the art of painting, and after the summer spent in Rhode Island, he accompanied him to the South, and afterwards to Scotland. Mr. Alexander died not long after his arrival in Edinburgh, leaving his

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

pupil to the care of Sir George Chambers, who did not long survive him. Into whose hands our young artist fell after these disappointments, we know not, nor is it to be regretted, for the treatment he received was harsh, such as neither GILBERT STUART or his father ever mentioned. The young man returned to Newport, and after a time resumed his pencil.

Mr. Joseph Anthony, of Philadelphia, visited his sister, the mother of the painter, soon after GILBERT's return, and on going into his painting room, was surprised to find a striking likeness of his mother, Mrs. Anthony, the grandmother of the painter, who, although he had not seen her since he was twelve years of age, for he was no older at the time of her death, had, by the power of recollection, aided by kindred attachment, produced the likeness which now attracted the attention and gained the favor of his uncle. This faculty of preserving the images of those once known was one of the characteristics of STUART's genius.

Mr. Anthony, his family, and friends, sat for portraits to the young artist, who was now in the full tide of prosperity. About this time, the winter of 1773-4, he and his friend Waterhouse were fellow students in an academy for drawing, of their own formation. They hired a strong-muscled journeyman blacksmith, as their academy figure, at half a dollar the evening; and thus, probably, anticipated any other academical study from the naked figure in their country by many years.

Ardent as STUART's love of painting was, we have Dr. Waterhouse's authority for saying, that music divided his affections so equally with her sister, that it was difficult to say which was "the ruling passion." In the beginning of March, 1775, STUART's friend, Waterhouse, embarked for London, with the intention of pursuing his medical studies in the schools of Europe, and the young painter, probably finding his business interrupted by the approach of war, found means to follow, relying, as it would seem, upon the resources of his friend, for an introduction to the treasures of the British metropolis. He arrived in London in the latter end of November, when he found that Waterhouse had gone to Edinburgh, and he had not one acquaintance in this strange world, and no resource but his pencil and a letter to a Scotch gentleman, who received him kindly, and employed him to paint a picture for him, which, when his friend Waterhouse returned to London, in the summer of 1776, he found still unfinished on his easel.

During this period, when his father's business was broke up by

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

the events of the war in America, and the young painter was left to shift for himself, without experience or prudence, his skill in music, both practical and theoretical, stood him in stead, and gave him the means of subsistence in a manner as extraordinary as his character and actions were eccentric. While he was in this state of extreme poverty, without employment or the means of subsistence, walking the streets without any definite purpose, he passed by a church in Foster Lane, saw the door open, and several persons going in. He was attracted by the sound of the organ—he inquired at the door what was going on within, and was told, the vestry were making trial of several candidates for the situation of organist, the last incumbent having recently died. STUART entered the church, and encouraged, as he said, by a look of good nature in the countenance of one of the vestrymen, addressed him, and asked if a stranger might try his skill and become a candidate for the vacant place. His request was granted, and he had the pleasure to find that the time he had employed in making himself a musician, had not been thrown away. His playing was preferred to that of his rivals, and he was engaged at a salary which relieved present necessities, and enabled him to return to his studies as a painter. “When,” says Mr. Charles Fraser, “Mr. STUART related this anecdote to me, he was sitting in his parlor, and to prove that he did not neglect the talent that had been so friendly to him in his youth, and in the days of his adversity, he took his seat at a small organ in the room, and played several tunes with much feeling and execution.”

On the return of his friend from Edinburgh, to pursue his studies by “walking the hospitals” in London, he had the pleasure of procuring several sitters for the young painter; but he could with difficulty keep him in that straight course which is so necessary to permanent prosperity.

Strange as it may appear, STUART was a long time in London without seeing, or being introduced to his great countryman, West. There appears to be no reason for this omission, and for not gaining access, for at least two years, to that source of instruction which was ever open to those who thirsted for knowledge, and more especially to Americans. At length, Dr. Waterhouse says, “After I had exhausted all my means of helping forward my ingenious friend and countryman, I called upon Mr. West, and laid open to him his situation.” The consequence was, an invitation from Mr. West, and his continued friendship, support, and instruction.

Soon after this, STUART’s friend, Waterhouse, went to Leyden, to

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

finish his studies, and they did not meet again until the painter removed from Washington to Boston; for the intermediate time, we have to look to other authorities, and one of the first is Colonel Trumbull, who on being introduced to Mr. West, in August, 1780, found STUART as his pupil. Mr. STUART uniformly said, that on application to Mr. West he was received with great benevolence; that nothing could exceed the attention of that distinguished artist to him, and when he saw that he was fitted for the field,—armed to contend with the best and the highest,—he advised him to commence his career professionally. While under Mr. West's roof, he became known to celebrated artists, and to the lords of the land. Dance admired and encouraged him, and presented his palette to him. His full length of Mr. Grant, skating, attracted great applause, and he, soon after taking rooms and setting up an independent easel, had his full share of the best business in London as a portrait painter; and as Colonel Trumbull has said, had prices equal to any, except Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough. It is the opinion of STUART's contemporaries in London, that with common prudence he might have been the successor of Reynolds. He was *not* prudent; and found it convenient to visit Dublin, where he was received with Hibernian hospitality; delighting as much by his wit and conviviality as by his pencil.

In 1793 he returned to America. He embarked from Dublin, and arrived in New York, where he set up his easel, and was thronged with admirers and sitters. To gratify his desire to paint Washington, a desire which, he has said, brought him from the scene of his European success, he visited Philadelphia, and having been fully successful in his mission, he fixed his residence in that city and neighborhood for some years.

An eminent artist has said of STUART's Washington: "And well is his ambition justified in the sublime head he has left us: a nobler personification of wisdom and goodness, reposing in the majesty of a serene conscience, is not to be found on canvass."

The writer of this necessarily short and imperfect sketch, who knew Washington, both as general and president, perfectly coincides with the above tribute of praise from a brother artist. When artists speak of STUART's Washington, let it be remembered, that they mean the original picture, refused by the government of the United States, and purchased as an inestimable gem by the Athenæum, of Boston. The copies generally circulated, and the prints from Heath's workshop, in London, are libels equally on the painter and the hero.

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

Mr. STUART always considered the publication of this print, not only as injurious to his reputation, but as a piracy upon his property. When he saw the print exhibited for sale in Philadelphia, he could not restrain his just indignation.

While Mr. STUART was prosperously exercising his profession in Pennsylvania, we are informed that he purchased a farm at Pottsgrove, as a resting place for his family, but that the plan was not carried through with the prudence which conceived it. He removed to Washington, and was there as elsewhere, gladly welcomed. In 1805, he finally fixed himself at Boston, where he, with undiminished talents, exercised his profession until the day of his death. The portrait of John Adams, painted after the venerable patriot and president was upwards of eighty, has been the admiration of all who have seen it; and the painter's last work, the head of an intended full length of the ex-president, John Quincy Adams, is equal to any of the great painter's works, when he was in the prime of life and vigor of health.

The colloquial talents of GILBERT STUART were exerted as auxiliaries to his pencil. He had a fund of wit inexhaustible, and of anecdote, or historical knowledge, his reading and his memory furnished him with an everlasting store. His early friend, Dr. Waterhouse, has thus characterized and described that power and art with which he fascinated his sitters, making them forget the confinement of the "painter's chair," and drawing forth the inmost soul upon the surface of the countenance, while he fixed it on his canvass by the magic of his colors. "In conversation and confabulation, he was inferior to no man. He always made it a point to keep those talking who were sitting to him for their portraits, each in their own way, free and easy. This called up all his resources of judgment. To military men, he spoke of battles by sea and land. With the statesman, on Hume's and Gibbon's History—with the lawyer, in *his* way—the merchant in *his* way, and with the ladies, in all ways. When putting the rich farmer on the canvass, he would go along with him from seed time to harvest time—then he would descant on the nice points of a fine horse, ox, cow, sheep, or pig, and surprise him with his just remarks on the progress of making cheese and butter, and astonish him with his profound knowledge of manures, or the food of plants. As to national character and individual character, few men could say more to the purpose, as far as history and acute personal observation would carry him. He had wit at will, always ample, sometimes redundant, remarkably so, after his long sojourn in Ireland."

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

His friend, Waterhouse, was disposed to attribute STUART'S undue attachment to the pleasures of the table and convivial society, to his residence on the Emerald Isle; but he carried all his propensities and resources for smoothing the road to ruin with him, from the centre of all dissipation, as well as all rational enjoyment, London. Of STUART, as of some others, it may be said in the common phraseology of mankind, "he had every kind of sense but common sense." He had knowledge enough to have guided an empire, and did not pilot his own frail vessel into port, even when wind and tide were with him.

Nature had bestowed on GILBERT STUART her choicest gifts. His mind and body were of the most powerful, and the best endowed, for active exertion or ponderous labor—for grasping the minute or the vast—for relishing the beauties of art or diving into the profundities of science. These gifts, when used, lead to fortune, fame, and happiness; and their possessor is blessed with equanimity and cheerfulness—when abused, the result is disappointment, poverty, disease, self-reproach, and occasional misanthropy. It is a vulgar error, that genius and imprudence have a natural alliance. The contrary is the fact. Eminent genius may be, has been, misled; but the *most* eminent are bright proofs that genius and virtue are by nature allied, and that the imprudent man of great talents is the *exception* to the rule.

Certain it is, that GILBERT STUART did not watch and properly turn to his advantage that "tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and it is equally certain, that the neglect involved him in the "shoals and shallows" which the great philosophic poet tells us, is the inevitable consequence. He returned to New England, (after shining with the splendor of a sun and the irregularity of a meteor, in England, Ireland, and the central portions of the United States,) to finish his eccentric career, without that brilliancy which fortune bestows, but with undiminished fame and unrivalled excellence as an artist, to the last days of his existence; dying at the advanced age of seventy-four, in the month of July, 1828, regretted by all who knew him, and leaving, "a void" "in the world of art," "which will not soon be filled."

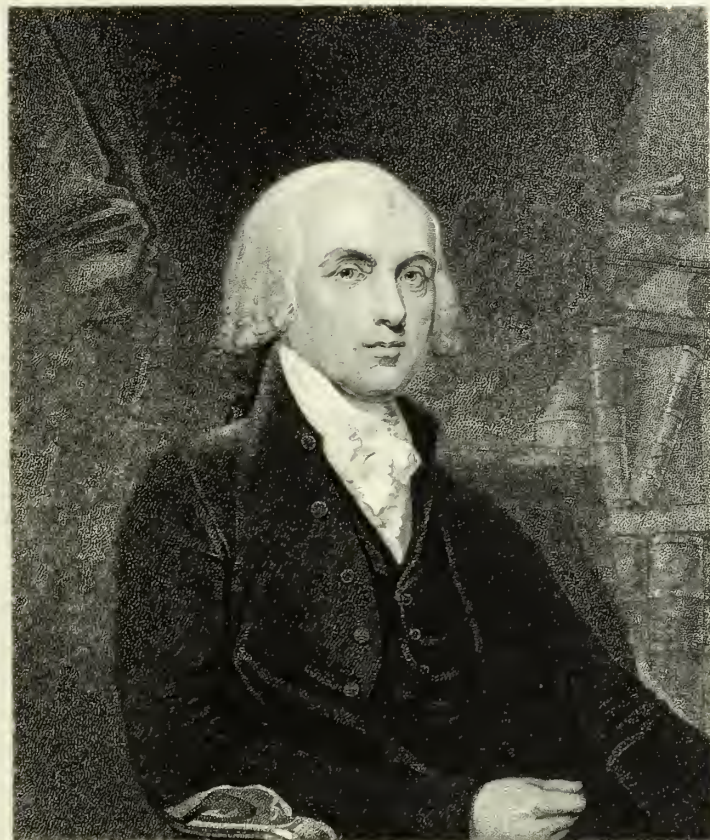
We cannot conclude this brief memoir better than in the words of an eminent artist, whose language bears the impress of truth, judgment, and feeling. The "glimpses of character" which STUART elicited from his sitters by his colloquial powers, "mixed as they are in all men with so much that belongs to their age and associates, would

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

have been of little use to an ordinary observer; for the faculty of distinguishing between the accidental and the permanent, in other words, between the conventional expression which arises from *manners*, and that more subtle indication of the individual mind, is indeed no common one: and by no one with whom we are acquainted, was their faculty possessed in so remarkable a degree. It was this which enabled him to animate his canvass—not with the appearance of mere general life, but with that peculiar distinctive life, which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men—for they were made to rise and speak on the surface.” “In his happier efforts, no one ever surpassed him in embodying (if we may so speak,) those transient apparitions of the soul. Of this, not the least admirable instance is his portrait, painted within the last four years, (when the painter was upwards of seventy,) of the late President Adams; whose then bodily tenement seemed rather to present the image of some dilapidated castle, than that of the habitation of the ‘unbroken mind;’ but not such is the picture; called forth as from its crumbling recesses, the living tenant is there—still ennobling the ruin, and upholding it, as it were, by the strength of his own life. In this venerable ruin, will the unbending patriot and the gifted artist speak to posterity of the first glorious century of our republic.”

In a word, GILBERT STUART was, in its widest sense, a *philosopher* in his art: he thoroughly understood its principles, as his works bear witness, whether as to the harmony of colors or of lines, or of light and shadow—showing that exquisite sense of *a whole*, which only a man of genius can realize and embody.

We cannot close this brief notice without a passing record of his generous bearing towards his professional brethren. He never suffered the manliness of his nature to darken with the least shadow of jealousy; but where praise was due, he gave it freely, and gave it, too, with a grace which showed that, loving excellence for its own sake, he had a pleasure in praising. To the younger artists, he was uniformly kind and indulgent, and most liberal of his advice; which no one ever properly asked but he received, and in a manner no less courteous than impressive. Well may his country say, “a great man has passed from amongst us;” but GILBERT STUART has bequeathed her what is paramount to *power*—since no power can command it—the rich inheritance of his fame.



James Madison



John Barry

gett, of New York, his "Midsummer;" and in 1864, for Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of the same city, his "June Woods." For Mr. George Whitney, of Philadelphia, he produced two of his most important landscapes, namely, "The Forest" and "The Wissahickon." These works, perhaps, best represent the triumphs of his early pre-Raphaelistic methods and aspirations.

What is pre-Raphaelitism? Let us go not to Mr. Ruskin but to M. Charles Blanc for an answer; and let us find it in the latter's description of the "Ophelia" of Mr. Millais, of London, whom M. Blanc calls the pre-Raphaelite *par excellence*: "The young girl," says the French critic, "who, in her madness, trusted herself to the treacherous stream, is represented as already drowned, in a profusion of agreeable details, depicted with the patience of a Benedictine monk, and a realism a hundred times more faithful than that of our foremost realists. Not a leaf is wanting to the willow, not a reed to the bank. Cresses, water-lilies, iris, sweet-brier, myosotis, and I know not what more besides, distract and charm the attention, which is now fixed upon and now distributed amid a wonderful confusion of marine plants and flowers; the convolvulus is a setting for the poppy in the necklace of a crazy nymph—a contrast repeated by a robin-redbreast and a blue-winged kingfisher. Everything has been told us by the painter; the least bit of straw, the smallest blade of grass, the daisies and the buttercups which the poor girl still grasps, the moisture of her hair, the teeth behind her smiling lips, her linen puffed out by the water, her petticoats drenched and limp, the laces floating on top of them." Shall we say with M. Blanc that all this is a mistake; that Art should not enter into competition with Nature, because it cannot compete with her; that Art has nobler ends than mere illusions; and, with Sir Joshua, that, because a man can paint a cat so cleverly that you can take the animal in your hands is no reason for comparing him to Raphael and Michael Angelo? Or, on the other hand, shall we say with M. Petroz, that the realists are the true artists, that future progress is with them, that their notion of art is the correct one, and that all they need is to carry out that notion to its farthest limits? Mr. Richards, certainly, is a disciple of the latter master; he would disdain to paint anything that he himself had not seen or touched, or to paint it less faithfully, to imitate it less closely, than was possible. Had he been an English student twenty years ago he would

have been as enthusiastic and ardent a Ruskinian as Holman Hunt himself. "So carefully finished," says one of his reviewers, many years ago, "are his leaves, grasses, grain-stalks, weeds, stones, and flowers, that we seem not to be looking at a distant prospect, but lying on the ground, with the herbage and blossoms directly under our eyes. Marvelous in accurate imitation are the separate objects in the foreground of his pictures: the golden-rod seems to wave, and the blackberry to glisten."

To marine painting, of late years, Mr. Richards's attention has been especially directed, and he makes now the best drawings of waves that this country can produce. The sea-shore has been his home. In 1865 he spent the summer at Nantucket, and painted some remarkable works—remarkable for their loving and elaborate reproduction of surf, breaker, wave, and sand. In 1866 he went again to Europe, this time to perfect himself in the execution of coast-scenes. He studied the canvases in the Paris Exhibition of 1867 with renewed avidity; and when, in the autumn of that year, he returned home, he was better equipped and more successful than any other American marine painter. The summer of 1870 he passed at Atlantic City, New Jersey; and every summer since he has devoted to sketching by the sea. The fine atmosphere and surf of Newport have recently attracted him with peculiar force, and he now owns there a cottage by the ocean. His maturest work has undoubtedly been that in which he has attempted the presentation of scenes at and near that beautiful place; and his "Mid-Ocean," now owned by Mr. William Sellers, of Philadelphia, and his "New England Coast," in the gallery of Mr. G. P. Wetmore, of New York, would be creditable accessions to any collection of American marines. Mr. Richards has been for many years a regular contributor to the National Academy Exhibition in New York, and also to the American Water-Color Society. His love of finish is so strong that even the water-colors he exhibits are not sketches, but whole pictures. If American art in water-colors has been charged with resembling English art in water-colors, of which some writer has said: "It is an art which proposes the making of pictures as its *raison d'être*, and looks upon Nature with eyes trained only to see in her a certain number of pictorial effects, and in man only pleasant arrangements of color and form. Here every artist seems to cater for the public as a dramatic agent caters for the theatre—to say in his heart: 'Here is



AT ATLANTIC CITY.
From a Painting by William T. Richards.

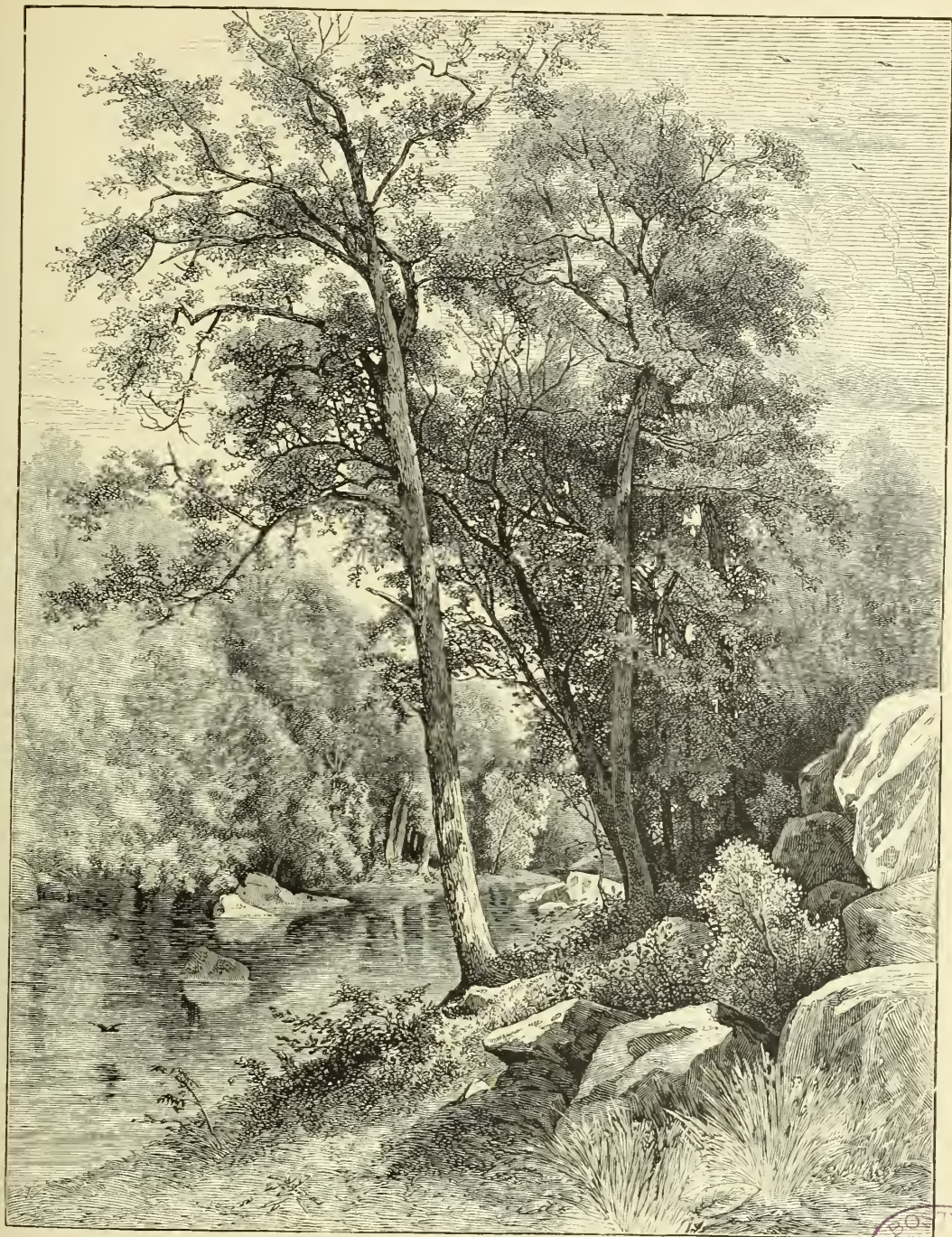
a nice, pretty thing I've made for you. Don't you like it? Then I'll make something else.' Beautiful in many respects, the English art is practically an art without any coherent faith and life"—if, we say, our native art has with more or less justness been likened to its English sister, how unjust would be the application of such words as those to the honest, thorough, and masterly performances of Mr. William T. Richards! We have seen in an exhibition a whole room full of weak prettinesses supported by one strong, virile work of his—a work almost strong enough to capture the enthusiasm of grave and titled Academicians, in whose eyes art in water-colors is usually a woman's plaything, half patronized, half despised, who insist that oils are the true channels of vigorous and respectable effort, and that considerable nonsense is promulgated by the water-colorists in their frequent assumption of a monopoly of "transparency," "delicacy," and the power to seize "subtile, evanescent impressions," and fix them where they will do the most good.

In the Philadelphia Loan Exhibition of 1878 Mr. Richards was represented by seven landscapes and marine pictures, varied both in style and in subject. Concerning one of these works a Philadelphian says: "It is worth noting that the 'Leafy June,' by our Philadelphia landscapist, W. T. Richards, loses nothing by its juxtaposition with the fine 'Twilight on the Seine,' by Daubigny, an interpretation of a difficult phase of Nature, in which everything is dependent on an exquisite harmony of tone. 'Leafy June' was painted as far back as 1862, at a time when a good many of our American painters were in the habit of sneering at Mr. Richards's exact and painstaking methods, and before he acquired that freedom of handling which characterizes his later works. It is just a trifle hard and over-exact in non-essentials, but its intrinsic merits are proved by the fact that it is well able to hold its own not only with the landscape by Daubigny referred to, but with a number of other brilliant and masterly works on the same walls. The reason is, that Mr. Richards, when he painted this picture, saw not only every leaf on the trees before him, but he saw, and consequently was able to paint, the whole effect."

If some artists sneered at Mr. Richards's pictures in 1862 because he was too minute and intricate in details, it is also true that some artists affect a contempt for his later and riper delineations. A crowd in the National Academy galleries in New York during the annual exhibition is easily divisi-

ble into the three classes who admire this artist's pictures, who dislike them, and who do not intelligently appreciate any work of art—the last class, of course, being by far the most numerous of the three. Among our young painters who, after a course of study in Paris or Munich, or both places, have returned to their beloved land with the purpose of showing to their countrymen the only true and infallible methods of art, you will hardly be able to find two warm admirers of Mr. W. T. Richards. The Society of American Artists, composed chiefly of those young gentlemen, did not invite Mr. Richards to contribute to their first and celebrated exhibition in the spring of 1878. They deliberately resolved not to invite him. Their reason was, that they did not consider him to be an artist in the strict and approved sense of the term. Not one of them—we are speaking with exactness—not one of them is able to approach within arm's-length of his splendid draughtsmanship. Nor is there one of them who would assert his own ability in this direction, or claim to possess the resources in *technique* which the accomplished Philadelphian has acquired by years of honest and most diligent application to his business. The fact is, that most of these young gentlemen are exhibiting as finished pictures what to Mr. Richards are simply studio-studies, or out-of-door sketches—works the excellence of which Mr. Richards, doubtless, would be the first to see and acknowledge, but the incompleteness of which would be, in his eyes, positively painful and certainly inexcusable, except on the ground of juvenile incapacity. It may, indeed, be questioned whether or not the modern European school to which the Society of American Artists chiefly belongs—we say school and not schools, because, in whatever city the masters who lead it reside, the motives that compel these masters are substantially the same—is not becoming increasingly inefficient by reason of its vehement scorn for details which only instructed and industrious painters are competent to represent. Consider, for instance, the marvelous incorrectness, as well as slovenliness, of many of the great Corot's drawings of the human figure. This famous and brilliant artist once affixed his revered name to the worst-drawn female arm that, perhaps, has ever been publicly exhibited in a first-class gallery in the city of New York.

It might as well, then, be said at once that the trained and honest pencil of Mr. Richards has secured for him the very hearty respect of many compe-



ON THE WISSAHICKON.

From a Painting by William T. Richards.

tent connoisseurs; and that the greater number of the canvases on which this pencil has left its tracings are sure to improve with age in precisely the same respects and to precisely the same degree that Falernian wine did. The occasional rigidity—frigidity, if we please—that characterizes his pictures, the occasional apparent forgetfulness on his part that a work of art is not an assemblage of details, but a fused and glowing *ensemble*, cannot, of course, but be deplored. His latest works show less of these faults than his earlier ones; his landscape in two shades of green, for example, which was hung in the fifty-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, was, in the particulars just mentioned, a marked advance upon his landscape entitled “Leafy June.” Some of his more recent water-colors, too, are obvious improvements upon his first attempts on Whatman paper. The evidence is sufficient that Mr. Richards has himself felt the need of a change, and that he has manfully discarded some of the errors of his juvenescent pre-Raphaelism. This is well, and worthy of praise. Consistency is the worst, as it is usually the first, infirmity of noble artist-minds. The painter who begins his career with one idea, ends that career much more speedily than he is aware, whenever this idea has metamorphosed itself into a hobby. If, like a Bourbon, he will never learn, like a Bourbon, also, he gets laid upon the shelf, whether he is conscious of the result or not.

“At Atlantic City,” which we have engraved, was exhibited in the Paris *Salon* of 1873, and is now in Mr. Joseph Ferrel’s private collection in Philadelphia. It is a subject too barren to attract many artists very strongly, but Mr. Richards’s treatment of it has made it positively picturesque. The cedars in late autumn on the coast, the easy play and sparkle of the breakers, and the vast perspective, are the principal elements of the composition. “On the Wissahickon” is a richer subject. The leaves of the trees, the foreground shrubs, the tumbled rocks, and the sylvan stream murmuring past the obstructions in its course, and reflecting the serenest beauty of sky and forest-brink, are deftly and lovingly depicted. It is a scene of sunshine, gladness, and rest.

Turning for a moment from landscape to *genre* painting, we are confronted with the pictures of Mr. SEYMOUR JOSEPH GUY, whose reputation has been

earned as fairly as that of any other American artist. He was born in Greenwich, Kent, England, on the 16th of January, 1824, and in his boyhood was fond of painting horses and dogs. At the age of fifteen he took lessons of Mr. Buttersworth, a marine painter, whose name might never have been mentioned on this side of the Atlantic but for the success of his pupil. His parents were dead, and his guardian objected to his becoming a painter because of the precariousness of the emoluments of that profession, advising him to study engraving instead. But the "premium" asked by employers of an apprentice was too much for Guy's circumstances, and all that the young aspirant could do was to wait. He learned to labor also—at his favorite easel—and in six years Death took the pains of removing the obstacle to his pursuit of his art. His guardian died. "Now," said Guy to himself, "I'm going to turn painter in earnest," although, as he has since confessed, he "didn't know where to get his salt." To begin poor, however, is the regulation method in art, as he had already learned in the little he had read of the best of the masters. His heart was not cast down nor his ambition lessened. He gathered about him his mental resources, girded himself like an athlete, and set out in search of Fortune. She came to him as seldom she fails to come to a brave, young, self-reliant seeker—this time in the person of a friend named Müller. "Would you," asked Müller, "like to enter the Royal Academy?" "I should like to get into the British Museum as a student," replied the youth; and next day came an invitation to go there. The gladness of the recipient may be imagined; it is scarcely worth while to attempt to describe it. To this day, Mr. Guy himself is bothered by the attempt. Good things, like that, rarely coming single-handed, it was natural for him to succeed in finding a studio also where he could put into practice the lessons learned at the Museum. He article^d himself to Mr. Ambrose Jerome, a London painter, whose reputation, like that of Mr. Buttersworth, owes a debt of gratitude to his pupil, and made an arrangement by which he should work three days each week for his master and three days for himself. His time was devoted to portrait-painting, to designs for naval basins, to "effects" for architects, to plans for vessels in isometrical perspective, to anything, in a word, that came to hand—neither he nor Jerome were at all particular concerning what it was, so long as it brought with it pounds, shillings, or pence.



THE ORANGE-GIRL.

From a Painting by Seymour Joseph Guy.



It was not in the nature of events for this sort of life to continue forever ; and accordingly, in the year 1854, Mr. Guy found himself in America, a country at that time the El Dorado of enthusiasts, and the isles afar off that waited to enrich emigrants. His first works here were portraits, the contemplation of which, occasionally in the year 1878, causes him to smile. The best of them, perhaps, is the picture of Mrs. Falconer, a cabinet-work of considerable interest, now in the possession of Mr. John M. Falconer, himself an artist and a friend of artists, a gentleman to whom was largely due the formation of the American Water-Color Society, and without the mention of whose name and services no history of the Artists' Fund Society would be complete. A representation of a child undressing herself in a stream of moonlight that floods the room from a dormer-window, and pours itself upon her breast, is another of his earlier works. It is owned by Mr. George Whitney, of Philadelphia. "Going to the Opera," a family group, painted for Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and hanging in one of his parlors, gained for Mr. Guy considerable newspaper celebrity.

During the period of his pupilage in England he was much interested in the matter of painting shadows. He was told that he should paint them directly "out of his head," and should not go to Nature for them at all. At that particular epoch of British art it was the almost invariable custom to make shadows "hot;" to represent them by means of burnt sienna and umber. One day, in the Royal Academy in London, he was struck with Paul Delaroche's picture of Cromwell looking at King Charles, which was to him a revelation and a marvel in the rendering of light and shade. The sight of that canvas opened his eyes. He thinks that they were shut before. Ever since, his delight has been in the laws of light and shade, especially when a spectator of his works says to him, "Your pictures look as though I could walk into them." There is no doubt whatever that some of them really look so ; and this is one excellence of Mr. Guy's professional performances.

"A work of art," says Mr. Guy, "divides itself into the natural and the ornamental. Blank's landscapes" (mentioning a noted American painter) "are natural, but they are not art. They are simply faithful copies of external Nature. Turner's 'Tower of London,' on the other hand, perfect though it is in *chiaro-oscuro*, and almost perfect in color and in lines, is not Nature. The

true picture is both Nature and art. We must follow Nature as closely as we can, but we must select from Nature ; we must take the most beautiful things and discard the deformities. Of course, nothing in art has yet surpassed Nature, and we all go wrong when we go away from her. Still, we want something more than her alone. I 'paint up' a simple story, trying to get into it as much beauty as possible from color, light, and shade—as much beauty of every sort as it will admit. In later years I think I have gained most in lucidity and brilliancy of coloring."

In 1861 Mr. Guy was elected an Associate of the National Academy, and in 1865 an Academician. A pleasant little portrait, entitled "The Spring," and painted in the latter year, has found a lasting welcome in the home of Mr. James M. Hart, the artist. "The Sorrows of Little Red Riding Hood" was exhibited at the same time. His favorite subjects are incidents in children's lives. His "Orange-Girl," engraved herewith, is a good example of them. The scene—a familiar one to New-Yorkers, at least—is a young girl standing, with hands crossed, near a basket of oranges, which she has evidently been carrying a good while, and has set down on a broken box in order to rest herself. She is on the pavement near the piers, the shipping, and the drays, but her thoughts are elsewhere, and are sad. The story is a good deal more than a paragraph-picture of an event, and the best part of it can be felt but not described—an observation, indeed, which might with truth be made concerning any work of art.

Mr. Guy has never been a rapid painter, and he has not a particle of dash in execution. He works slowly, carefully, and perseveringly ; and he is very conscientious about keeping his canvases in his studio until they have received the finishing touches. Before beginning a picture he knows precisely what effect he intends to produce, and he hammers away at the nail until it can be driven in no farther. Then he stops—that is to say, he does not load his delineations with more than they can bear. He knows when he is done, and he lets well enough alone. But to send away an incomplete work, one to which he feels justice has not been done, would be almost impossible with him. Should he by chance or necessity do so, he would be miserable until he got it back again, which is the same as saying that for the commercial aspects of art he has a profound disrespect. He does not paint for dollars, but for



THE OLD STORY.

From a Painting by E. Wood Perry.



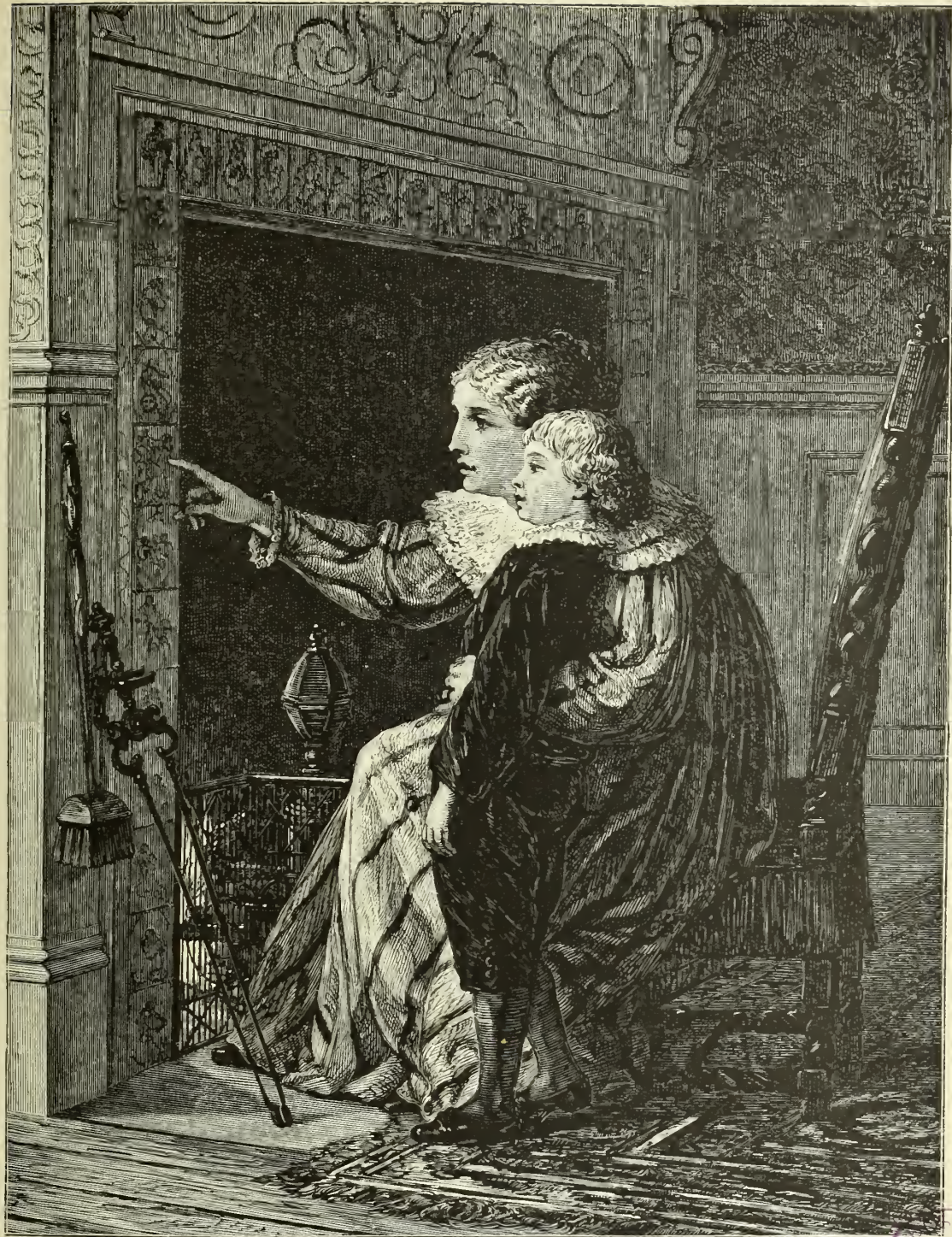
love, and in order to satisfy himself it is necessary for him to paint steadily, evenly, and long. His "Fair Venice," a young lady of fine personal attractions leaning over the railing of a balcony and gazing upon the blue Adriatic, is a painstaking performance if ever there was such a thing. It is beautiful also.

Mr. John H. Sherwood, of New York, owns Mr. Guy's "Supplication" and his "Knot in the Skein;" Mr. P. Van Valkenberg, of New York, "The Gamut" and "Children catching the Bird;" Mr. Jay Gould, "The Father's Return," a girl with her hand before a candle, standing at a cottage-door, and listening to the footsteps that are approaching; and Mr. Polhemus, of Brooklyn, "The Broken String" and also "The Orange-Girl." The artist's industry compensates for the absence of celerity, and his pictures may be found in most of the collections in the principal cities of the continent. The painting of portraits, a department to which Mr. Guy once devoted almost exclusive attention, has very little consideration from him now. He is a *genre* painter almost exclusively, a painter of scenes in American domestic life, an historian in a sense, but never a moralist; and just what he best likes to produce is expressed in Mr. Frederick Wedmore's description of a work by the Dutch artist Maes, entitled "The Listener:" "A girl descending the last turn of the stairs that just hides her, in her silent and arrested moment, from sight of the talking group, lantern-lighted, in some dim background of kitchen or cellar, has an effect of light and shade attained by great subtilty. The broad and general effect is of high light on the yellowing white of the listener's apron and tippet, and darkening gloom elsewhere; but the subtilty is there, too, and the eye, when once familiar with the work, may pass from these broad spaces of warm light on tippet and large apron to changing and vanishing effects on chamber-wall, where, in tints strangely neutral, it is difficult to say whether the light begins to be shadow, or shadow begins to be light, and so, amid half-glooms, to isolated points of brightness; the baluster-head catching at just one rounded bit the stray glimmer; the glimmer breaking out again, yellow and brassy, on the farther nails of the straight Dutch chair that peers from background space and wall, in cozy and gathered dimness. Light in this picture is a moving presence of slow and changing life, giving life, too, and companionship to the else inanimate things; and

Maes and his fellows followed its subtilities on chamber-wall and hanging, and in its narrow yet eventful passage from chamber to hearth—played out its little drama there, within that limited space—much as the more commonly extolled painters of our last generation watched it in problems of conflicting sunshine and shadow in English landscape.” If Mr. Guy has never yet produced all these subtilities, he at least can recognize and appreciate them as well as can any other *genre* painter in this country.

For the quality of some of his still-life painting, especially for the faithfulness and delicate feeling with which he has portrayed the mysteries of old-china cupboards and mantel-ornaments, Mr. E. WOOD PERRY has distinguished himself among American artists. The tiles, the tongs, the fender, the hanging brush, in “Fireside Stories,” are delightful specimens of pictorial representation, and the large tin pail which the milkmaid carries while listening to “The Old Story” is probably as skillfully done as most persons would care to see it. But when Mr. Perry attempts to tell a story, and to introduce into it a woman’s face, the excellences of his work are less striking. Of one thing, however, the spectator may be confident when about to examine a canvas from the easel of this artist: if there is a story told, it is domestic, simple, and perspicacious. To call Mr. Perry a *genre* painter would be entirely correct, as the present popular art-nomenclature counts correctness: but the connoisseur who desired to contemplate him on his brightest and best side would devote attention chiefly to that admirable quality of his still-life painting of which mention has just been made, and good examples of which have been seen in New York at almost every Academy exhibition during the last ten years.

Mr. Perry was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1831. When seventeen years old he became a clerk in a commission-house in New Orleans, where in three years he succeeded in saving the sum of eleven hundred dollars. This money enabled him to study art and to develop his artistic capacities. With it in his pocket, he bade adieu to the counting-room and went to Europe. The late Mr. Emanuel Leutze, a figure-painter of no mean cisatlantic reputation at that time, was living in Düsseldorf, and to him, as was altogether natural, the aspiring young clerk turned, after making the usual tour



FIRESIDE STORIES.

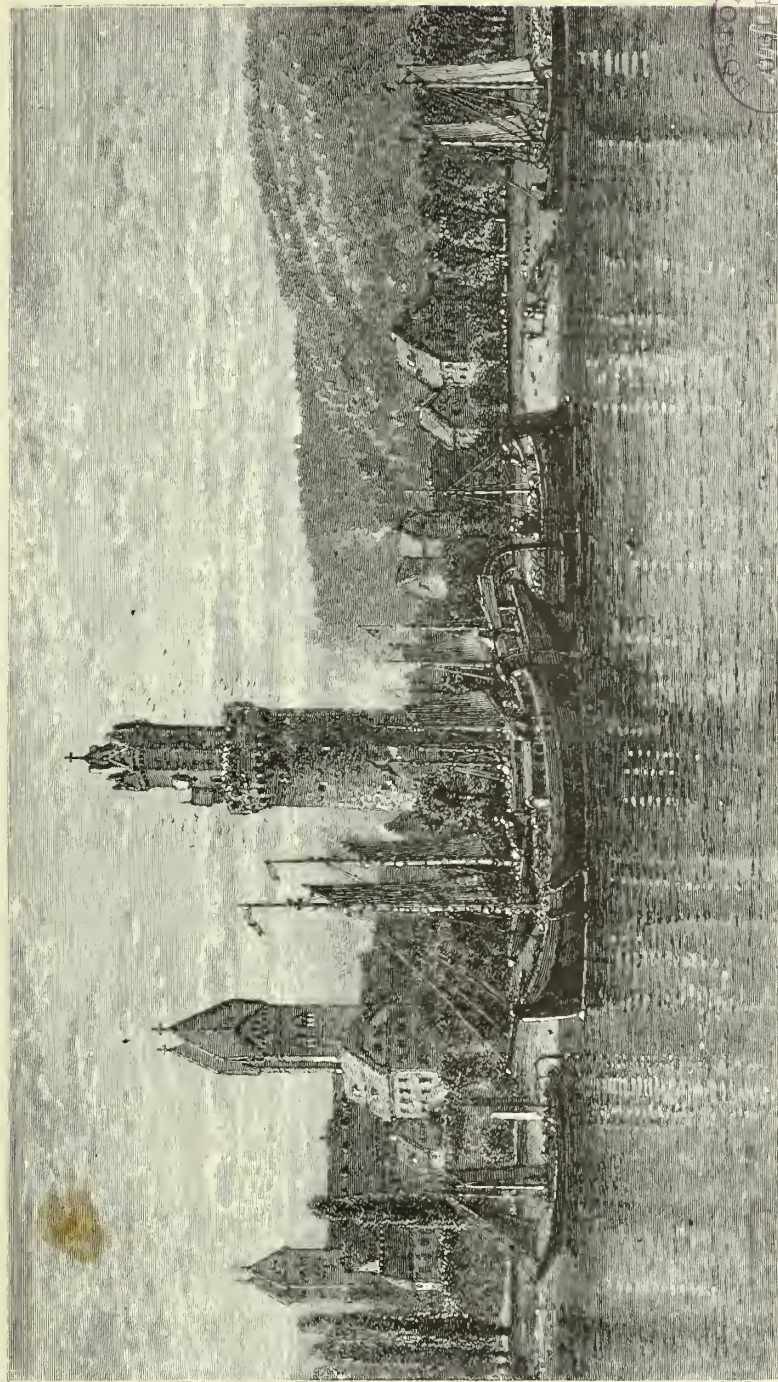
From a Painting by E. Wood Perry.

of London and Paris. So well did Mr. Leutze treat him, and so pleased mutually were scholar and teacher, that it was not until the end of a pupilage of two years and a half that Mr. Perry found himself departing from Düsseldorf. Then he went to Paris and took lessons of Couture, in whose studio Daniel Huntington, Thomas Hicks, and other American painters, had already served an apprenticeship of longer or shorter duration, and whose methods Mr. Huntington once described to the present writer as follows: "After making the outline of the picture in charcoal, oil, and turpentine, Couture rubbed over the canvas a transparent, warm tint of a deep-toned salmon-color. Next, with another warm tint, he deepened the strongest shadows of the sketch, developing the light and shade. Next he painted, with a neutral gray inclining to green, the masses of shadow in the flesh, and into that neutral gray dragged some bloody tints, giving it fleshy illumination. Where the masses of light in the flesh were to be, he first painted in a lower tone, rather negative and gray, and over that spread, or dragged, some very solid color, warm and rich. The under-painting in each case shone through in little specks, giving sparkle and life to the surface; and the whole treatment was as easy as it was masterly. Couture had as much facility and certainty in every touch as any man that ever lived. He never tried again. If he failed in one attempt, he must take a new canvas, or blacken over the old one. For the lights of his flesh he used Naples-yellow and vermilion, with cobalt broken in; and, for the deep shadows, cobalt and brown-red."

Couture's inspiration left upon Mr. Perry's mind an impression less deep than upon Mr. Huntington's, and more deep than upon Mr. Hicks's; and since many of Couture's notions and processes have latterly lost caste somewhat, it is in order to say that Mr. Perry's realistic instincts and modes are quite different from those of his French master. One year in Couture's studio was followed by a few months in Rome, and then by about three years in Venice, where our unpaternal government was nevertheless paternal enough to appoint the young American a consul. The salary of the position made him comfortable, and the atmosphere of the place made him happy. Perhaps no American consul would respond more warmly than Mr. Perry to the impassioned descriptions in "Childe Harold," or in M. Yriarte's "Venise," of the queen city of the Adriatic.

In 1860, after an absence of eight years, the artist returned home, and opened a studio in Philadelphia; but, yielding to the promptings of his natural and acquired love of travel, he made a tour to the South and West, supporting himself by painting portraits. San Francisco was attractive enough to hold him for three or four years. He visited the Sandwich Islands, and, on his way back to the Atlantic, stopped for some time at Salt Lake City for the purpose of committing to canvas the verisimilitudes of the late Brigham Young and the luminaries of the Mormon Church. In 1866 he settled in New York, and began his career as a still-life and figure painter. Two years afterward he was elected an Associate of the National Academy, and the next year an Academician, in recognition chiefly of his painting "The Weaver," which, like most of his best pictures, is a transcript of humble American life. Recently he has been making another long stay in California.

It was often remarked, during the first exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York, that young Mr. Sargeant's magical "Fishing for Oysters at Cancale" had been bought by Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN. In fresh, translucent, humid atmospheric effects, this picture was the best there displayed; and when asked by a friend why he had purchased it, Mr. Colman replied, promptly: "Because I wanted to have it near me to key myself up with. I am afraid that I may fall below just such a standard, and I wish to have it hanging in my studio to reproach me whenever I do." This remark is mentioned here first, because, in the circumstances, it was an unusual one. The artist who made it was much the elder of the two, and had had much the greater advantages. He had traveled more extensively, had studied more widely, and had painted more canvases. It would have been natural and to be expected for him to decline to learn of an inferior in age and in equipment; and the majority of artists in his position would, it may safely be said, have acted differently. Certainly, they would never have confessed themselves to be the pupils of a countryman who was their junior. In the next place, the remark is worth quoting because it was entirely a characteristic one for the gentleman who uttered it. Mr. Colman is most conspicuous for breadth of artistic vision. Without being in any special sense



ANDERNACH ON THE RHINE.

From a Painting by Samuel Colman.

an eclectic, he discerns the good in every school—nay, the “soul of goodness” even “in things evil;” and whenever he recognizes a sincere and intelligent purpose honestly attempting to give itself expression, whether the attempt be a striving, a struggling, or an easy, instinctive gliding, he sends it good wishes from his heart and from his lips.

Mr. Colman was born in Portland, Maine, in the year 1832, but soon afterward his father moved to New York City, and established himself as a publisher and bookseller. The store of the elder Colman became a fashionable and favorite resort for artists and other art-lovers, and many of his publications were among the most beautiful books of the period. In such an atmosphere it was not strange that the son should have inhaled artistic pleasure, instruction, and inspiration; nor was it strange that the father, whose own tastes had produced it, should foster in the young life that he had called into existence the germs of an artistic career. Samuel Colman, however, being an artist by nature—as is every artist—took kindly to the environment that Fortune had ordained; and when he found himself a pupil in the studio of the now venerable and ever since beloved master, A. B. Durand, his progress was rapid and thorough. At an early age he was often seen sketching the ships and the shipping, the waters and the sky, the wharves and the wharfmén; and (which cannot with truth be recorded of every neophyte) receiving from patrons of art the wherewithal to pursue his way.

The future opened auspiciously for the steady and diligent aspirant. The visions that had allured the boy deepened and widened their glory for his dawning manhood. In his eighteenth year he sent a picture to the National Academy Exhibition. It was accepted, well hung, and praised. What better encouragement did he desire? He enlarged the borders of his excursions, and began to study the scenery of that beautiful lake whose crystal waters the early French settlers called sacramental. Lake George, perhaps, never reflected from its peaceful shores the figure of a happier artist. To the White Mountains, also, he turned his steps, painting there the studies for many pictures that are now safely and honorably housed in the galleries of the metropolis. And then—to Europe.

It was in 1860 that he first found himself in the romance and the splendor of the French and Spanish capitals, and the two years that he spent in the

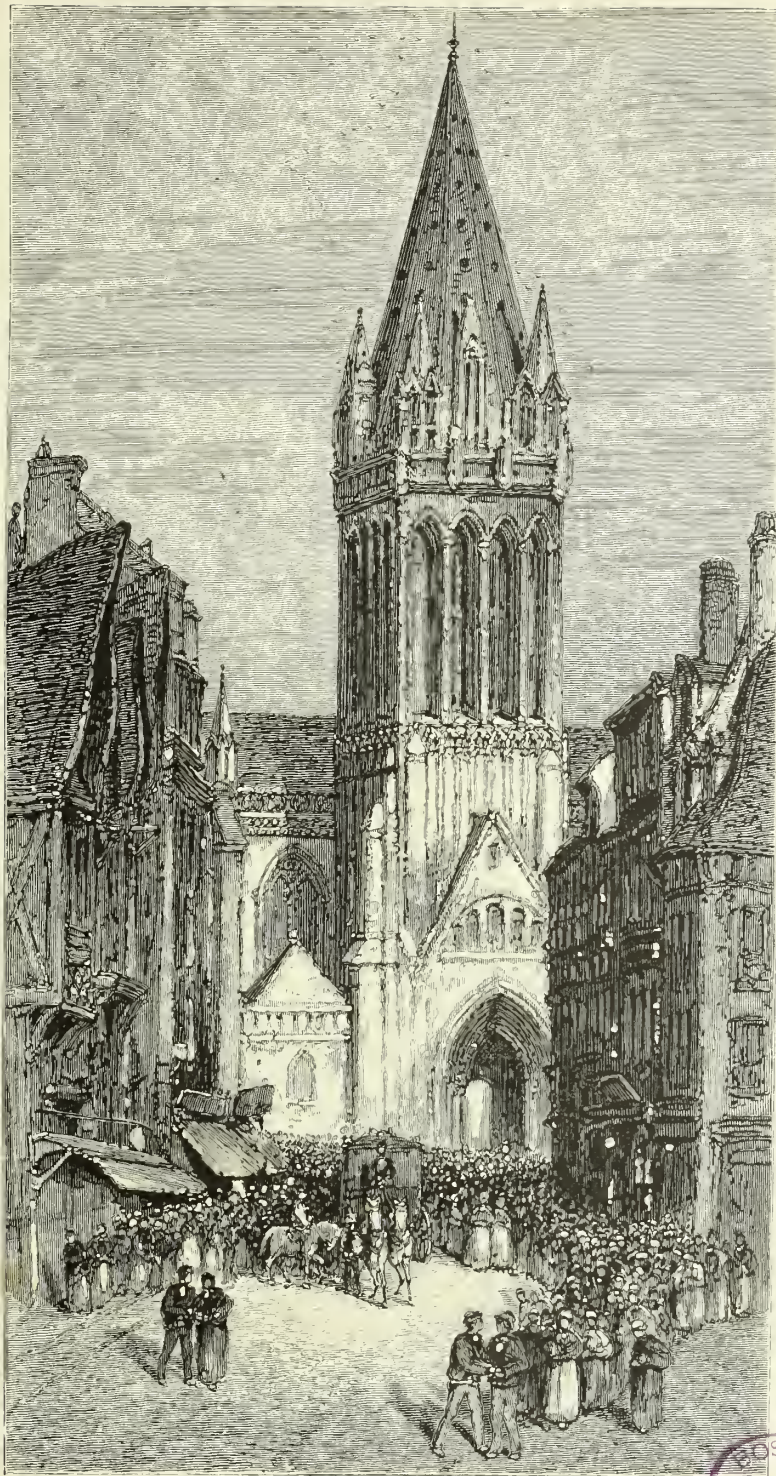
studios and the museums, the cathedrals and the palaces of the Frank, the Castilian, and the Moor, were doubtless appreciated as much as have been similar opportunities by any intelligent traveler. Not appreciated only, but improved; for, when he returned to America, and was welcomed by an election as Academician, there came with him those now well-known architectural studies which afterward reflected themselves in his most popular pictures in oils and in water-colors. The first of these finished productions were the "Harbor of Seville," the "Tower of Giralda," and the "Bay of Gibraltar," concerning the last-named of which a critic wrote at the time of its exhibition that, while the subject is not a promising one for picturesque treatment; while Turner in his admirable work made it an almost subordinate object, struggling for notice amid a splendid array of sunlit clouds and sea; and while Achenbach, in a work of scarcely inferior merit, depicted the rock as a distant object, darkly gleaming in a stormy sky, Colman, not caring to follow either of these distinguished precedents, shows us the grand old historical monument, on a tranquil summer's day, lifting its majestic summit from a calm, unruffled sea into a serene and cloudless sky, and glowing in the golden rays of the noonday sun.

Like all his other pictures thus far, the "Bay of Gibraltar" was painted in oils; but in 1866 Mr. Colman, who had previously shown fondness for water-colors, united with several brother artists, and organized the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors, now the American Water-Color Society. He was elected its first president. For five years he held the position, having been reelected each year, but resigned it in 1871, on the occasion of his second visit abroad—this time to Switzerland, to Germany, to Northern Africa, and to Rome, as well as to Paris, to Madrid, and to Seville—staying four years, and being not less industrious than during his previous visit. The old towns in France, especially in Normandy, the old castles on the Rhine, and the fine old tombs in Algeria and the neighboring provinces, seem to have been his chief attractions. It is doubtful whether St. Peter's itself made upon him so deep an impression as did the cathedral at Caen, the castle at Andernach, or the marvelous tomb of Sidi Bou Hac at Tlemcen. Two of these pictures the engraver has been extremely happy in reproducing. In one of them we see an ancient citadel rising in the perspective above the cross-crowned towers of



San Calisto





A STREET SCENE IN CAEN, NORMANDY.

From a Painting by Samuel Colman.



the cathedral on the left, and the sunny slopes of the mountain on the right, holding its castle in the air higher than the gleaming belt of light behind it, and casting its majestic and mantling protection upon the houses, the vessels, and the rippled, sparkling Rhine—a scene of glory and of peace. In the other we are introduced to rare old Norman architecture, and pleasing modern festivity, the sun himself being pressed into service, and throwing a blaze of light athwart the concourse of a thousand happy men and women, and the richly-sculptured cathedral-front.

During the last twelve years Mr. Colman has produced many more works in water-colors than in oils, and his contributions have been among the strongest, if not themselves the strongest, attractions of the Water-Color Society's annual exhibitions in the rooms of the National Academy of Design. Most artists who paint exclusively in oils assume a patronizing attitude in the presence of a water-color exhibition. They admit the cleverness of the clever works in it, but they deny that they cannot equal them by using oils; while, in addition, they assert that many of the robust effects produced by the latter means are impossible to the painter in water-colors. Even those subtler and more evanescent expressions which the water-colorists profess to have a monopoly of, they will promise to show you in their studios, saying: "The characteristics that you produce with water-colors I can produce with oils—if not directly and absolutely in all cases, at least by the help of contrasts; while a score of effects that with your materials you can never produce—that you will admit you can never produce—I can produce in an hour."

This is not the place to settle the dispute between the two classes. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that while the possibilities of the water-color painter have for the most part been uncovered and discovered, the possibilities of the oil-painter are practically illimitable. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that, among English-speaking peoples at least, modern art in water-colors has been the forerunner and the promoter of a new and serious study of Nature, especially in the department of landscape, a department in which it has won its brightest and most enduring triumphs. "I believe it to be impossible," says a living English Academician, "to exaggerate the charm of pure water-color" (by which he means water-color without body-color of any sort) "as a means of artistic expression. Many of Nature's love-

liest phases, especially those where atmospheric effects are the leading feature, are rendered far better by it than by any other means. The mere material seems delightfully void of all materiality. That *crux* of a painter in oil, which daily vexes his soul, namely, the endeavor to get rid of a painty look in his work, and the difficulty, as Sir Joshua says, of 'finding the means by which the end is obtained,' never trouble the water-color painter." These words would awaken a response, probably, in the heart of Mr. Colman, who has devoted himself so loyally and successfully to this branch of the fine arts, and no intelligent artist would deny that they are more or less true.

Mr. Colman's brush is not less busy than in his earlier days. Its master is a scholar in the matter of drawing, and in the matter of large and clear lighting. His poetic invention is real and active, and his execution is vigorous and firm.

BENJAMIN CURTIS PORTER, of Boston, made his mark in New York by sending to the Academy Exhibition of 1877 his "Portrait of a Lady, with Dog." No previous or subsequent work of his is so noteworthy as this in quality. The lady stands leaning gracefully upon the back of a high chair, on which is seated a pertinacious, staring, full-blooded pug-dog, whose ugliness is in eloquent contrast with the refined and classic beauty of the woman. The motive of the representation had the disadvantage of being considered by some spectators to be a little stagy. Other persons preferred the dog to the woman; others still liked the attitude of the woman best of all; but the picture, as a whole, met with popular and academic recognition. It was full of delicate realization and of linear grace; in its treatment there was neither baldness nor artificiality; and if, as a piece of character-painting, it was somewhat wanting in depth and precision, in evidences of artistic insight at the disposal of a brush used to the rendition of difficult and subtle phases of psychologic interest, it possessed other merits sufficient to entitle it to intelligent respect, and to justify the frequently-expressed wish to buy it. Mr. Porter, who was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, August 27, 1843, has the advantage—or disadvantage—of having studied regularly under no master. Contrary to the usual practice, he did not enter any art-school, nor the studio



1880



THE HOUR-GLASS.

From a Painting by Benjamin Curtis Porter.



of any painter, nor did he receive set lessons in painting. He went to Boston early in life, and picked up, as chance or inclination threw them in his way, the principles of his profession. In 1872, when twenty-nine years old, he spent six months in Europe, principally in Paris and in Venice; but, although he studied considerably, he attached himself to no particular artist. In 1875 he again spent six months in those cities; and in May, 1878, made his third trip across the Atlantic. One morning in that month he was in the east-room of the National Academy in New York, putting some turpentine on the portrait of Mrs. T. F. Cushing, of Boston, on exhibition there, the varnish of which had "bloomed," as the painters say.

This picture, while not scoring an advance on the "Portrait of a Lady, with Dog," has nevertheless several commendable features. Mrs. Cushing is represented life-size, and descending a flight of stairs. The background, perhaps, is too florid, and the figure is not remarkable, either for the purity of its flesh-tints or for its relief. The chief fault is a straining after the vividly picturesque; yet Mr. Porter doubtless would not be insensible to the beauty of a grave and simple portrait like that of Prof. Robert W. Weir by Mr. J. Alden Weir, in the same exhibition, where the self-abnegation of the artist, the utter absence of any effort at display, the dignity and almost severe reserve, are obvious. In the case of Mr. Porter's picture, however, the demands of the subject were different from those felt by Mr. Weir; the two portraits have little in common, and cannot properly be compared with each other. Mr. Porter's aims in portraiture are not at all those of the new French school, nor of any foreign school. Like Mr. Daniel Huntington, Mr. George A. Baker, the late Mr. Henry Peters Gray, and other eminent American artists, he is extremely sensitive to the pictorial possibilities of his sitters. He considers it to be the duty of a portrait-painter to make a picture while producing a portrait, and he would probably think little of a verisimilitude which was not conditioned by pictorial necessities. Ingenuity of composition, arrangement of accessories, choice of local colors—the dress and ornaments that his sitter wears, and the place and surroundings where she sits—are matters of prime importance in his eyes. He desires something more than a perfect and sober veracity, and his portraits usually please the general spectator, not less than the friends of the persons whom he has placed upon the canvas.

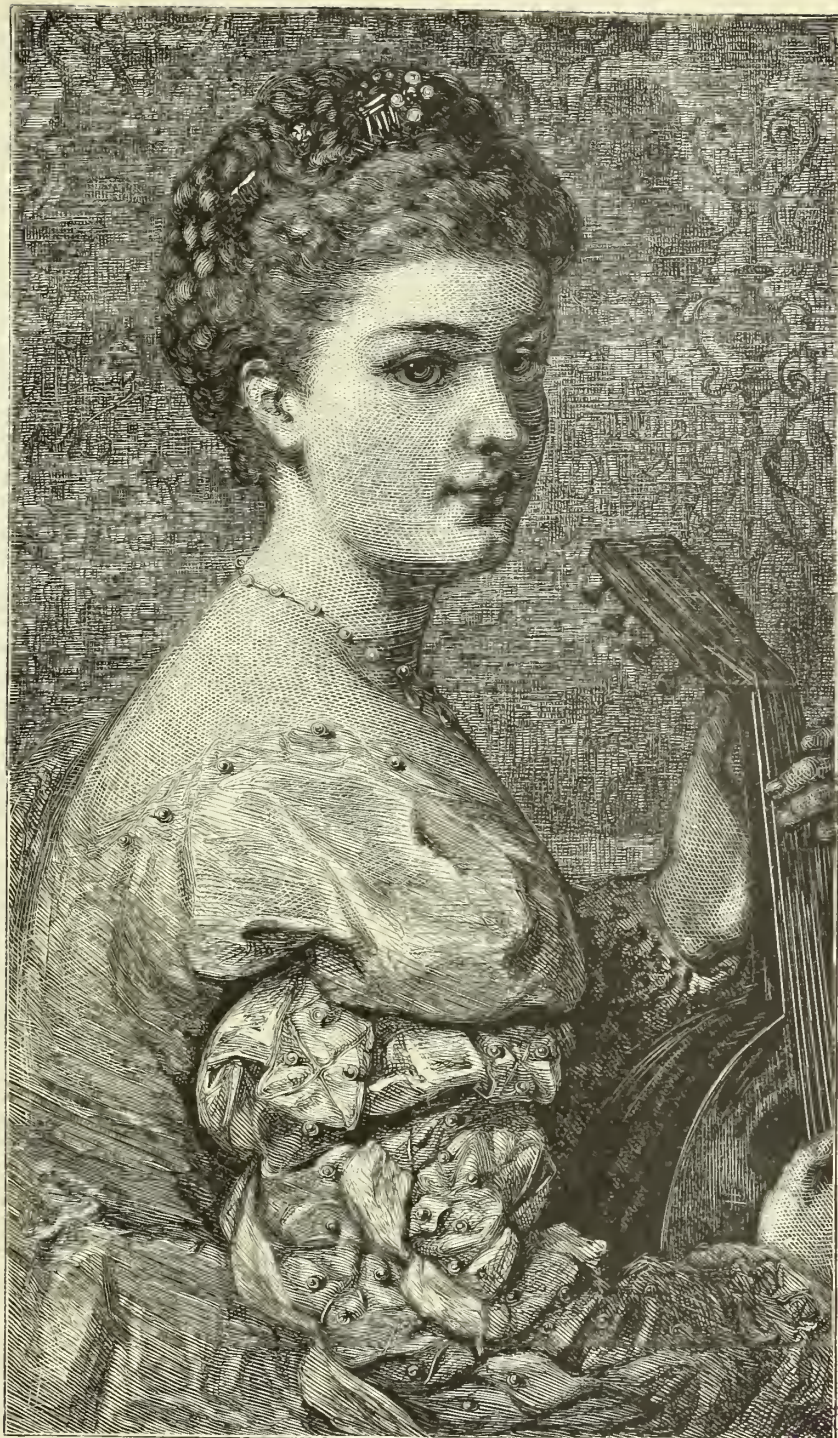
Mr. Porter is a young man yet, and his future is attractive. In Boston, he has wrought out an enviable reputation, and in some respects his portraits rank as the very best which that city can produce. He is a figure-painter also, and "The Mandolin-Player" and "The Hour-Glass," engraved herewith, adequately represent his skill in this kindred department. The former is in the possession of Mrs. George D. Howe, of Boston. The latter was in the New York Academy Exhibition of 1877, where its excellences, though generally recognized, were partly eclipsed by those of the "Portrait of a Lady, with Dog," which hung in the same room, and in a much more favorable position. Near a woman with a lute in her lap is Cupid holding an hour-glass. The gracefulness of the invention, the skill of the drawing, and the suave blending of the tints, are noticeable.

The originality is unquestionable, and the same is true, in general, of Mr. Porter's compositions. Even the critic of the London *Academy*, who finds that, in the American section of the Paris Exhibition, "nearly every work of above average merit has been executed in a French *atelier*;" that, "as a rule, the subjects of the works exhibited are furnished by Europe;" and that, "if by chance the manners and customs of the United States are dealt with, there is no trace of anything like special national character in their treatment," could scarcely have failed to notice an exception in Mr. Porter's portrait now in that Exhibition. Last spring the artist received the honor of an election as Associate of the National Academy of Design.

In carrying out his effort after picturesqueness, Mr. Porter undoubtedly tries to steer midway between the so-called real and the so-called ideal—that is to say, he endeavors to be loyal to his sitter, and, at the same time, to present those larger and better aspects which often are discernible only by the eye of faith. His portraits transcend the real, and yet are not precisely ideal. Overbeck, who abandoned the careful study of the model, preferring to paint out of his consciousness of the fitness of things, would have thought Mr. Porter's pictures too life-like; and some of the old Dutch masters, who studied the model until the latter was almost shriveled with fatigue, would have pronounced the Boston artist's works to be not life-like at all. The strict truth about the matter is, that Mr. Porter's portraits sometimes get far enough away from the real to be inadequate as likenesses; inadequate chiefly because,



1874



THE MANDOLIN-PLAYER.

From a Painting by Benjamin Curtis Porter.



in his struggle for the picturesque, he has been sorely tempted to flatter men's and women's faces—to flatter them not only as an ordinary photographer does by toning down his “negative,” by removing all traces of wrinkles, scars, and so on, and by giving improvised tints to the hair, the cheeks, and the lips, but also after the manner of a photographic artist who, putting a transparent sheet of paper upon a photograph, and placing it so that the light shall shine through it, makes a crayon-drawing concerning the portraiture of which the most that can be said is that it is founded upon a photograph. The picture of the “Lady, with Dog,” for example, is said, by persons who know the original, to be incorrect as a likeness. Its excellences in other respects they recognize, but its deficiency in this respect they assert to be obvious. It is related that, at a recent exhibition of oil-paintings, a visitor, while gazing upon a representation of the children of Charles I. at dinner, was overheard to exclaim, “O that hideous little object!”—the “object” being the smallest son of that unfortunate monarch; but it is safe to say that no such exclamation has ever yet been made in the presence of one of Mr. Porter's portraits. In the first place, probably, Mr. Porter would not paint a hideous object, little or large; and, in the next place, even if he had been tempted unawares to do so, when the last touches had been laid upon the canvas the once hideous object would have become transformed into a thing of more or less beauty.

This susceptibility to the potential aspects of a sitter is, of course, not unusual in a portrait-painter. Gainsborough had it in some measure, Sir Joshua Reynolds in greater measure, and many an American artist in still greater measure. The studios of this country contain at least several portrait-painters who insist upon art's obligation to “improve” upon Nature in the direction that has been mentioned. “It is not only lawful,” say these draughtsmen, “to flatter a sitter, it is expedient also. We cannot reproduce any person perfectly; some faithlessness to veracity is inevitable. Let us, then, compensate for our incapacity in representing the real by drawing upon the resources of the ideal. Besides, where is the harm in giving innocent pleasure to the sitter and the sitter's friends? The ideal, too, is the very realm of art.” The arguments are plausible, certainly, but they would be more interesting had they the element of freshness.

Leaving the matter a moment, it is pertinent to inquire whether or not

Mr. Porter's portraits ever fail in another particular. The effort for picturesqueness easily leads to a confusion of accessories whereby are lost breadth in masses and distinctness in lines. Without breadth in masses and distinctness in lines, a painting is artistically incomplete. Destitute of these qualities, a picture, properly speaking, is not even picturesque, and sometimes these qualities are lacking in Mr. Porter's works. But for an artist who is original and industrious, and has familiarized himself with the best that is thought and done in art, a pleasant and inspiring future may be predicted.

ARTHUR QUARTLEY is distinguished for having, after only four or five years of professional life, put himself among the first of the marine painters in this country. He was born in Paris, France, May 24, 1839. Soon afterward his parents took him to England, and, in his thirteenth year, to America. In early manhood he was apprenticed to a sign-painter in New York City, and for several years followed his trade there. For about ten years he was in business in Baltimore. Meanwhile, for many months, he had spent his spare moments in studying the art of painting. When the desire for practising it became too strong to be restrained, he broke away from business and got himself a studio in 1873. He had already fretted and chafed himself into an illness.

In 1876 he came to New York in pursuit of a wider field of work, and painted his "Low Tide," now owned by Mr. J. B. Thom, of Baltimore, which is his first important picture—a stranded vessel on the wet sand, a morning effect, gray-toned, and exceedingly simple. Its sentiment is fine and complete. Not dissimilar is his "Oyster-Season, Synepuxent Bay," in the possession of Mr. John W. McCoy, of the same city. Through the shallow water an ox-team is drawing a cart full of oysters taken from a vessel just unloading. Mr. John Taylor Johnston bought his "New York from the North River," a strong sunlight pouring down upon the water and illuminating a ferry-boat and other river-craft. It is in the Paris International Exhibition. Mr. Colgate, of Twenty-third Street, New York, owns his "Afternoon in August," which somewhat resembles but has not copied a Ziem.

Mr. Quartley has never attended an art-school, and has never taken a les-

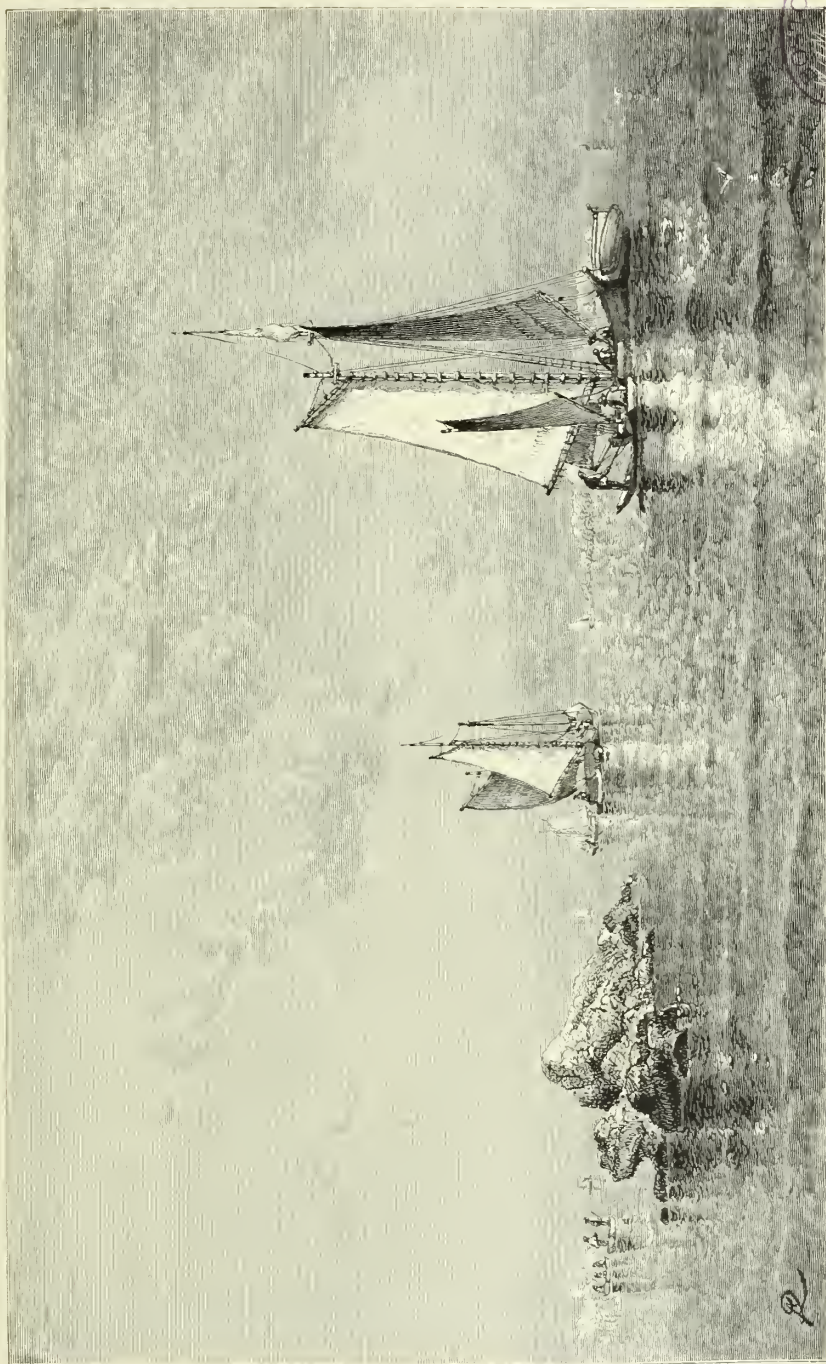




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AN AFTERNOON IN AUGUST.

From a Painting by Arthur Quartley.



son. He never even had a drawing-master. He has no fixed method of arranging his pigments on the palette, nor of painting a picture. He begins anywhere on the canvas, sometimes with the foreground, sometimes with the horizon, sometimes with the sky at the zenith. His "Close of a Stormy Day," in the Academy Exhibition of 1877, was painted in this wise: "Having been kept by a storm for three days in a house on the shore," he says, "at sunset there was a glorious break-up, and I went out to see it. It was too grand, too awe-inspiring, too rapidly-changing, for me to attempt making a sketch of it then. In the morning, after dreaming over the scene, I made a colored drawing of it—a delightful way of doing: your mind is not confused by the changes that so swiftly succeed one another. After I had begun to paint the picture it seemed a total failure. For months it stood upon the easel. I tried a dozen times to get at it, but I could not reach the subtilty and true significance. There are perhaps fifty or sixty days' work on the canvas; but it doesn't follow that four or five days would not have made a better picture. It is very strange how sometimes every touch seems to tell, and at other times no touch seems to produce anything."

His "From a North River Pier-head" shows the beauty that lies in the homeliness of many surroundings of the metropolis. The scene is near the Barclay Street Ferry, where one of the docks is devoted to the storage of oysters brought thither by small coasting schooners and sloops. There is a long row of buildings, each one displaying a sign-board with a dealer's name. The natural composition of the lines is awkward, and the subject in general is ill-favored. But at daybreak in summer, when the sun shines athwart the structures and the vessels, and begins to dispel the mists that hang about Trinity Church-spire, the Western Union Telegraph Building, and the new Post-Office, the scene is beautiful. "Who would have thought," exclaimed a spectator of the picture, "that we had anything in New York as picturesque as that?"

Mr. Quartley does not repeat himself in his marines. Each work is the result of a distinct impression. He struggles to keep out of mannerisms, and has been entirely successful in the effort. "Moonlight," he says, "is not so hard to paint as sunlight; it is impossible to paint a true moonlight, but you can easily produce something pretty to hang on your walls. Moonlights, too,

are almost always salable." He paints but few of them. "The most difficult thing in a marine," he continues, "is to make the whole picture hang together. To get the sky alone is not hard; to get the water alone is not hard; but the water partakes so much of the effect of the sky, that, unless a hearty sympathy is preserved between them, the result is worse than a failure. Marine painting is much more difficult than figure-painting. The figure-painter has his model constantly before him, but the marine painter is forced to catch the movement of the water when the darks may turn to lights a dozen times while he is making the simplest sketch. It nearly sets one crazy. In painting water, I try for motion above all things, and the ten thousand reflections from the sky."

The reader will scarcely fail to notice the brilliant execution of Mr. Morse, whose engraving of Mr. Quartley's "Afternoon in August" is one of the finest woodcuts that any country can produce. The shimmer of the ruffled waves, the softness and warmth of the sky, and the proximity to color—if not its very presence—in a reproduction in black-and-white only, are truly delightful features. To go back to Mr. Quartley, it may be said in conclusion that his genius is as indisputable as are his earnestness, industry, and originality; that both his subjects and his style are native products; that his finest period is undoubtedly yet to come, and that when it does come his reputation will be cosmopolitan.

JASPER FRANCIS CROUSEY is a native of Rossville, Staten Island, and was born February 18, 1823. In his thirteenth year he received from the American Institute in New York a diploma for the best specimen of architectural modeling, and soon afterward another diploma for architectural drawing. For five years he studied architecture in the office of Joseph French, meanwhile taking lessons in landscape-painting under the direction of Edward Maury. At the age of twenty, having been overtaken by ill-health, he withdrew into the country, and devoted himself to making studies from Nature. His "Greenwood Lake," sent to the National Academy Exhibition, won for him an election as Associate of that institution. It is said that he was the youngest Associate of the Academy ever elected in this country. Architecture still had



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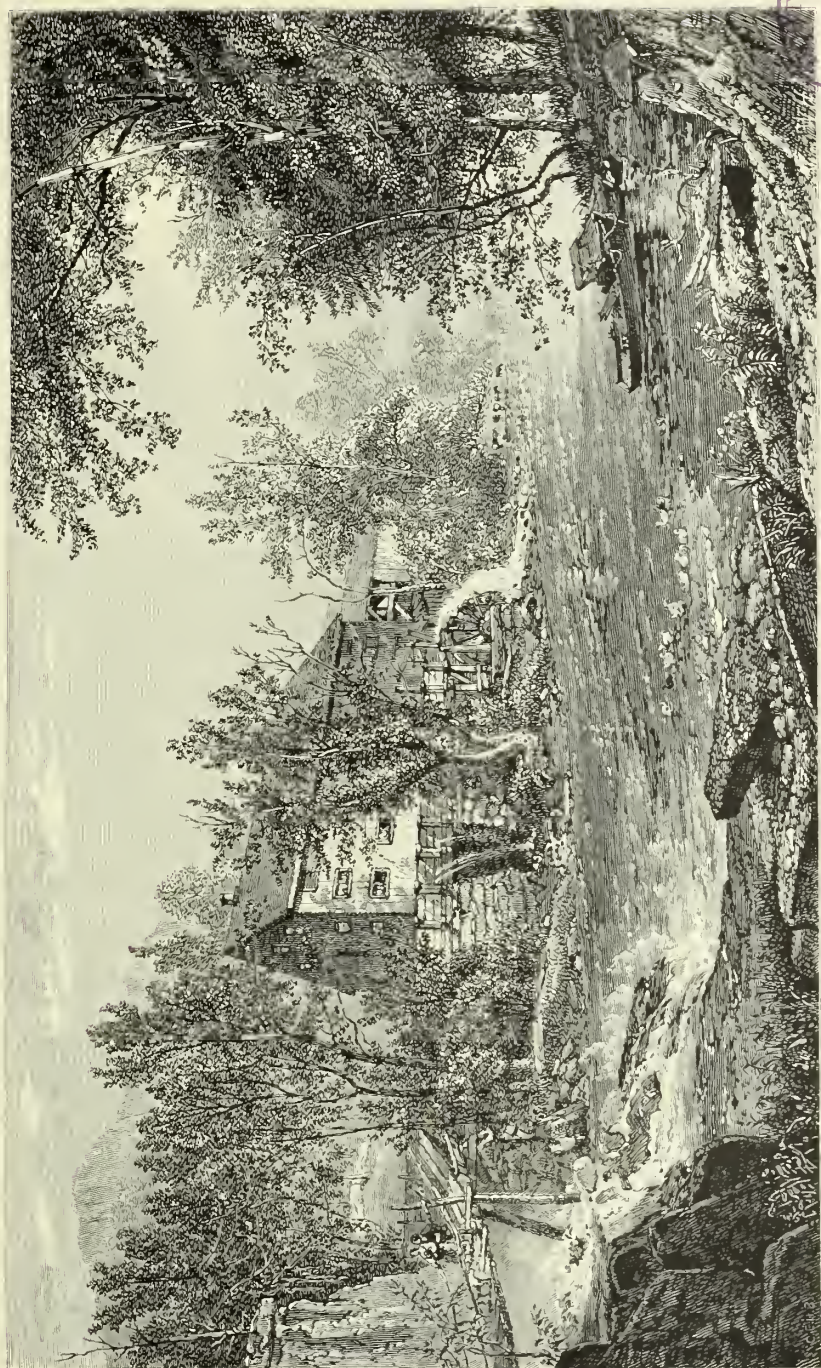
J. F. CROPSEY. PINX.

THE OLD MILL

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THE OLD MILL

From a Painting by Jasper Francis Cropsey.



Amos



for him the attraction of a first love, and one of his best works is the chapel at the New Dorp Cemetery on Staten Island. In 1847 he went to Europe, and visited London, Paris, Switzerland, and Italy, spending the winters of that year and the next in Rome, and traveling a good deal in the company of Mr. W. W. Story and Mr. C. P. Cranch. His principal pictures at that time were "Jedburgh Abbey," painted for Mr. John Rutherford, and "The Pontine Marshes," painted for the Art Union. In 1849 he returned to America. His "Sibyl's Temple" and "Peace and War," allegorical subjects, are in the gallery of Mr. Harrison, of Philadelphia. Another important example is "The Times of Queen Elizabeth," a landscape with a hawking-party. He became an Academician in 1851, when Mr. Durand was President of the Academy. Four years afterward he made his second visit to Europe, and spent seven years in London. Those years Mr. Cropsey even now contemplates with extreme satisfaction, and with utmost readiness to relive them should Destiny so decree. He was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy exhibitions, and found easy sales for his pictures both within and without Burlington House. He was presented to the queen. He became acquainted with Mr. Ruskin and other literary and artistic luminaries, in whose radiance he delighted to gird up his loins. "Richmond Hill," one of his characteristic works, found a purchaser in Mr. James McHenry; and "Autumn on the Hudson River" was sold while hanging in the International Exhibition of 1862. To that great fair he was an assistant commissioner, and for services rendered there he received a medal. About this time he made illustrations for Poe's works, for "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," and for Moore's poems. The originals for these designs are now owned by Mr. Tom Taylor. The London publisher, Mr. Gambart, possesses a series of sixteen oil-paintings representing American scenery.

Mr. Cropsey came back to America in 1862, and painted two more pictures for Mr. McHenry, of London, entitled "Wawayanda Valley" and "Ramapo Valley." His "Bonchurch" and "Bridge at Narni" were bought by Mr. Butterfield, of England. At the Centennial Exhibition he was represented by his "Old Mill," which received a medal and diploma, and was engraved for the Centennial catalogue. The artist's capacity for architectural work displayed itself in his supervision of Mr. George M. Pullman's house at Chicago;

in his building of the same gentleman's cottage at Long Branch; and, more recently, in his construction of the beautiful stations on the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad in New York.

Mr. Cropsey's pictures are known as well and as widely as those of any other American painter. Especially of later years, they have displayed perhaps an undue emphasis of local colors. Most of them depict autumn scenes, in which the foliage usually approaches splendor; and all of them speak of a refined appreciation of and delight in natural beauty. The London *Times* in 1860 said of his "Autumn on the Hudson River:" "The singularly vivid colors of an American autumnal scene, the endless contrast of purples and yellows, scarlets and browns, running into every conceivable shade between the extremes, might easily tempt a painter to exaggerate, or revel in variety of hue and effect, like a Turner of the forest. But Mr. Cropsey has resisted the temptation, and even a little tempered the capricious tinting of Nature; his autumn is still brilliant, but not quite lost to sobriety, as we have sometimes, we think, seen it in that Western World. The result is a fine picture, full of points that are new, without being wholly foreign and strange to the European eye. It will take the ordinary observer into another sphere and region, while its execution will bear any technical criticism."

In Paisley, Scotland, in the year 1822, Mr. WILLIAM HART was born. At the age of nine he was brought to this country by his parents, who made their new home in Albany, New York, and apprenticed their son to a coach-maker. It was as a decorator of panels in the shop of this mechanic that Mr. Hart made his first public appearance as a painter. For several years he continued in the same modest business. Soon success encouraged him to widen the field of his labors, and he began to sketch from Nature and to decorate window-shades. In his eighteenth year he was graduated a portrait-painter. His prices were five dollars a head; his studio was in his father's wood-shed in the neighboring city of Troy. His first fee of five dollars, he says, made him feel prouder than he has ever felt since on similar occasions.

The daguerreotype, the ambrotype, and the photograph, being at that time unknown, and the liking for likenesses of the human face being not less real

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THE PATH BY THE RIVER.

From a Painting by William Hart.







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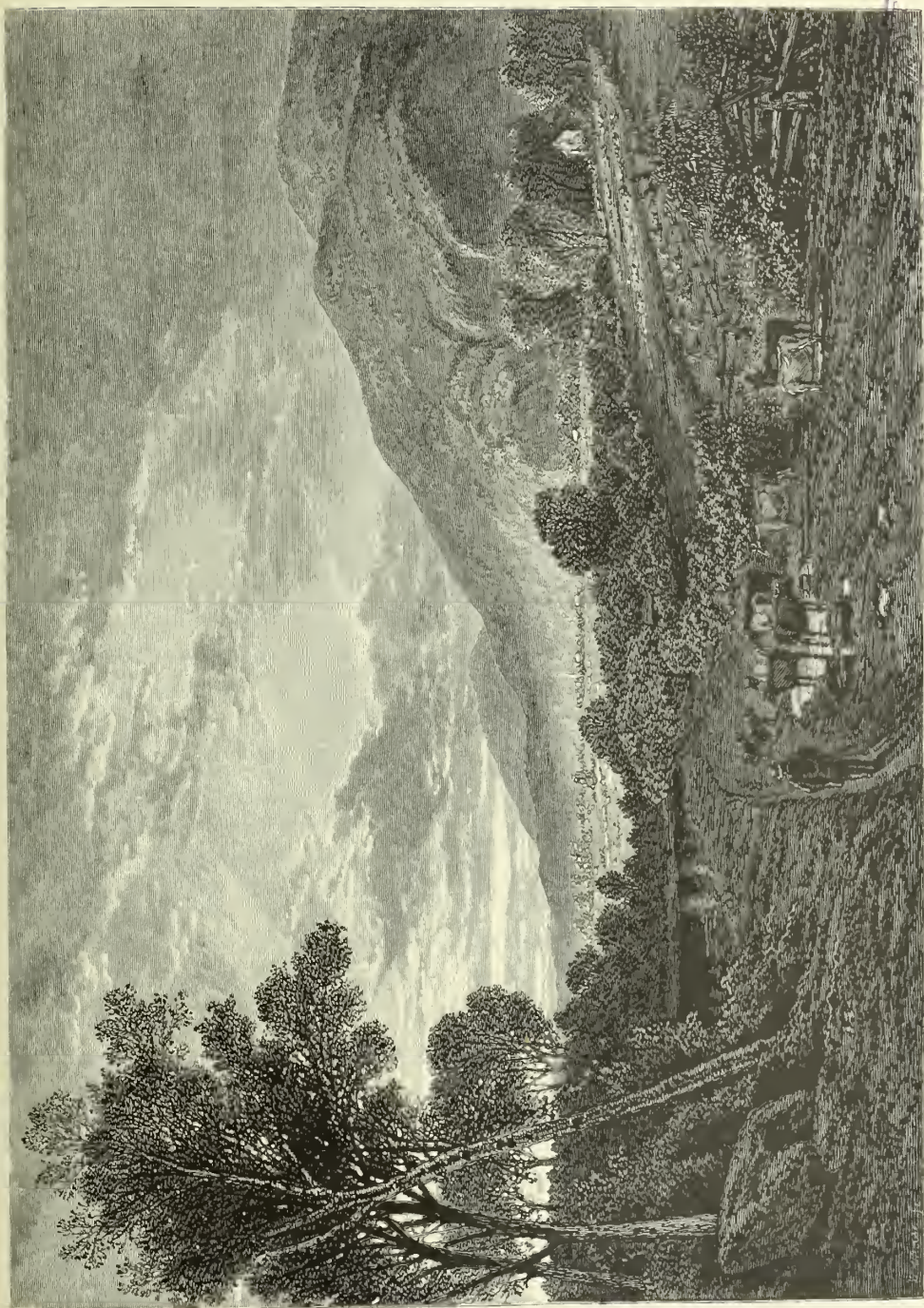
nor common than in later years, Mr. Hart found opportunities for painting many portraits; but, as the production of every portrait consumed several days, he did not get rich fast. He found that five days' work, for instance, yielded him at once a revenue of precisely five dollars whenever his customer was prompt in making payment; and it did not take him long to calculate the possibilities of his progression in this financial direction. He began to try his brush on landscapes, and to sell them for cash or by barter. As his facility and skill increased, he increased the price of his portraits. He went to Michigan and furnished the inhabitants of that young and thriving State with verisimilitudes of their features and figures at twenty-five dollars an inhabitant, 'boarding around' among his patrons, and thus killing two birds with one stone. This he did for three years, but at the expiration of that time, having failed to become acclimatized sufficiently to withstand attacks of fever and ague, he packed up his easel, pigments, palette, maul-stick, and brushes, and in 1845 returned to the capital of the Empire State, where he abandoned portraiture for landscape-painting. The ampler scope in art, however, did not dissipate the germs of disease that he had brought with him from the West. He was troubled by them for four years, or until Dr. Ormsby, an Albany Mæcenas, whose memory Mr. Hart will not soon cease to cherish, presented him with money enough to make a trip to Scotland. Whether or not the Scots are as fond as are some other peoples of their native land, is a question concerning which a difference of opinion may justly be held and not discourteously expressed. "Every Scotsman," says a *Saturday Reviewer*, "believes that he himself is the one exception to the charges which are brought against his countrymen. Besides, he flatters himself that his people have a kind of dry humor of their own, so superior to all other as to be inappreciable by the blunter senses of the south."

Mr. William Hart arrived in Scotland just twenty-six years after the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, her best portrait-painter, whose influence then was a force not less potent than it is to-day. Although the Scottish-American painter had relinquished his hold upon portraiture, it is probable that the works of Raeburn left an impression upon his mind. Certainly, ever since his visit to the banks and braes of Doon Mr. Hart's sympathy, like Raeburn's, has been for beauty of outlines rather than for brilliancy of colors. It is a curious

fact, an exemplification of which is found in some of Raeburn's pictures, and a philosophical explanation of which would be both easy and interesting, that Scottish art has long entertained a kind feeling toward modern French art—a feeling that in England has had a very precarious existence, if indeed it may be said to have existed at all. In Mr. Hart's later works there is no trace of this quality; but some of his earlier ones displayed a soberness and grace not unworthy of a Gallic origin. For beauty of outlines, however, all of them are more or less distinguished. The sketches which he made in the Scottish Highlands during his three years' absence are noticeable for that feature, and these sketches exerted a profound influence upon his ripening career. They possessed also the prime value of originality. Mr. Hart never was a copyist—of anybody but himself. His recent works, for the most part, closely resemble one another. If you go into his studio you will see ten or a dozen of them in various states of incompleteness, but very similar in subject, in composition, and in treatment. His latest and extremely popular cabinet landscapes, which may be found in almost all the auction-rooms where pictures are sold, and in almost all the principal private collections in the Atlantic cities, consist of a central piece of forest divided by a running stream, where are some cows, whose backs gleam with sunshine from a background sun. These productions always meet with a ready sale. Their author multiplies them fast. He is very industrious and persevering.

In 1852 Mr. Hart returned from Scotland, and reopened his studio in Albany. The next year he removed to New York City. Two years afterward he was elected an Associate of the Academy, and three years subsequently to this event became an Academician. He has been a member of the Council of that institution, and a President of the Brooklyn Art Association. During his presidency, he delivered a lecture entitled "The Field and the Easel," which discussed the history and the future of American art in landscape. Like his brother, Mr. James M. Hart, he is fonder of home than of club life, and retiring in disposition; at the same time, one is often in his presence reminded of Jean Paul's fine saying, "There is a certain noble pride through which merit shines brighter than through modesty."

Mr. Hart's landscapes present the sunny and peaceful aspects of Nature—the sylvan stream, the refulgent sunset, pleasant trees, honest cows, and lush,



THE LAST GLEAM.

From a Painting by William Hart.





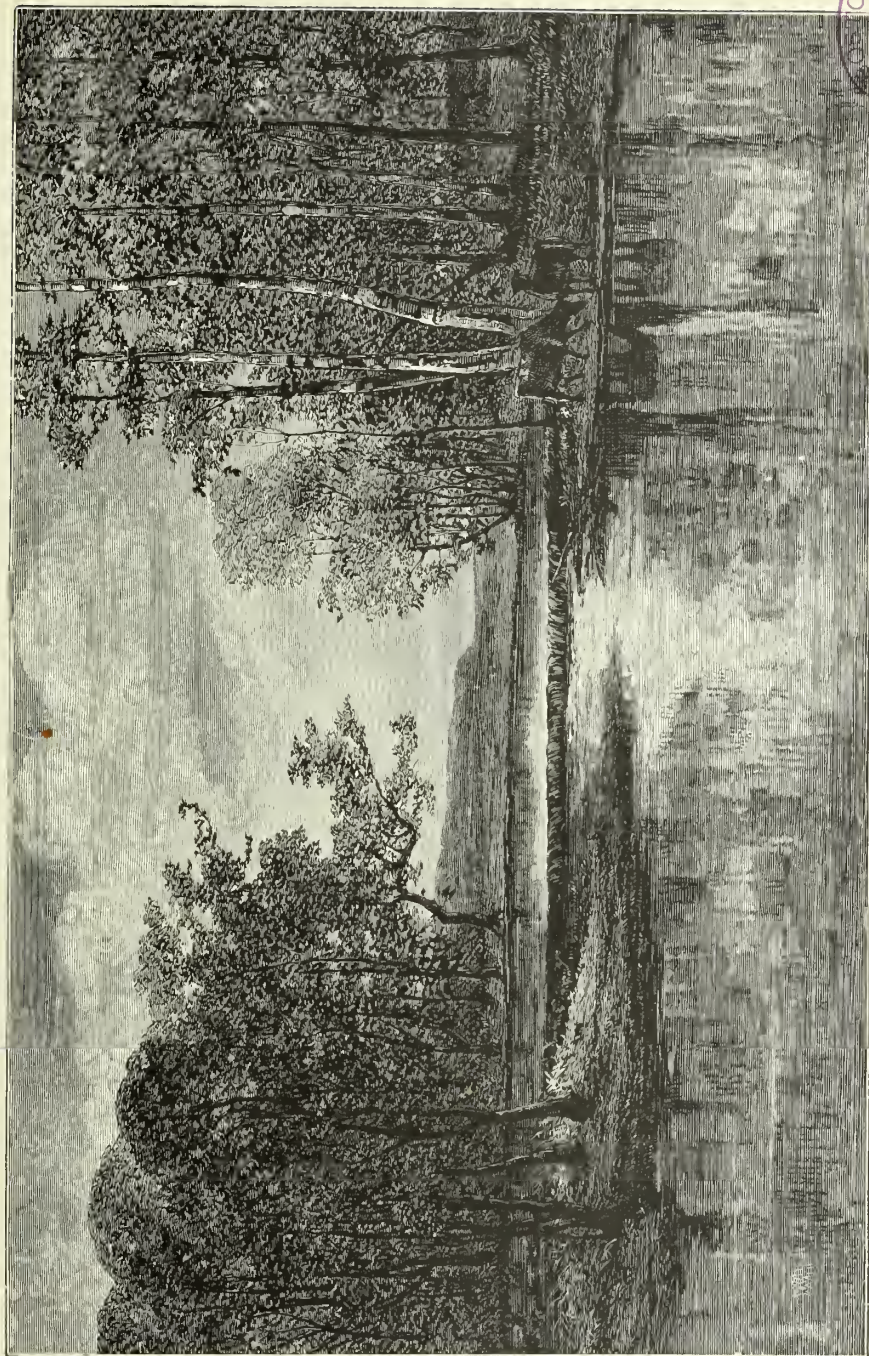


green grass. Like Mr. Inness, Mr. Whittredge, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Bristol, Mr. Casilear, Mr. Shattuck, and other American painters, he directs his thoughts and his brush with especial delight to the contemplation and representation of cheerfulness, brightness, warmth, and quietness, and, like them also, he is attracted most strongly by the human element in landscape-art. He doubtless agrees cordially with the dictum of a London *Spectator* essayist, that a landscape destitute of the traces of man's hands does not take a strong and vital hold upon the heart of the seer; that pictures of wild and rugged Alpine scenery, for example, can never be particularly impressive. Of course, he does not insist upon the introduction of figures of men, women, or children; the human element is contained as truly in a tilled field or in a clearing; but this element he would always have present if the painting is successfully and permanently to appeal to the sympathies of the person who beholds it. Man can sympathize deeply with presentations of natural scenes only when in these scenes is discerned the presence of himself. The spirit of the age in art-matters, however, takes a much wider view. It recognizes beauty everywhere; it says that a really ugly thing does not exist. Diaz takes the decayed trunks of trees and adorns them with light; Rousseau makes lichens, moss-covered rocks, and forest-grasses smile. These objects have a human element, to be sure, but the painter gave it to them. "Let us imagine," says the editor of *Appletons' Journal*, while discussing this subject, "a painting of a forest interior, the solitudes of which are disturbed by no human presence. If this picture is full of imaginative power and strong sympathies, if the painter *felt* the scene in all its beauties and charms, the spectator identifies with it the full beat of human interest. The cool shadows are to him a dream of delicious rest; the fall of the brook over the stones sends musical murmurs to his ear; he feels the pleasant wind fan his cheek; the sunshine that flecks through the leaves charms his eye with its shifting play of light; odors from the mosses and aromatic plants seem to fill his nostrils; the scene in its completeness takes possession of his whole nature, fills him with a subdued rapture, becomes an embodiment of his emotions. If the forest-scene has no power of this kind over one's imagination, it is less than nothing: the value and charm of the picture are in its control over the human senses, in its power to transport the spectator there and permit him to fill it

with his own personality. In this way a human element may and does enter landscape-art effectively, efficiently, and to the complete identification of the scene with our emotions and our susceptibilities. The mere introduction of figures cannot of itself create human interest ; if they form a part of the picture in such a way as to strengthen the sentiment of the landscape, well and good ; if not, they weaken if they do not destroy the very human interest to the end of which they are imported into the scene. It is clear that the value and character of a painting do not depend upon rules at all, but upon the imagination of the painter, lacking which his human figures will have no human vitality or hold ; possessing which, his solemn, empty forest-depths will be full of human feeling."

The greatest of Boston painters, and one of the few really great American painters, Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, on the 31st of March, 1824, and became a student in Harvard College in 1840. Six years afterward he began to study sculpture in Düsseldorf. He staid there nine months, then threw away his clay and hastened to Paris—to Couture's studio, and to Jean François Millet's heart. He lived about ten years in Europe. In 1855 he went back to Boston, where, and at Newport, his home has been ever since.

If ever there existed a friendship between two artists, Mr. Hunt and M. Millet were friends ; and if ever one artist influenced another, William Morris Hunt was influenced by Jean François Millet. In the *atelier* of Couture, Mr. Hunt learned art-rules ; in the companionship of Millet, he obtained inspiration and regeneration. The true interpretation of Mr. Hunt's best works is possible only to the sympathetic and thorough student of Millet's works. The impression made upon Mr. Hunt by his pupilage under Couture is getting fainter every day ; but the impression made upon him by his intercourse with Millet is deep in the structure of his mind, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength. When Millet was unknown in this country, Mr. Hunt was his devotee ; when even France herself had not yet recognized his genius, Mr. Hunt was buying his pictures. At the same time, it is true that Mr. Hunt is an entirely original artist, and that every picture of his is a



S U M M E R .

From a Painting by William Morris Hunt.



spontaneous and independent product. Nature reveals herself in the same dress and with the same facial expression to both men; and both men respond heartily to her and woo her.

The most important contribution to the literature of art by an American is Mr. Hunt's "Talks on Art"—a book which Mr. Hunt himself did not write. For years he had been in the habit of meeting a class of drawing-students in Boston, and, in a free and off-hand fashion, telling them what he knows and believes concerning the subject that chiefly interested them. A member of this class, Miss Helen M. Knowlton, herself an accomplished and successful young painter, jotted down on stray scraps of paper many of the utterances of her teacher, and sent them to a Boston journal. Afterward, with his consent, she gathered many of them into a volume which she called "Talks on Art," and has seen circulated extensively in America, and reprinted, and, for the most part, very favorably reviewed, in England. Through her courtesy, we have received a number of the original contributions to the Boston journal, and also some additional reports of Mr. Hunt's speeches, which, having never before been printed, are now for the first time given to the public. These latest and freshest passages are the following:

"My little book, 'Talks on Art,' was written for mere students, but great artists read it. You may say it was contradictory, but it was addressed to different students. Some of them needed hasty-pudding, some Albert Dürer."

"Keep your love of Nature keen. The moment you think *how* to do it, then you don't paint unconsciously."

"I like to see the most finished things in the world; but I want to see things begun."

"When you paint what you see, you paint an object. When you paint what you feel, you make a poem."

"I don't believe in the latest French school. The true French masters came in a great wave, which began with Géricault and ended with Daubigny. All the facile doing of the men of to-day does not count, and never will. It is merely a mercantile development. These men might have painted differently. It is this looking after perfection that I tell you not to do."

"Do what you do while you do it, with thumbs or elbows."

"There's going to be painting that's perfectly simple—the simple expression of simple forms. To do this a man must be tremendously strong."

"Conveniences are often an inconvenience, and my usual course has been to dispense

with them. However, I was once in Berville's shop in Paris, and he wanted me to buy a box of materials for charcoal-drawing. I didn't want it, but he kept pressing it upon me, and at last I took it, simply because I could not hold out any longer. And that box was the beginning of all the 'charcoal-drawing' in my classes—of my having any class, in fact; for I took it with me to Brittany, and liked it very much. I had hardly ever used charcoal before, and when I made sketches they were on scraps of paper which were easily lost. But this little box kept my things together, and interested me in that way of drawing."

Other of Mr. Hunt's instructions, as reported by Miss Knowlton, are as follows:

"Paint what you see and what you feel, if it's nothing but a cat. You can't paint a scene that you saw years ago, and of which you have only a literal drawing. If you've forgotten the poetry and the mystery, you can't get it again. It's the way you look at a thing that makes the picture! It isn't paint, or the way in which paint is put on!"

"Painting is only an adjunct. A drawing is often better than a painting—more apt to be kept inside of the frame—a truth which some critics never will find out."

"You *can't help* doing *your own way*. You come here to be shown somebody else's way. Where's the person that ever did anything without knowing what others had done before him? Why can we talk? Because we are talking all the time."

"Going to paint that in to-day? Well, then, crack ahead! *Do it!* Don't be afraid! The moment you're afraid, you might as well be in Hanover Street, shopping! We have got to have faith in the biggest people that have ever done anything. If we can find out a way of doing our work with less expense, all right! Paul Veronese gives you the *résumé* of a thing. Velasquez painted hands with two strokes of the brush. Near the canvas you would say that his hands had but three fingers each; but, at the distance at which they were meant to be seen, they were real hands! Now, it would be very easy for me to say 'Yes!' to your admiration of painters who are not the greatest; and it isn't what might be called 'pleasant' for me to combat your ideas. But, in spite of what you may think of me, I have a firm conviction that you haven't the true idea of *great art!* Besides, I want to tell you that you haven't a right, at the age of twenty years, to pronounce judgment on these great artists, who may never be equaled, *never can be excelled!* I have disliked pictures so much that I afterward found were good, that I want to hint to you that you may, some day, want an outlet from the opinions you now hold. The fact is, we must take, in the works of these men, what you call *faults*, and ask ourselves if they were not, perhaps, *qualities*.

"What a time has been made over Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' with his horns! Michael Angelo felt that *Moses must have horns!* To represent him he must have some-



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AMERICAN ETCHERS.

THE term etching has a definite and limited significance too often disregarded in popular speech. Its maltreatment seems the more inexcusable when we remember that it is not a word originally wider in meaning which has been narrowed by the custom of the studio into limited technical applicability; but that its etymological, dictionary force is at one with its employment in artistic parlance. And as it denotes not an effect but a process, there should not be the least confusion with regard to it. Even if it were possible—as it is not—to produce identical effects by other methods, no work so produced could be called etched work. *To etch* comes from the same root as *to eat*, the Greek *esthai*. Only such prints as are made from plates that have been acted upon by acid—bitten into, eaten away—are to be named etchings. To produce a print of this kind, the artist takes a plate—usually of copper, though sometimes of zinc—and coats it with a preparation formed of wax and other ingredients. Upon this “ground,” after it has been blackened with smoke so that his strokes will show more clearly, he draws his subject with a sharp-pointed instrument called a “needle” or “point,” using just sufficient pressure to remove the ground along the line of his strokes without scratching the metal underneath. The plate is then immersed in a shallow pan of acid called a “bath.” This acid, or “mordant,” acts upon the uncovered portions of the plate—upon the artist’s lines, that is—but has no effect upon the portions still protected by the ground. When the “biting” is accomplished, the plate is cleaned, inked, and printed on a roller-press. This is the bald theory of etching; but its practice is a much more complicated affair than might be thought. Variety in the blackness or strength

of lines cannot be produced—as in pen-drawing, for example—by varying degrees of pressure given to the draughtsman’s tool. This can do no more than remove the ground with a finer or a blunter point, thus producing lines which would vary in width, but scarcely at all in blackness, were all acted upon to an equal extent by the acid. But all are not thus equally acted upon. The palest, finest lines in a print have been bitten for a very short period; the darkest, strongest ones for a comparatively long period; and all intermediate lines for periods of intermediate lengths. There are various ways of obtaining these results. In one—the traditional process employed by the great etchers of other days—the subject is completely drawn upon the plate, which is then immersed in the acid long enough to bite the lines intended to be palest. Then the plate is removed from the bath, the finished lines are “stopped out” with protecting varnish, so that the acid can no longer touch them, and the biting is resumed, these “stoppings out” being continued until all the desired gradations have been successively arrived at.*

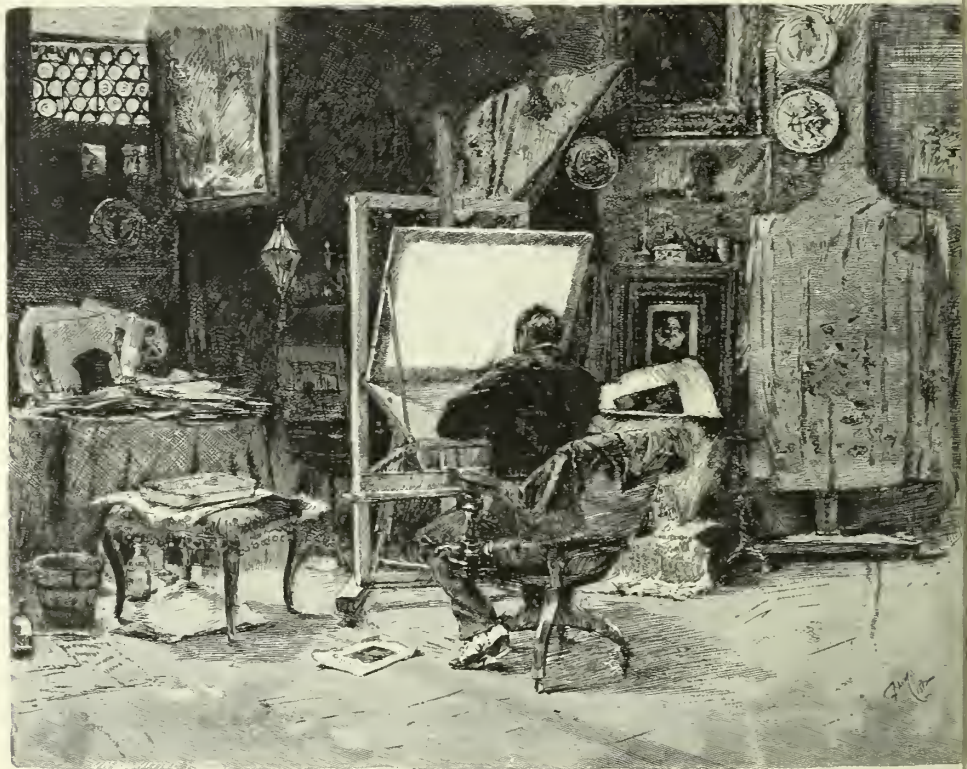
Another process, usually called the “continuous,” consists in drawing at first upon the plate only such lines as are intended to be darkest, biting these, cleaning and re-grounding the plate, laying and biting the lines of the next degree of strength, and so proceeding until the plate is finished. A third process, first brought into favor by Mr. Haden, presupposes the use of an acid which works rather slowly. In this the untouched plate is immersed, and the etcher’s work is done upon

* Of course the *order* in which the gradations are secured may be varied to suit individual desires. But it is impossible here to dwell upon the manifold minor resources of the art.

it through the liquid. Of course, here also the strongest lines will be laid in first and the work carried on gradually up to the very palest. This process has many advantages,—and not alone in its saving of trouble,—but it requires such mastery of the art, so perfect a foreknowledge of just what effects are desired and just what methods must be used to get them, that it is only fit for the most able hands. There are other methods and combinations of methods in use, but they cannot be here described. Enough has been said, I think, to show the general technical principles of the art. But a few words must be added with reference to the completion of a plate. The reader will understand that the biting plays as important a part in an etching as the draughtsmanship proper, since upon it depend all the artist's effects of tone and color and aerial perspective. But even when the last biting is finished, the plate is not of necessity complete. It may afterward be worked upon: with the "dry point,"—that is, with the needle, in lines that *cut* the copper, and are not submitted to the acid at all, and that give a peculiar effect of their own; with a line-engraver's burin; with the "roulette,"—a tiny wheel that gives results analogous to those of mezzotinting; with pumice-stone, to roughen

the surface; and in more than one way sides. Moreover, when the plate leaves the etcher's hands, the printer often has his special work to do. The simplest way to print is, of course, to wipe the surface of the plate quite clean. Then nothing prevents the lines which hold the ink below the surface and into which the paper is driven by the action of the press. But to obtain tints, films of ink, of greater or less strength are often left on or applied to portions of the plate, which films print tints of greater or less blackness. Often, as in the etching by Mr. Blum here reproduced, this so-called "artificial" or "artistic" printing plays a very important rôle. And some of my readers may remember the many "monotypes" which have been exhibited during the past year. These are produced by artificial printing alone—unassisted by any etched lines. Of course, with this process—as its name implies—a plate can only give a single impression; and, equally of course, an etched plate, whether with or without added inked spaces, must be inked anew before the taking of each impression.

It is difficult, in the short space at my command and hampered by the desire to reserve as many pages as possible for a notice of



A MODERN ETCHER. (ROBERT BLUM.)



J. HEWHITNEY SC.

JOE. (JAMES A. M. WHISTLER.)*

individual American workmen, even to hint at the peculiar characteristics of the etcher's art, the peculiar gifts necessary for its successful practice. But I must try, though in the fewest words. Why, in the first place, is etching held to be a much more "artistic" process than any other manner of engraving? Why does it attract the hand of original, creative artists who leave other processes to their special students? Simply because it is infinitely *freer* than any other multiplying process, being, indeed, freer than any other *point* process whatsoever, as the etching ground offers even less resistance to an artist's touch than paper to the pen or pencil. It is the only graphic process by which an artist can *improvise*

—can put his own thoughts—directly, and with such ease that his most fleeting vision can be fixed and the least idiosyncrasy of his handling be preserved—upon a plate from which many duplicates may be printed. And, of course, it is this characteristic which makes etching so seductive to the artist, and which makes its results so interesting to the amateur.

Another charm of etched work—one which is less easy to explain in words, however, and which cannot be fully understood from the wood-cut reproductions here put before the reader—lies in the fact that the lines obtained by it differ vastly *in kind* from those obtained by any other engraver's process. Its blacks are deeper and richer and more velvety than

* Reprinted from this magazine for August, 1879.

those possible to any other linear process (whether a multiplying process or not), and its lights by contrast higher and more brilliant. Thus a wider range for the translation of color is at command. Moreover, an etched line, of whatever degree of strength or delicacy, has a peculiar quality of its own. An engraved line, cut slowly and painfully into the metal, will not only be stiffer, more mechanical, less autographic, than a line cut swiftly and easily into yielding wax, but when printed, from its even, monotonous structure, will always look cold and hard. But the action of acid is *not* even and mechanical. A bitten line is full of slight irregularities, ragged and minutely uneven; and when printed it will have far more of life and vivacity and accent. A lover of etching finds in the contemplation of a single strong, well-bitten line a pleasure akin to that found by the amateur of painting in the contemplation of a single strong, well-laid brush-stroke—a pleasure which has no equivalent if we study an engraved line in isolation. There is nothing at all in linear work (whether engraved or merely drawn) that compares with an etching for freedom, strength, and personal expression; and there is nothing like it in monochromatic work for warmth, variety, tenderness, and beauty of color.

A word must, however, be said as to the limitations of the art—limitations which its lovers will hardly acknowledge to be drawbacks. As it is a strictly linear process it cannot cope with processes where tints and masses are employed in the rendering of full and perfect tone. Almost perfect tonality can, it is true, be accomplished with the needle and its various aids, but only with much labor and a sacrifice of frank, linear expressiveness. Of the degree to which excellence has been attained in this respect, by modern “reproductive” etchers especially, I shall say a brief word later on. Here I will only note that the greatest original etchers are usually content to give tone and gradation in a partial, arbitrary, and strictly interpretative way, since by so doing they retain rapidity of handling and—the prime excellence of the art—strong linear expression. In a word, they think more of form and color and freedom than of complete tonality.

When we begin to examine etched work in particular examples, we shall prize most highly those prints in which its characteristic qualities are most perfectly exhibited, its limitations most loyally respected,—since, as Mr. Hamerton well says, an art is at its best when most thoroughly *itself*. Those etchings which are the freest and most personal in handling and the richest in color, and in

which the line is most strongly and expressively employed, will be the finest. Of course, as in all other arts so with this one, there is something more than technical skill to be considered: there is the idea which it expresses or the sentiment which it interprets. But as etching is not an imitative art, even to the comparative degree in which some arts may be so esteemed, as it is the most boldly and frankly interpretative of all graphic modes,—original, valuable ideas must have existed where really fine workmanship is seen. The etcher's translation into expressive linear language of something which has shown up in similar lines in nature, presupposes a power of clear analysis. And in so interpretative an art, where very many facts in every theme must be omitted, their effect dispensed with altogether or merely suggested to the observer's memory, the converse power of synthesis is implied as well. An etcher who speaks strongly must speak concisely, significantly, rapidly, and, if I may so express it, typically or symbolically. Therefore he must be possessed by a clear idea of the things he wants to say, looking to it that they are not so many as to confuse or so alien as to confound his peculiar form of speech. And so it is that when we see in an etching real strength and individual workmanship, it vouches for intellectual qualities as well—it presupposes, by its very existence, clear, individual ideas or characteristic sentiments in the etcher, with the presence of the high artistic powers to which I have just referred,—the powers of analysis, condensation, and interpretation. It was his recognition of these facts which made Jules Dupré exclaim: “Artists paint on their good days and their bad, but etch on their good ones only.” And such facts and such testimony may well dispose of the too prevalent idea that etchings are an “easy” art,—one fitted for the casual attention of any dilettante.

And these facts imply that perhaps the chief thing to be prized in an etcher's work is *economy of labor*. As the art is essentially a free and rapid one, and as it is difficult and (so far as the action of the acid is concerned) always more or less uncertain, one's effects should be produced with as much simplicity as possible. An elaborate, patiently worked-up plate is never as delightful as one executed with more freedom, with less expenditure of time and effort,—provided, of course, that the desired effect has been secured. Work done with few lines and vital ones, its meaning suggested by subtle “short-hand” methods, which leave the white paper to play an important part in the general result, appeals to most lovers of the art, with especial force and

charm. I should repeat, perhaps, that I am speaking now of original etchings only—of “painter etchings” as distinguished from reproductive work.

I hope the reader has not found his patience too sorely tried by so many technical explanations. He must remember that we cannot understand an artist's speech in all its meaning or appreciate one-half his skill, unless we know how he has been helped and limited by his tools. And with regard to so artistic and so peculiar a process as etching, such knowledge is doubly needful.*

The history of etching is a peculiar one. Though brought into notice by Albrecht Duerer and his contemporaries on both sides of the Alps, the full possibilities of the art were first developed a century later by Dutch and Flemish artists. The greatest of these as a painter was the greatest also as an etcher—the completest master of the art who has yet been born. In Rembrandt we find all the endowments of an etcher in such force, and find them displayed along so many lines,—with so many results of surprising unlikeness but of equal excellence,—that a study of his work alone would serve to show nearly all of which the art is capable. During a long period which succeeded the extinction of the great Netherland schools and lasted into our own century, the art fell into almost complete disuse and into completer public disesteem. But when a growing love of “romantic” and “picturesque” tendencies in art opposed itself to the insipidities, the “classicism,” and the formalities of preceding generations, modern artists were inspired by the etched as well as by the painted work of their great Dutch predecessors. Delacroix, Charles Jacque, and Daubigny were among the first to re-create an art most admirably adapted to express what in their time had become the prevailing artistic mood. Méryon, one of the greatest etchers of our day, was at work in 1850, and with him a host of scarcely inferior workmen. And after the establishment of the Second Empire, etchers were recognized as a special class of exhibitors at the Paris *Salons*.

Strictly speaking, the art revived a little earlier in England than in France, but with so much less of truth and energy that the

English school was soon outstripped by the Parisian, to which all others are even yet inferior. Not only are etchers more numerous in France than in any other country and their products far more widely appreciated, but these last are, as a rule, more original and various and in greater conformity to the true spirit of the art. I do not forget that one or two of the very ablest modern etchers have been Englishmen, but, nevertheless, my words hold true of French etchers as a class. And it is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that our own men have started in French rather than in English paths, though by no means in a servile or an imitative spirit.

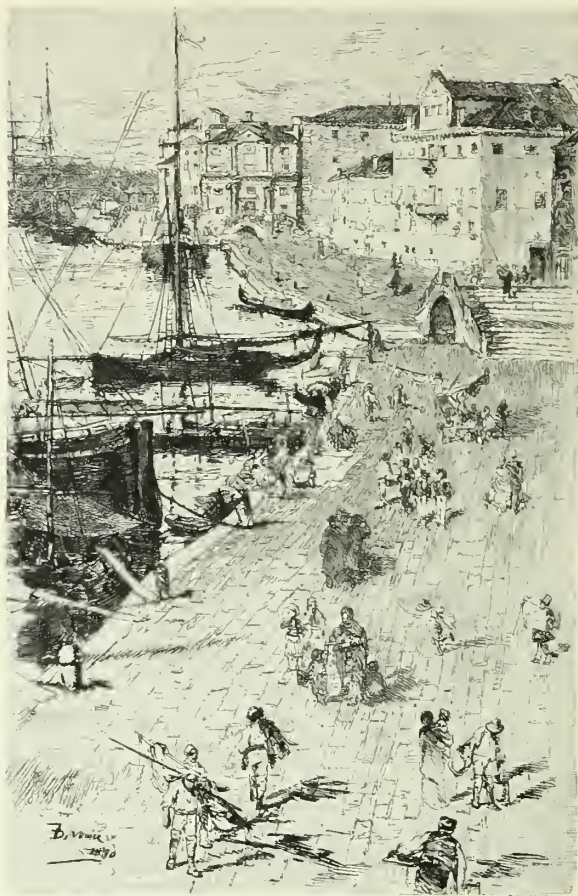
If we consider now the brief history of etching in America, here, too, it will be found to have had its ups and downs. An exhibition of American etchings, held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in the spring of 1881, showed that as early as the thirties and forties there had been etchers in this country. Among the names of these long-forgotten pioneers we read some which are quite unfamiliar; some, like that of William Dunlap, the first historian of American art, which are associated with quite other things; and some which are of artists who, like Edwin White, have since gone over to the majority, or who, like Mr. Falconer and George L. Brown, still live and work among us. It would be too much to say that any of these men were etchers in the true sense of the word, with the exception, I think, of Mr. Falconer; still less were they etchers of originality or force. Usually they drew upon the copper with little idea of its unique requirements and with results of no artistic value. But their aspirations should be held in grateful recollection none the less, for theirs was the day of small things,—a time when every earnest student of art must have had an appreciable influence in a community where his fellows were so few.

A name which should not be forgotten is that of Edwin Forbes, who published* a large portfolio of etchings called “Life Studies of the Great Army,” containing forty plates illustrating the life of the Union armies during the years 1861–65. They are not executed in the true “etcher's spirit” or with great technical skill, but they are clever and interesting none the less, and will have historic value as the most complete and characteristic contemporary record of our military life. Mr. Forbes's work won foreign praise, and caused him to be elected a member of the French Etching Club and an honorary foreign member of the old London Etching Club as well.

In the year 1866 a spasmodic interest in

* In what year I cannot say, but they were copyrighted in 1876.

* For complete instruction in the theory and history of the art, the reader is referred to Mr. Hamerton's delightful volume, “Etching and Etchers.” His “Etcher's Handbook” gives full directions for its practice, but should be read, not only by those who aspire to work, but also by those who wish to understand the work of others. Lalanne's book on “Etching,” translated and annotated by Mr. S. R. Koehler, may also be recommended to every student, and much information may be got from Mr. Hamerton's essay on Mr. Haden's work in this magazine for August, 1880.

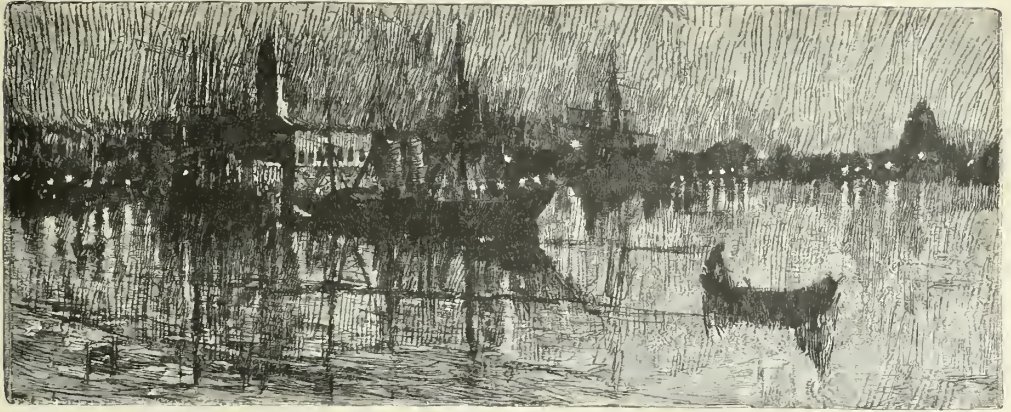


RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE. (FRANK DUENECK.)

the art was prompted by a M. Cadart, who established in New York what he called a "French Etching Club," and whose instructions drew about him some of the younger artists of the day. But there followed another apathetic period, and it is only within very recent years that the art has shown any real, spontaneous activity likely to result in vigorous and fruitful growth. The year which followed that of the Centennial Exhibition, when so many unaccustomed eyes had been led to look with interest at things of art, may almost be called an epoch in the history of American development. In 1877, the torpid National Academy precincts saw the advent of certain young men from Munich who caused a great rattling of dry bones at the moment, and who proved but the advance guard of a whole battalion of fresh and eager painters. And, what more nearly concerns us here, it was this year which saw the birth of the "New York Etching Club," an association formed by a few earnest students of the art to incite activity by brotherly reunions and to spread its

results by annual exhibitions. The young society went through that struggle for existence which seems ordained for babes of every sort,—even for those which, like this artistic infant, are well fathered and tenderly watched over. The public was indifferent, and some of the Club's own members were too much absorbed in other work even to heed that condition of membership which prescribed that each should produce at least two plates every year. But though its survival was due to the pains and sacrifices of a few men who deserve well of the republic, the Etching Club is now prosperous and busy, and has been more potent than any other influence in aiding the progress of the art among us and in winning the public to its love.

An event which should be named as having worked with vigor toward the same good ends was the establishment, in 1879, of the "American Art Review." Its editor, Mr. S. R. Koehler, was especially anxious to foster etching in America, and gave with each monthly number of the magazine original



A WET EVENING IN VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

etchings by native workmen, accompanied by clear critical notices from his own pen. During the two years of the "Review's" most regrettably brief career it did much to benefit both the artist and the public, and its discontinuance was, in the words of the Etching Club itself, "a bereavement to the American etcher." In the spring of 1881, as I have said, an exhibition of American etchings was held in Boston, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Koehler. At the same time, our workmen were winning their first foreign laurels. In the month of May was held in London the first exhibition of the English "Society of Painter-Etchers." The prints solicited from American artists caused such general surprise and were so cordially praised by the best foreign judges that a thrill of pride must have stirred every needle in this country. No less than nine or ten Americans—Mrs. Thomas Moran, Messrs. Thomas Moran, Farrer, Falconer, Swain Gifford, James Smillie, Bellows, Parrish, F. S. Church, and, I think, Frank Duveneck—were at once elected members of the new society, one print by each being chosen for its collection. Mrs. Moran's "Goose-pond," here reproduced, was one of the "diploma" pictures thus selected.

The exhibition held in New York last winter under the patronage of the Club, though not confined to the work of its members, was a surprise even to those who had watched with appreciative eyes the rapid progress of the art among us. Two rooms were filled with prints signed by fifty-three American names. Most of them were more than satisfactory, and some of them were quite admirable. We may not be able to count as yet any name of the highest rank save that of Mr. Whistler. But we must remember that, as Mr. Hamerton says, great etchers are produced at about the rate of two or three to a generation. And in an art so essentially artistic, and

so exacting and peculiar in its requirements, there are many places below the very highest which admirable workmen alone can fill.

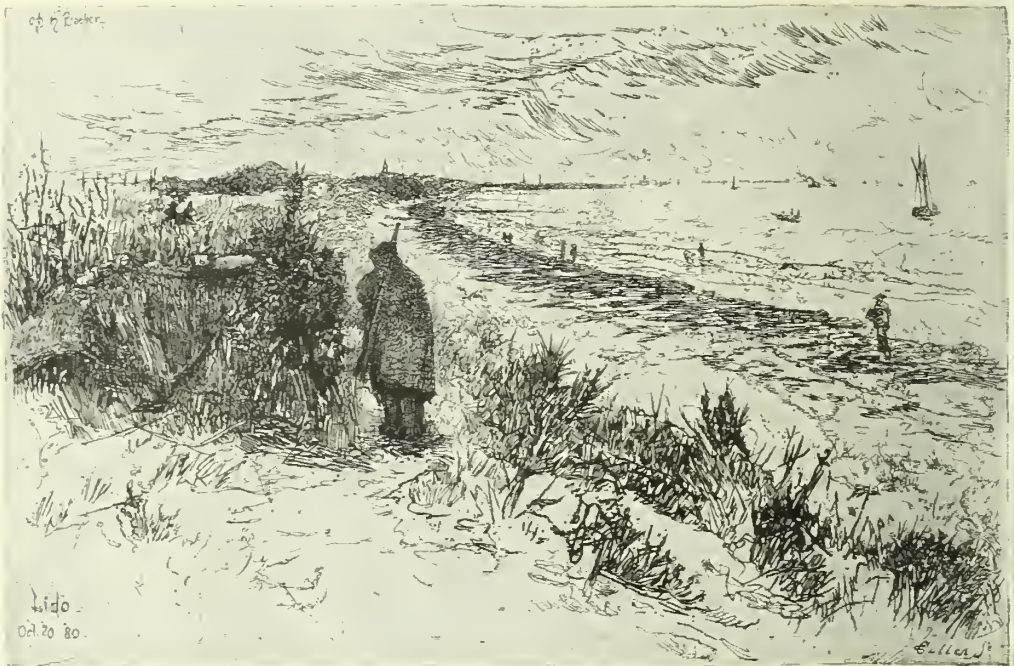
One or two external influences have worked so palpably to encourage etching in America, that they also must be mentioned before I pass from this brief history of our school to a briefer criticism of the work it has thus far done. Mr. Hamerton's teaching is one such influence. It would be hard to compute the good done by his book,—which won a sudden wide popularity very unusual to volumes of its sort,—both in prompting artists to take up the point, and in telling the public how to appreciate their efforts. Mr. Haden's etchings have worked strongly in the same direction, not only in and by themselves, but through the benefits their success has conferred upon the least of Mr. Haden's brethren in art as well as upon himself. It is not necessary here to dwell upon the degree of that success or upon the merit which secured it. Just now, when Mr. Haden has so recently come to visit us, the most casual reader may be supposed to know something of the one and of the other. Before the day of that success it was difficult indeed to sell modern etchings in England or America. But Mr. Haden opened the market to all good workmen, for he opened the eyes of his countrymen and our own. It is hoped and believed that his visit will give a fresh impulsion to the etcher's art among us. The mere presence of a great man has an inspiring effect upon his fellow artists; and the words of such an one, whether speaking in print or from the lecture platform, appeal to a more receptive audience than is reached by a whole chorus of lesser voices. Mr. Whistler's influence is another that should not be forgotten in a summary of the things which have helped us on our way. He is an American artist and so must be discussed

with more of detail. First, however, I would say a word as to the characteristics of our school in general,—for it is, I think, sufficiently independent and sufficiently well-established to have some that are worthy of the name.

One of the chief temptations which assail an artist in our day is the temptation to make a show of boldness and rapidity and synthesis if the real things are not at his command,—to work in a rough and careless or pretentious way, which, to untrained eyes, may pass for the freedom and vigor and breadth of a master hand. And as etching is an art where freedom is especially prized, and where, from the strictly interpretative nature of the method, the public may find

best things. As a school they have begun conscientiously and soberly, and are therefore more likely to work their way to complete mastery than if they had begun in careless over-confidence or willful posturing.

Another fact which has struck me most favorably is that as a rule our men show a very just instinct in the choice of their material. There is no kind of material, scarcely an "effect" of any sort, which may not be attempted with success in etching,—which has not been successfully interpreted by the great men of one day or of another. But it is nevertheless true, with this art as with all others, that certain things are by nature best adapted to its use. From the description of

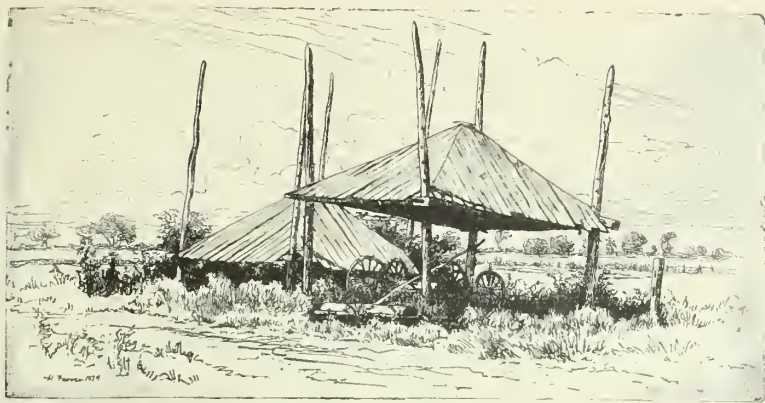


SEA-SHORE, LIDO, VENICE. (OTTO H. BACHER.)

it difficult to distinguish between an almost arbitrary yet truthful and brilliant interpretation of nature like one of Mr. Haden's, and a "free" but meaningless scribble on the copper,—it was to be feared that our young etchers might fall into sins of a careless or pretentious sort. But such has not been the case. When they do sin it is usually in the way of too much timidity, too little personality and force of handling, too much useless elaboration, too little abstraction and condensation and insistence upon the vital structure of their subject. They have not always conquered the possibilities of their art in the way of breadth and strength and originality; but they have not often travestied these

the process it will be felt that it must work most easily and surely upon things which can be expressed by few and powerful lines and simple tonic schemes. Form and color are its strongholds; strength and directness its great virtues; and, as Charles Blanc says, "It is attracted most by everything that is irregular, *bizarre*, incomplete, unexpected, disordered, or in ruin." And with these requirements our etchers seem to be in unison.

There is still a third tendency to be discovered in our work which cannot be too highly praised. Our best men—with the exception of Mr. Whistler and a few who have been inspired by him and Venice—have learned their art at home and have chosen local themes for



HAY-RICKS. (H. FARRER.)

its display. While our art is still so young and so rapidly developing, it cannot be too often said that all hope for its future as a characteristic national school must lie in the willingness of our men to interpret the life which gave them birth, and to which—in spite of foreign residence and training—their spirits must be most akin. Nor need the American etcher, by the way, be the man to complain that nature so decrees. Admirable material for his art lies ready to his hand,—especially in our great harbors and in our coast lands, with their long reaches of sand and rock, their changeful skies, their rugged, wind-torn growths of stem and foliage, their quaint forms of hull and sail, their tangled lines of mast and cordage, and the picturesqueness of their weather-beaten little towns, with the irregular shapes and strong outlines proper to wooden structures no longer in the ugly pride of newness. It is fortunate indeed that our men see the value of these things—fortunate for themselves as well as for the national repute, since every worker does his best when most at home with his subject-matter, and since, moreover, there is no such spur to originality of expression—

that chief of charms in etching—as freshness of material. We cannot be the parrots of any other man if we are saying something that none has said before.

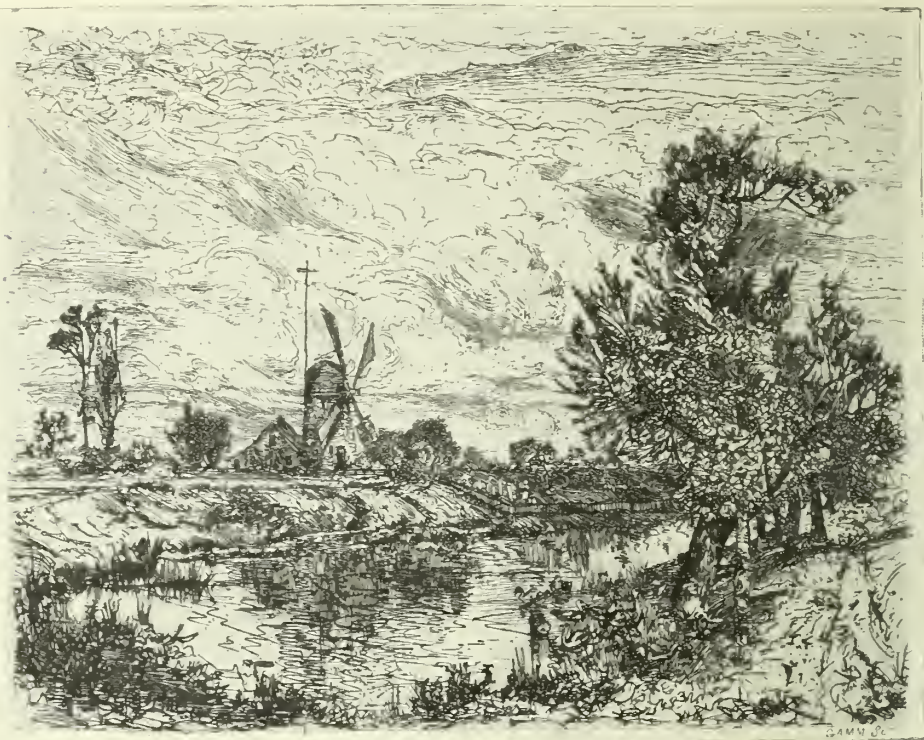
Mr. Whistler's name is, of course, the first that should be mentioned in a list of American etchers. Though most of his art education was obtained in Paris, and though his long residence in England has caused him to be identified with the younger English school, Whistler is an American by birth and breeding; and—what is of more importance in deciding his artistic nationality—he is, it seems to me, quite peculiarly American in his temperament. He is one of the very first few among living etchers, and his plates assisted those of Mr. Haden in the good work of bringing the etcher's art once more into wide popularity. Mr. Whistler cares little for orthodox “composition,” and does not often try for even approximate tonality, but in individuality, in sentiment, and in free, frank, artistic, and “telling” use of the line, he has no superior among the moderns and few equals in any age. His work is at times extremely strong, at times supremely delicate, and always wonderfully vital and original.



AN OCTOBER DAY. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

His strength is nervous and brilliant and incisive, not massive like Mr. Haden's; but his utmost delicacy has never a hint of commonplace or weakness. Every stroke has meaning, and each is set with beautiful skill and rare artistic feeling. His best-known plates—a series representing the Thames in and about London—had, at the time of their publication, some twelve years back, a quite noteworthy influence in showing what may

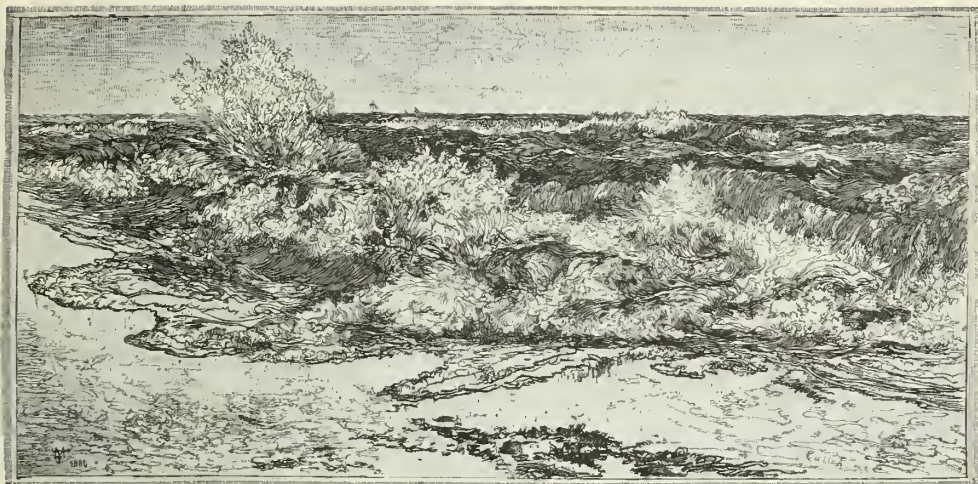
his products are of an original sort. It is hard to explain such differences in words; but I may say that his plates are more massive, more full of detail and color, while showing less individuality of sentiment and a less free and graceful linear beauty than Mr. Whistler's. He is, too, less of an "impressionist" and more of a "realist,"—if I may use these words now consecrated to meanings which they but imperfectly convey. Some of Mr. Duveneck's



A GOOSE-POND—EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND. (MARY NIMMO MORAN.)

be done with materials essentially modern and supposedly unpicturesque. His figure and portrait etchings are, to me, the finest that have come from any living hand. Mr. Whistler has stood, by the fact of his foreign residence, outside the main current of the art as developed in America; but he has had a strong direct influence upon some few of our men, as well as a stronger indirect influence upon the art in general. Of late years he has worked largely in Venice, and has had about him there from time to time a group of younger workmen who, while not imitating him in any servile fashion, yet show the impress of his example. Among them is Mr. Duveneck—far too strong a man to be beholden even to a Whistler for thoughts or manner. Though doubtless inspired by Whistler's plates to work from similar themes,

large plates are among the best things done in recent years, and are quite wonderful in the way they reproduce the color and busy stir and strongly contrasted effects of modern Venice. Next, perhaps, I may speak of Mr. Otto Bacher, a young artist who worked at first in a simple, quiet style, and from simple pastoral subjects, but who, since his Venetian visits, has adopted a bolder, stronger manner and tried more complicated themes. His aims are very much the same as those of Mr. Duveneck, but he is not quite so skillful as the elder artist in his management of the vigorous, crowded lines which they both delight in. Mr. Bacher has usually etched direct from nature. At first he worked in the bath, but while in Venice he found the older process of biting and stopping out indoors to be more convenient. Other young men who have done



THE BREAKING WAVE. (THOMAS MORAN.)

good work from similar themes are Messrs. Corwin, Wendell, Rosenberg, and Hopkins.

It should be noted—as a happy sign once more—that, from Whistler and Duveneck down to their last young pupil, it is not the Venice of tradition or of fantasy which has inspired the needle, but the Venice of to-day,—that modern life where the nineteenth century utilizes the relics of the *cinque cento*; where great ships loom up amid the hurrying gondolas, and where smoke and steam play their not ignoble part in the gorgeous panorama of Venetian skies.

Turning from this little band of clever workmen we find few American etchers who have chosen foreign themes, and not one

who, if so choosing upon occasion, has done his best work thereupon. Mr. Henry Farrer, for example, one of the earliest and most prolific of our etchers, has tried subjects of many sorts, but all of local flavor, producing his best plates, perhaps, when depicting scenes in and about the harbor of New York. His early work was very careful and elaborate, but he has gradually made his way to far greater simplicity and far greater power. I would especially name several plates with dark hulls relieved against a brilliant evening or morning sky, as strikingly effective and thoroughly good in workmanship. The "Hayricks" here reproduced is not very characteristic of his most individual mood or choice



GLOUCESTER FERRY. (STEPHEN PARRISH.)

of theme. But it has seemed better,—in this as in more than one other instance,—to choose for reproduction such a plate as the wood-engraver could give most successfully, rather than one which, while intrinsically finer, would suffer more by interpretation into another art.

In his etched as in his painted work, Mr. Swain Gifford goes most often to our low coast-lands for his subject-matter. In choice

this is the most perfect plate, in sentiment and in execution, that has yet been done in America, though less brilliant and immediately "effective" than some others. It was chosen by the English Society as Mr. Gifford's "diploma" print. Mr. Gifford usually finishes his work from nature, and employs the oldest processes of the art; but sometimes he works by the "continuous" method.

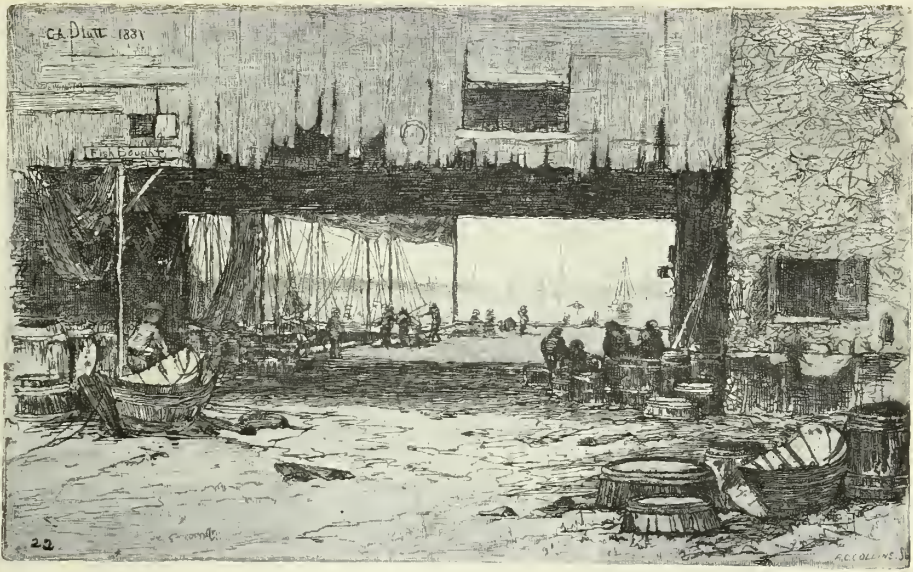
Mrs. Moran is, as yet, the only woman who



AN AMERICAN VENICE. (JOSEPH PENNELL.)

of theme he is peculiarly happy, and his handling combines both decision and delicacy to an unusual degree. It is difficult and might be unjust to use absolute superlatives when speaking of men so nearly on a par as our best etchers—to name one as superior to all the others. But I shall keep within a quite undisputed fact in saying that there is not one among them who shows a truer feeling for the requirements of this peculiar art than Mr. Gifford; who etches more truly in the etcher's spirit; who knows so exactly what to omit and what to insist upon, and thus produces such complete effects by such simple and synthetic means. His finest plate, to my eyes, is the "Pandaram Salt Works,"—most remarkable for quiet simplicity of manner and fullness of meaning, and for a truly artistic management of line and detail. I am only citing, of course, an individual preference; but to me,

is a member of the New York Etching Club, and no name stands higher on its roll. Her work would never reveal her sex—according, that is, to the popular idea of feminine characteristics. It is, above all things, direct, emphatic, bold,—exceeding in these qualities, perhaps, that of any of her male co-workers. The fine plate called "Solitude," published in the "American Art Review," in 1881, with its tall, thin tree-trunks cutting sharply against a back-ground half dark foliage and half pale sky, and its solid, well-contrasted effects of light and shadow, is a preëminently manly piece of work. The "Goose-Pond," here reproduced, is quite as good, though not so original in motive, while the largest plate yet etched by her, the "Twilight," shown at the New York Exhibition of 1882, is even finer. Mrs. Moran painted in oil and water colors for a number of years; but she found her true artistic voice only when she took up the point



INTERIOR OF FISH-HOUSE. (CHARLES PLATT.)

some three years ago. She has always etched direct from nature, usually finishing her plates to the very last stroke in presence of the chosen scene, and completing them with bitings as few and as vigorous as possible. In the "Twilight" she has made an extensive but well-calculated use of the roulette to produce effects of tone. Her methods are not so exquisitely frank and simple as those of Mr. Gifford, and she seeks more for "pictorial" results than he. For this reason her work is, perhaps, more popular than his. But this reason does not make it less praiseworthy. Their chief plates might well be put side by side to show how the art can vary while remaining at the same level of artistic excellence.

Mrs. Moran's immediate success with the needle was doubtless owing to the fact that she was her husband's pupil. Mr. Thomas Moran had etched for many years before the art became so popular as now, and has experimented in a score of ways, even with the little-practiced art of etching on glass. His plates are very various in character, but to me his best results are those of delicacy and refinement and grace, rather than those of force. His sea-shore sketches are especially attractive. If there is a fault to be found with his work—which, by the way, has won him hearty praise from Mr. Ruskin, who is not a lover of the art in general—it will be that his compositions sometimes lack unity of conception and consequently of effect,—an excellence that is strongly characteristic of the other names just mentioned.

Mr. Peter Moran has also been a prolific etcher. Animal life chiefly attracts him, and

a large plate called "The Return of the Herd," may possibly be called his best. He and his brother have both been fortunate in finding unhackneyed themes in the picturesque regions of the Yellowstone and of Spanish New Mexico.

Mr. Stephen Parrish, whom I should put with Mr. Gifford and Mr. Farrer and Mrs. Moran in the very first rank of our home-keeping etchers, and who is the most popular of them all, has tried his hand at themes of many sorts, but his name is especially associated with sea-board scenes. Our ragged fisher-villages, with their rocky foundations and primitive vessels, have found in him a first and most clear-voiced interpreter. He has experimented widely with his art, especially in the matter of sky-treatment. Those plates in which he has left the largest amount of almost untouched paper to play its part seem to me the most thoroughly successful. Unlike his associates just mentioned, Mr. Parrish does not believe in etching direct from nature, but thinks the peculiar requirements of his art may be better met if pencil sketches are leisurely adapted to the use of point and acid. He usually etches without stopping out, and sometimes altogether in the bath.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's work was hardly known, I think, until a couple of years ago, but secured him at once a place among the foremost. He too has struck out an original line for himself in his sketches of old Philadelphia, with its diversities of level and unexpected flights of steps, its quaint architectural forms, and its narrow streets and



BARNEY'S JOY. (LEROY MILTON YALE.)

curious court-yard so rich in effects of light and shade.* During the last few months he has treated with success similar themes found in lower Louisiana. Mr. Pennell writes me: "I should be most happy to tell you about my 'usual method of working'—but I haven't any. I either work from dark to light, or in the bath, or make the whole drawing in the old-fashioned way and use stopping-out varnish. In fact all my work thus far has merely been a series of experiments * * * Most

* In an article called "From Cape Ann to Marblehead," published in this magazine in November, 1881, will be found wood-cuts after Mr. Parrish's best plates, while Mr. Pennell's work is similarly reproduced in "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia," in the number for March, 1882.

of my plates (in fact all, so far as I remember) have been done in a day—and most of them in half of one. About half were done out of doors and the rest from sketches. In future I intend to do everything from nature direct on the plate."

Mr. Charles A. Platt is a very young man, and just beginning, with energy and serious effort, his work in etching. He seems to have been influenced a good deal by Mr. Parrish, both in his choice of theme and in his manner of working. But his taste is artistic, his individuality is visible, and his master is a good one; so we may hope the three facts will work together till the former predominate in an art of first-rate quality.

Mr. Vanderhoof has done but few plates,



SOLITUDE. (CHARLES A. VANDERHOOF.)

in the preparation of which he has used the dry point very freely. They are all individual and poetic in sentiment and charming in workmanship. The one here reproduced is, so far as I know, the largest and most important he has published.

Mr. Nicoll is another artist worthy of all attention; and Mr. Falconer, the earliest of all our present etchers, has done a great deal of work of various sorts and qualities, from the most painstaking to the most sketchy sort,—the best being in clever renderings of time-worn and curious buildings.

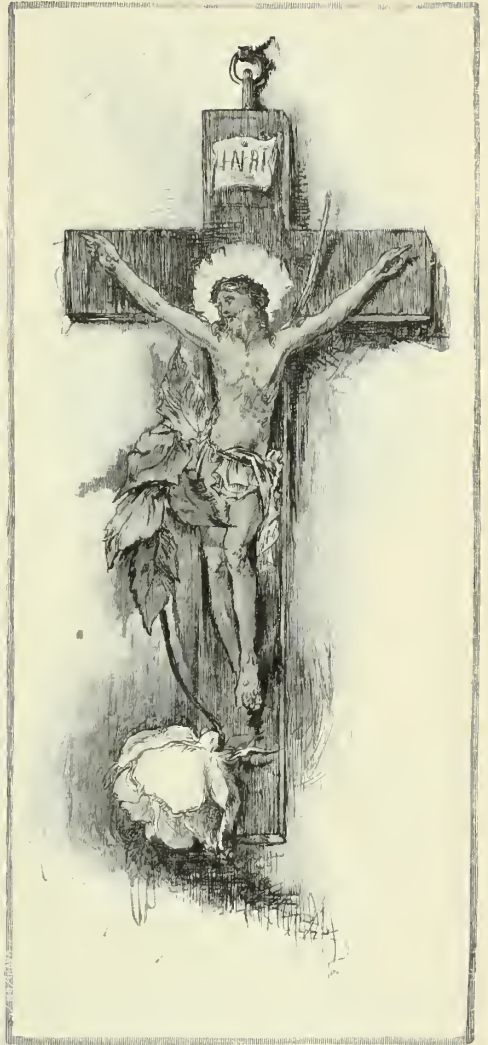
Dr. Yale's name will not be found among those of our professional artists. Etching has been his recreation only, not even a minor branch of his main activity. But he deserves the name of artist none the less, and he is entitled to peculiar honor for the reason that, though standing outside the actual artistic guild, he was one of the most earnest founders and fosterers of the New York Etching Club.

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Bellows, Mr. George H. Smillie, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Kruseman Van Elten; Mr. Harry Chase, Mr. Laffan, Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Sabin, Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Garrett—these are all men, of the elder or the younger generation, who have done interesting things, but whom the lack of space must deprive of further comment. Mrs. Greatorox has also produced many good plates, though rather in the spirit of the pen-and-ink draughtsman than of the etcher properly so-called. Still, her records of old New York are artistically as well as historically valuable.

As yet I have spoken only of our landscape etchers, and they form, indeed, a great majority among our workmen. But there are a few who have succeeded with other themes. Chief among these is Mr. F. S. Church, an artist who is so popular, and whose work has been so thoroughly discussed in Europe as well as here at home, that neither my description nor my praise is needed. His fantastic, graceful imagination is unique in our art, and works as well through the medium of point and acid as in other ways. The little cut here given does not show him in his most characteristic mood; but that mood is so familiar to every eye that perhaps a novelty was better chosen.*

Mr. John Ames Mitchell began life as an architect and has done some good etched work with architectural motives. He studied with Brunêt-Debaines, one of the best French

* For a full and most appreciative notice of Mr. Church's work, the reader is referred to an article by Mr. Comyns Carr in "L'Art" for November 13th and December 4th, 1881.

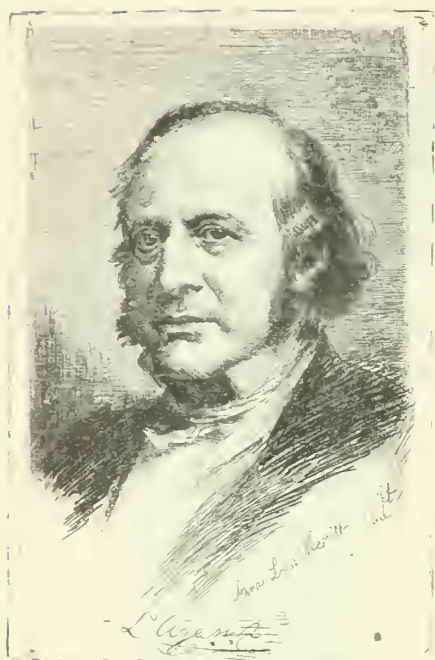


THE ROSE OF PAIN. (F. S. CHURCH.)

etchers of our day, and learned from him a delicacy and refinement in the management of his tools which stood him in good stead in several series of small figure-subjects published a while ago in Paris. He is especially clever, if at times a bit theatrical, in his management of strong floods of light, and has an expressive touch when drawing one of his comically characteristic little faces.

Mr. Dielman's name should not be forgotten in this connection, nor that of Mr. Gaugengigl, who, though a German by birth and education, had never etched till he came to this country.

Mr. Blum shows only two or three plates as his work thus far; but the one here reproduced is among the most ambitious and dashing things we have yet accomplished. It is strongly sketched on zinc, and the



LOUIS AGASSIZ. (ANNA LEA MERRITT.)

elaborate tonality is secured, as has been said, by a somewhat lavish use of artificial printing. The biting was done in a rough-and-ready way, which may be noted to show how many odd devices an etcher can employ. The whole plate was bitten once, and then the acid was poured on certain spots and wiped off when its purpose was accomplished. Naturally, no delicate gradations could be secured in such a way, but for Mr. Blum's purpose it has answered well enough.

Mr. Chase, too, has as yet done little with the needle, but enough to prove him possessed of abilities that would repay further exercise. Quite rightly he does not carry his methods with the brush into his practice with the point. His plate after his own picture called "The Jester," is not a "reproductive" etching, but an etcher's free version of a theme he had quite differently put on canvas. The face, for example, is not carefully modeled so as to duplicate the effect of the painting, but is cleverly and quickly touched with an etcher's characteristic lines and dots.

And thus I come at last to say a brief word about reproductive etching. It is a quite distinct branch of the art, though, as always, we may find many good works occupying a middle ground between two logical extremes. As so very widely practiced by modern engravers it was unknown in earlier days. Etching was long used as an auxiliary

in other kinds of engraving, but has only lately grown to its full proportions as an independent reproductive craft, its development being due to the decline of the great art of line-engraving, and to that newly born taste which demands color and tone and the preservation of a painter's technical method in a black-and-white reproduction of any sort. These things can all be secured to a quite wonderful degree in etching, but only at a sacrifice of some qualities we prize most highly in original work. The engraver-etcher's methods are very delicate, very subtle, very artistic, but almost always very slow and, of necessity, very complicated. So he lacks not only the individuality but the spontaneity and the swiftness of the artist, who is called—to mark him off from these engravers with the needle—the *painter-etcher*. Thus, while employing the same technical processes, the reproductive etcher uses them with such different aims that his art is quite another thing from that of Mr. Haden, for example. For has not Mr. Haden said that an etching which is finished in one sitting is likely to be the best? Each art is right and good in its own place. It is only when the spheres of the two have been confused in the same work, when the etcher has not been clear as to his aims and consistent in his methods, that we may call either aims or methods illegitimate.

It is curious to reflect—when we remember the wonderful interpretative skill of our wood-engravers, and also how American art has always been taunted with its lack of originality—that our etched work is almost exclusively "painter's etching," that only a few of our men have attempted reproductive work, and that even these have shown little love for its more tedious if completer methods. Among these few, however, are some who must not go unmentioned. It would have been better, perhaps, to speak of Mrs. Merritt among original workmen. Her plates are chiefly portraits, done from painted or photographic originals, often from her own pictures, but, though quite elaborate in workmanship, are not exactly to be called "reproductive" etchings. Whenever she finds her theme, she treats it in a somewhat interpretative way. Her work is essentially English in flavor, delicate and artistic, but not over strong in handling. The portrait of Sir Gilbert Scott, after a painting by George Richmond, R. A., (published in the late *Review*) is to my thinking the best she has accomplished.

Mr. James Smillie has done good original work, but more often clever reproductions. Among the best are versions of pictures by Charles Jacque and Bridgeman. Mr. Stephen

Ferris, too, has not confined himself to reproductions (having done among other original things some clever little portraits), but has won most of his reputation by their means. Mr. Peter Moran has also done reproductive work, and Mr. Thomas Moran's very large plate, after the Turner in his possession, is the most ambitious and also the most successful reproductive etching yet attempted in America. While acknowledging that we have no names to put into even remote comparison with the great French and German engraver-etchers of our day, we should not at all regret that our men show more inclination toward original, free, creative work.



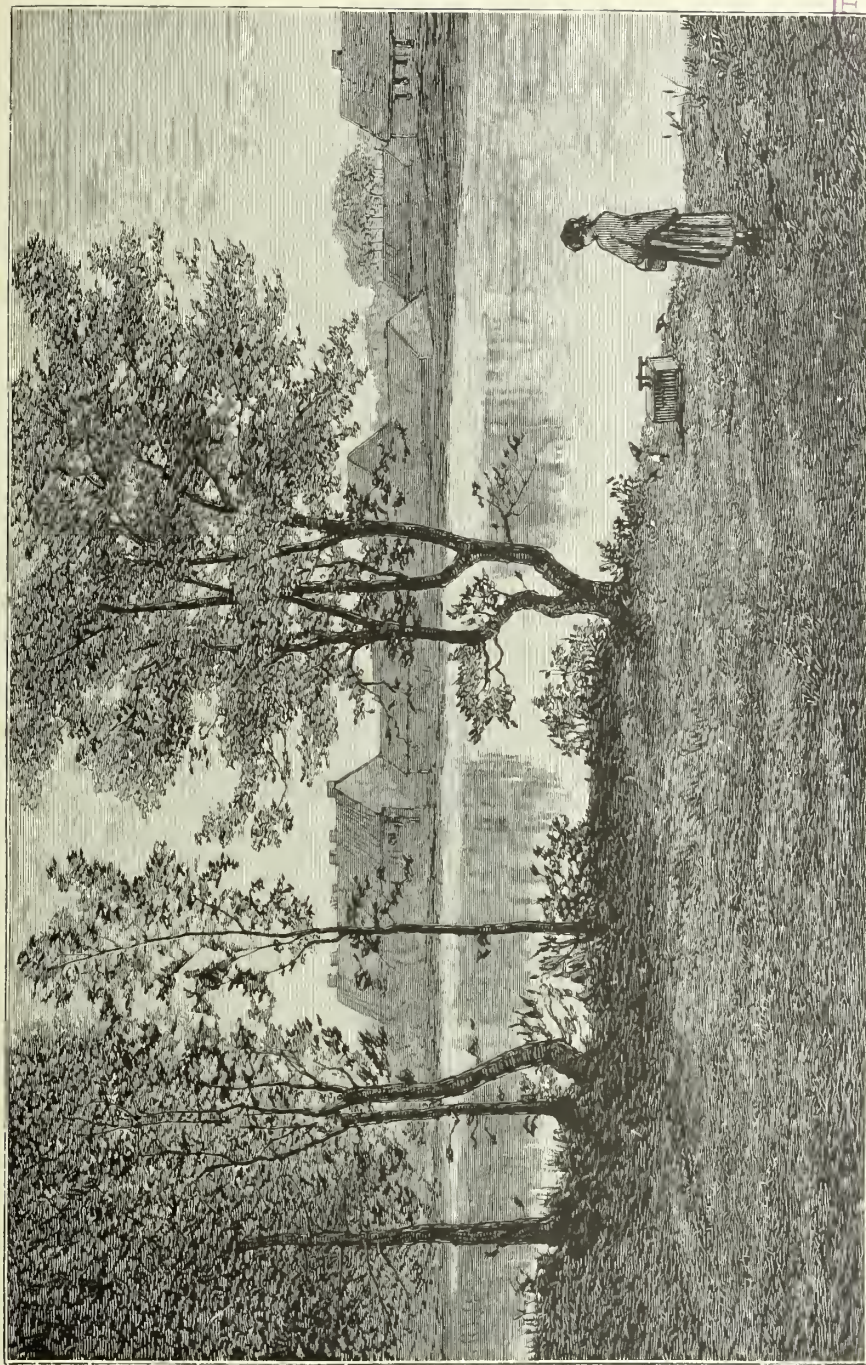
Albertype:—Forbes Co., Boston

CHARLES F. ULM



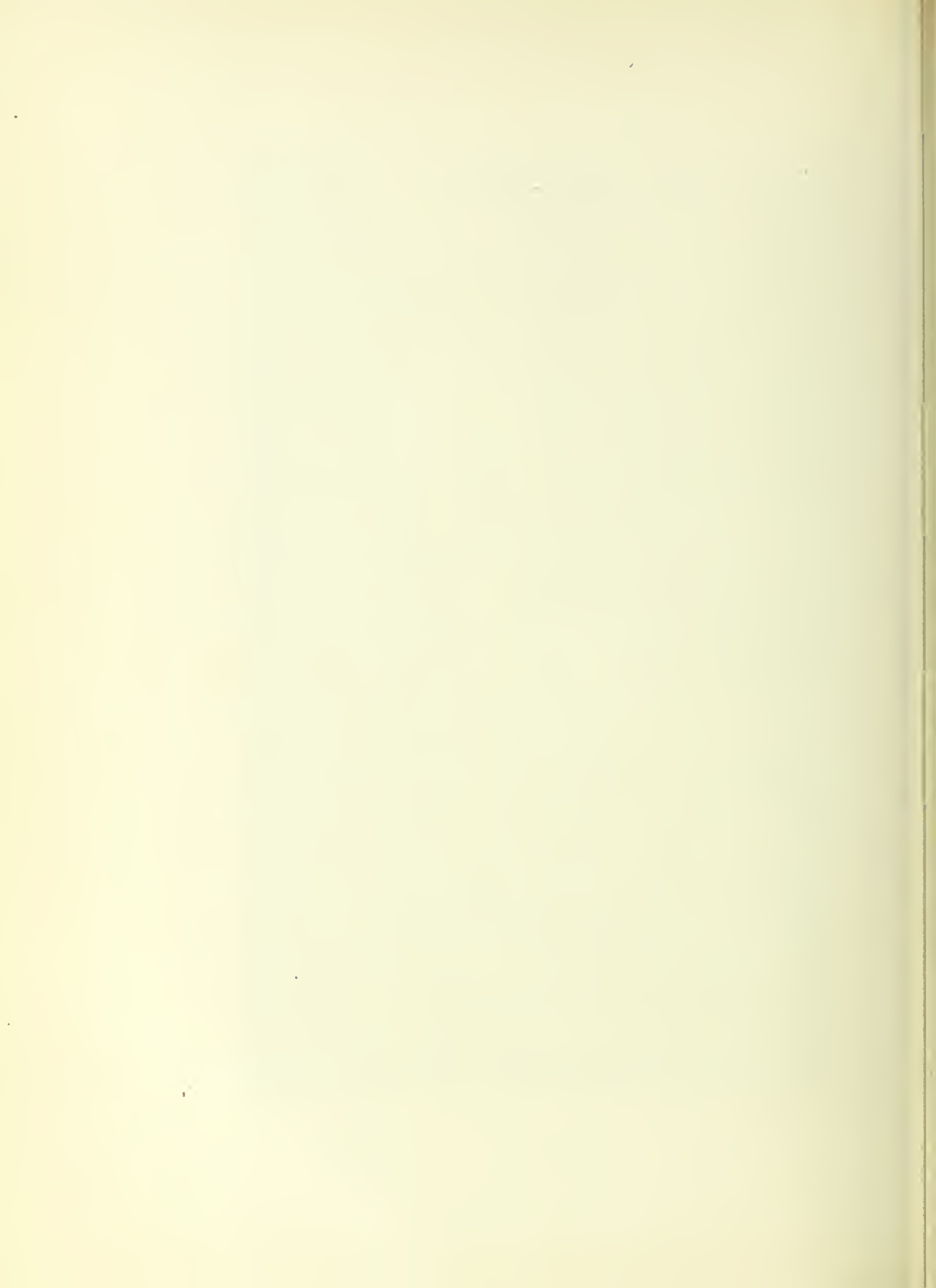
AN AMATEUR ETCHER.

F. B. CLARKE. COLLECTION



SPRING CHICKENS.

From a Painting by William Morris Hunt.



thing more than a man with a full beard, and you must accept these horns just as you would a word which some poet had felt the need of, and had coined. As Michael Angelo was the greatest creator that ever worked in art, hadn't we better decide that we'll wait fifteen minutes before passing judgment upon him, or upon what he did?"

"Instead of *one* canvas ready to paint on, you ought to *have forty, and paint for a joke!* I have a hundred and fifty in waiting, and each of you ought to have ten at least. You always have gloves to wear. You need canvases just as much."

"I've just finished this little sketch, painting it in twenty minutes, with the intention simply of getting light in a sky. When I left it, I thought, 'The first person who comes in will say, "Oh, trying to *paint* like Corot!"' I wasn't trying to paint like any one; but I know that when I look at Nature I think of Millet, Corot, Delacroix, and sometimes of Daubigny. Just as if we were to write a line of poetry that hit the nail sharp upon the head, it *might* make us *think of Shakespeare!*"

"You soften the fibre of your memory by fastening yourself too closely to your work and your model. You *could* come here and look at that figure, and go away and draw it, if you had accustomed yourself to work in that way. Some niceties of Nature you must correct and refine from life; but you can get values, proportion, etc., by observation and memory. Some of the most vivid renderings of Nature have been done after Nature had passed. How else can you paint a thunder-shower, a sunset, a flying cloud, a galloping horse? You don't trust yourself enough. You are too timid. If you were to have that head only four minutes you would put in something that would be like it; but, if you are to have it all day, you twist it all out of shape. If I were to show that sketch of mine to some people they would say, 'It looks as if you had *daubed stuff*' around upon that canvas!' I should feel tempted to say that they *might* 'daub stuff' around, and not get so much of a picture as that even! I am trying, first of all, to get a simple, luminous color. I don't want to make it like the color of any *painted* sky that I ever saw. I want, I say, a simple, luminous color. Don't bother too much about color! Get the effect of light, and you won't miss color. I know that my pictures are said to 'lack color;' but I don't like a great many things which people admire for their 'color.'"

"(*Moonlight.*) You don't have to be literal to a line to make an impression. Moonlight pictures are apt to look as if you had dipped the thing in ink and half washed it out. This sketch looks like *one thing*, instead of sixteen—which is one good quality."

"Don't despise anything which you have honestly done from Nature. There's a sketch which, when I brought it home, seemed only a patch of bright green there, of violet there, and of orange here. But, a year later, I chanced upon it, and found that it was an impression from Nature; and that's what our sketches ought to be."

"If you are determined to paint you won't mind what kind of things you use to paint with. I remember when I sketched that ploughing-scene I had only a butter-box for a

palette, a brush or two, and a palette-knife. For rubbing in a velvet coat, sometimes nothing works better than the palm of your hand."

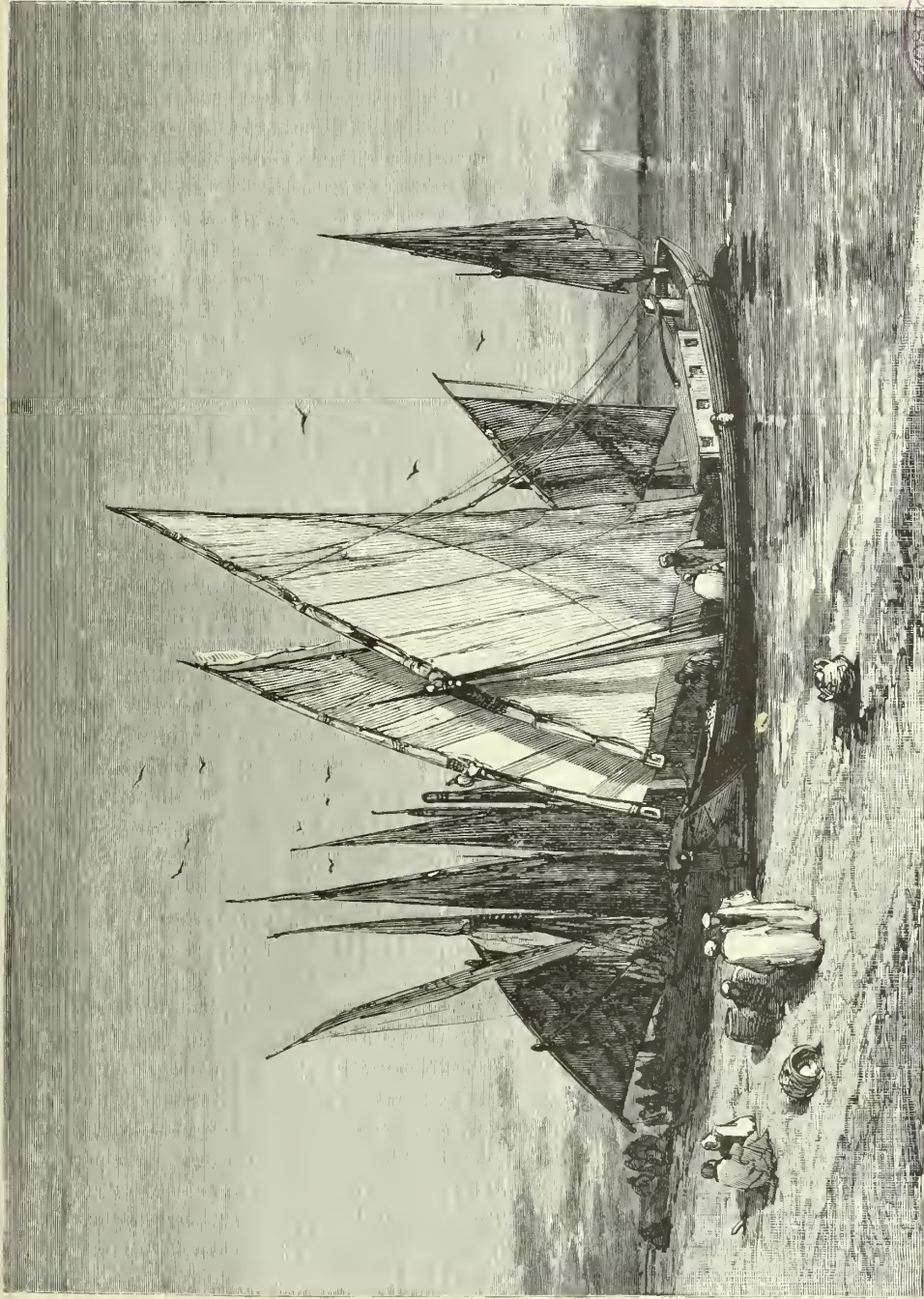
"You can't do good work unless you are physically in order for it. It requires as much strength to paint well as to plough."

"In charcoal-drawing leave your darks as you first put them in. You want the fresh velvet of an untouched black. You lose it when you begin to work upon it."

"If you leave a large surface to paint over, get sash-tools from the paint-shop and do it at once. I believe that the old painters used these brushes, certainly for skies, backgrounds, and draperies. At any rate, they painted broadly and frankly, and they couldn't have done it with such brushes as we buy nowadays, long, flimsy, weak things, or else stiff and unyielding. If you want to know what brushes to use, watch the painters at work on windows and doors."

"We stupidly suppose that what is called finish, or outside-work, gives value to a thing. It is too much like the mince-pie given to a boarding-school boy at his *last* dinner of the term. It may deceive a little, but it don't mend matters. The finish should be done in the same mood with the beginning. A highly-finished imbecility is worth no more than an imbecility. Adapt your finish to the stuff that's underneath, and let it be of one piece; and don't try to make believe that you know more than you do. Don't smooth your mashed potato with a knife! This much-admired finish is like the architecture that the countryman said was going to be put upon his house by a Boston man after it was built! Oh, think of a last week's meat-pie with the added truthful date of to-day stamped upon its crust for a finish! This kind of thing may do in putting up mackerel and blackberries, but it won't answer in pictures. If the truth isn't the fundamental part, there's no use in adding it as embroidery. Tinkering isn't painting!"

During the last five or six years Mr. Hunt has painted many landscapes. His earlier works were portraits and figure-pieces. To the first exhibition of the Society of American Artists he contributed an unfinished portrait of a lady, which was very delicate and harmonious in color and rich in suggestiveness; but the most of his later pictures are never exhibited publicly except in his own private gallery overlooking Boston Common. In the summer of 1878, in a shop in that city, there hung a picture of a sweet and serious girl of fifteen years, which was as winning in sentiment and as full of tenderest poetic feeling as any work of Millet's that we have seen. The treatment was as broad and cool as Millet's, and the *technique* in every respect as good. Mr. Hunt's landscapes are low-toned, simple in subject, masterly in the rendering of atmosphere and atmospheric effects, luminous, and the records of distinct



ON THE NILE.

From a Painting by Robert Savin Gifford.



impressions from Nature. The quoted extracts from his conversations tell clearly what he tries to do. Though not a colorist in the supreme sense that Troyon was, he is a true artist.

When Mr. ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD was elected an Academician in 1878, the National Academy of Design distinguished itself. Some years ago the conferring of that honor would have given him distinction. The institution, however, gained by procrastination; in finally electing Mr. Gifford it added to its own laurels. The new member was born on the island of Naushon, in Buzzard's Bay, near the coast of Massachusetts, on the 23d of December, 1840. He went to school in New Bedford, and opposite that place, in the village of Fairhaven, he met the Dutch marine painter, Albert Van Beest. It would be incorrect to say that his acquaintance with the Dutch painter made Mr. Gifford an artist, because Mr. Gifford was an artist potentially the day on which he first opened his eyes; but the influence of Van Beest on the schoolboy of New Bedford was a felicitous factor in the equation of his life. Van Beest saw promise in Gifford's drawings, took a fancy to the maker of them, instructed him in the rudiments of art, and used him as an assistant. The pupil was soon graduated in his master's studio. In 1864 he opened a studio of his own in Boston, and, two years later, in New York. To the Academy Exhibition in 1867 he sent three marine paintings—"Scene at Long Branch," "Cliff Scene, Grand Menan," and "Vineyard Sound Light-ship"—and on their merits was elected an associate member of the institution. This event terminated the first period of his career.

The second period began when, in 1869, he spent the summer and autumn in California and Oregon. He was extending his operations into the domain of landscape. In 1870 he visited England, France, Italy, Spain, Morocco, and Egypt, and went over much of the ground that Mr. Samuel Colman had recently traversed, directing especial attention to the Moorish houses of Tangier, to the aspects of the region adjoining the Great Desert and to the scenery of the Nile. In 1873 and 1874 he exhibited in New York some of the trophies of his tour, and in the latter year, after his marriage to Miss Eliot, of Massachusetts (whose pencil has since given pleasure to admirers

of the beautiful in art), made a second trip to Europe and Africa. This time he went to France and Algeria, and pitched his tent in the Desert of Sahara itself. "An Egyptian Caravan" was sent by him to the Academy Exhibition of 1876. He received a medal at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

His third period dates from the organization, in 1877, of the Society of American Artists, of which he is a leading member, and to the first exhibition of which in the following year he contributed his "Cedars of New England," owned by Mr. George E. Clark. This picture was his representative in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and the critic of the London *Athenæum* said of it: "It is an excellent motive, showing feeling for effect; more serious study and attempt at realization would have resulted in a valuable picture"—a criticism entirely characteristic of an Englishman who would define art itself to be "an attempt at realization." M. Charles Blanc, the French critic, says that England has never had any really great artists, and insinuates, if he does not assert, that she does not know what art is; the London *Spectator* a few months ago feared that "under the press of Manchester patronage and Academic criticism," the "higher imaginative art" had "almost breathed its last breath" in the land of Landseer and Holman Hunt; and Mr. Mark Pattison, the accomplished Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, affirms that during the last twenty years English taste has retrograded rather than advanced. These eminent authorities may or may not be trustworthy; certainly there is nothing in the London *Athenæum's* criticism of Mr. Gifford's picture to throw suspicion upon the truth of their testimony. Neither the "Cedars of New England" nor any other of Mr. Gifford's riper works is or was intended to be "an attempt at realization." Mr. Gifford does not make such an attempt. He knows that it would be in the first place useless, because Art never can compete with Nature, but always fails when trying to do so; and, in the second place, foolish, because Art has a sphere of her own, in which she is greater than Nature. Madame Tussaud's wax-figures are very earnest and laborious "attempts at realization," but probably no adult human being who can read and write ever supposed that they are works of art.

Mr. Gifford puts himself in his pictures. His landscapes are something more than mere scenes in Nature. They are Nature, to be sure, but Nature



THE PALMS OF BISKRA.

From a Painting by Robert Swain Gifford.



as he views her, and Nature with a revelation of his own feelings toward her. The impress of the man is left upon the work, and the work is the measure of the man. He has something fresh to tell us about what we already know a good deal, and, in addition, he explains to us how this something has gone straight to his heart, and has stirred his emotions. In the last analysis the worth of an artist's performance depends upon the worth of the artist himself; his character as well as his genius is displayed and defined in his works. An ordinary landscape, seen through his eyes, becomes full of mystery and of meaning; "the meanest flower that blows" can, when he has placed it on the canvas, "give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." Mr. Gifford will paint a barren moor under a leaden sky so that it shall almost palpitate with emotion. His vigorous, healthy, and educated mind is worth listening to when talking about the contact of itself with Nature. For perfection of *technique*—that first requirement of modern art—he has the profoundest respect; he is an indefatigable student, and he appreciates the finest efforts of the latest masters. The fustian and sensationalism of the Düsseldorf school are an offense in his eyes; his tastes are refined and his music is soft and low, like the wind of the Western sea.

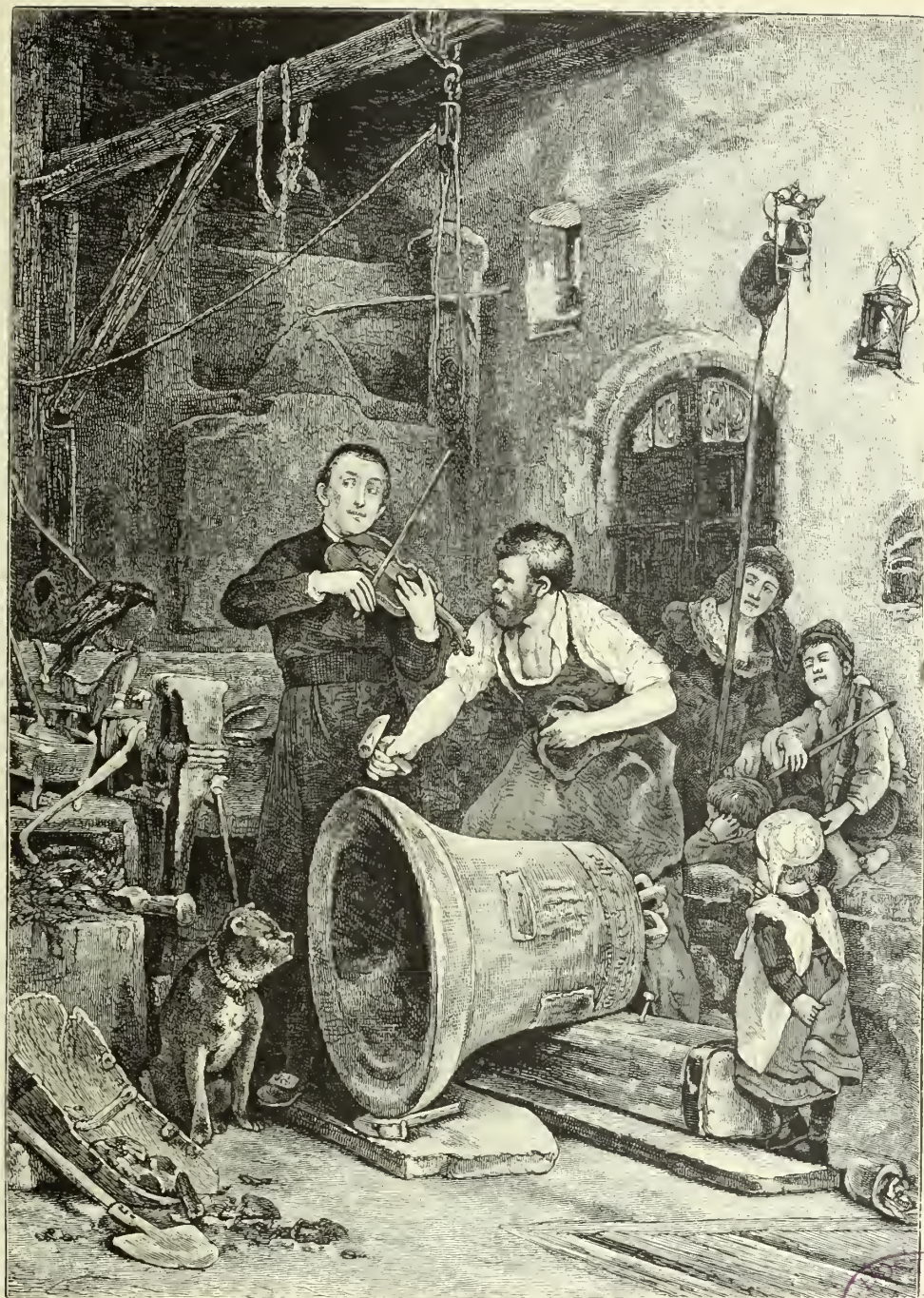
When the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors was organized, Mr. Gifford became one of its most conspicuous members. His contributions to the annual exhibitions of the society are always among the striking things on the walls. In 1867 he sent his "Deserted Whaler," an old Nantucket vessel stranded on the sandy beach of a barren island after hard service in the northern latitudes. Over her empty decks, and strained, worn timbers, the seagulls are flying. The title of the picture is a summary of the story, and there is not a line or tint on the canvas that does not help the telling. We feel the subject at once; the sentiment of the scene is deep and vital. This work is now in the private gallery of Mr. James M. Burt, of Brooklyn. In general, it may be said of Mr. Gifford's pictures in water-colors that they have the two excellences of being serious and of being sketchy. They are effects worth striving for, and they are not wrought up to too high a pitch—not "finished" to mere prettiness and inaneity; and, since the tendency of modern water-color art is neither toward robustness of conception nor toward simplicity and rapidity of execution, the presence of these qualities is the more noticeable

and pleasurable. It is something in these days to see a strong motive at the bottom of a work in water-colors.

Mr. Robert Gordon owns Mr. Gifford's "Halt in the Desert;" Mr. Henry E. Lawrence, his "Fountain near Cairo;" Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, his "Scene at Boulak, Egypt;" and Miss Hitchcock, his "Lazy Day in Cairo." We have engraved two other Oriental subjects, "The Palms of Biskra, Sahara Desert," and "On the Nile." In 1873 the artist sent to the National Academy Exhibition in New York his "Entrance to a Moorish House in Tangier," his "View of the Golden Horn," and his "Scene in the Great Square of the Rumeyleh, Cairo, Egypt." In 1874 he contributed his "Desert-Scene," his "Halting for Water" and his "Evening on the Nile." His range of landscapes is unusually wide. He has painted the heights of the Sierras, the plains of Brittany and of New England, as well as these Eastern scenes.

WALTER SHIRLAW was born in Paisley, Scotland, August 6, 1837. When two or three years old he was brought by his parents to this country, and when fourteen years old was apprenticed by them to a bank-note engraving company. He took some lessons in the school of the National Academy of Design. For five years he was in the employ of the Western Bank-Note Company of Chicago; and for one year was an instructor in the Academy of Design in that city. In 1859 he went to the Rocky Mountains. He has studied art six years in Munich.

Mr. Shirlaw has only recently become known in New York as an artist. It was his "Sheep-Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands," exhibited in the National Academy in 1877, that first brought him into favorable notice here, although to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in the preceding year he had sent two important works. One of these, called "The Toning of the Bell," represents a scene in a Bavarian foundery. A large church-bell lies on its side on the ground. A workman leaning over it proceeds to test its sound, while a violinist near by gives the key-note. Several children, introduced into the picture, are greatly interested in the proceedings. The other work was "Feeding the Geese," a name which the artist afterward abandoned for "Good-Morning." The title first selected describes the production, the feeder



THE TONING OF THE BELL.

From a Painting by Walter Shirlaw.

ON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

of the animals being a stout, buxom Bavarian woman. This canvas was displayed at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1878 in New York. In the National Academy Exhibition of the same year Mr. Shirlaw appeared with a portrait of himself, and a picture of a naked boy holding an impetuous dog by a string. One of his latest tasks has been the furnishing of illustrations to a monthly magazine. His studio is in Booth's Theatre Building at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Last year he was teacher of drawing in the Art-Students' League—a position which this year is held by Mr. William M. Chase, who also has recently returned from Munich. Mr. Shirlaw was one of the leaders in the new movement which culminated in the formation of the American Art Association, afterward called the Society of American Artists. He is the president of this organization. Last June he was elected an Associate of the New York National Academy of Design.

Mr. Shirlaw has so lately been a student in the Munich *ateliers*, and his best works are so suggestive of masters at that great art-centre, that an estimate of his methods and his abilities cannot now, perhaps, be justly and intelligently undertaken. His friends expect to see much stronger and more original work from his brush than he has yet shown; and so industrious and capable is he that this expectation is an entirely rational one. Meanwhile, his reputation is already wider than that of most young artists here. His draughtsmanship, to be sure, is not yet perfect; but he has manifested a very decided feeling for richness of tone and for color-values. He paints broadly, of course—that is to be taken for granted in the case of a Munich student—yet not nearly so broadly as do many of his fellow-pupils; and, since he appreciates and to some distance penetrates into both the fullness and the energy of Nature, by-and-by doubtless his figures will be deeper in significance. He knows what is meant by singleness of thought and by concentration of means; and he cares much more for the grammar, the rhetoric, and the philosophy of his art than for its subject-matter. In the Paris Exhibition of 1878 his pictures received as much notice as those of any other American.

What has been called the dreamy softness of Weber's music may, perhaps, be said to have a parallel in the pictures of Mr. WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE, who was born in Ohio, in 1820, when that State was little more than a wilderness. In early manhood he went to Cincinnati, then the Queen City of the West, and devoted his attention to mercantile pursuits. There he became acquainted with Henry K. Brown, the celebrated sculptor, James H. Beard, the animal-painter, and several enthusiastic patrons of art—for Cincinnati did not first exhibit its devotion to the Muses when it allured Theodore Thomas from the metropolis of the nation. The landscapes of Cole, Durand, and Doughty, and the portraits of Jarves, Chester Harding, and Thomas Sully, were housed in some of the private galleries of the city; and Whittredge, whose tastes had constantly made the counting-room odious to him, found himself as an art-student in the company of troops of friends, while his rare capacity for making friends served him to good purpose, as it has many times since. The artists and the connoisseurs of Cincinnati encouraged him to the uttermost.

It was natural for him to turn his attention first to portrait-painting. Most American painters did so at an early period of their career, not because such work was in all cases the most attractive to them, but because it was the most lucrative. It is also more or less easy to paint portraits in a new country, where the demands of sitters are not invariably of the strictest or largest sort. The likenesses of our ancestors hanging, alas! too often not in our parlors, but in less favored apartments, tell an interesting story of the ease with which those venerated persons were satisfied by the rude forefathers of the pencil. Whittredge painted portraits and earned his living with thanks from the men and women who sat for him.

The primeval forests of Ohio had long been a source of inspiration to the young artist. Landscapes, without a single human element, were his delight. He reproduced them on his canvases, and then laid them aside and painted them over again. He loved them as Rousseau loved them—Rousseau, whose aims and methods are at the farthest divergence from his own. The friends who had helped him when he dealt in portraits stood nobly by him in his new departure. They gave him plenty of commissions, and enabled him to go to Europe. After making the usual tour of London and Paris, he went to Düsseldorf, and became a pupil of Andreas Achenbach.

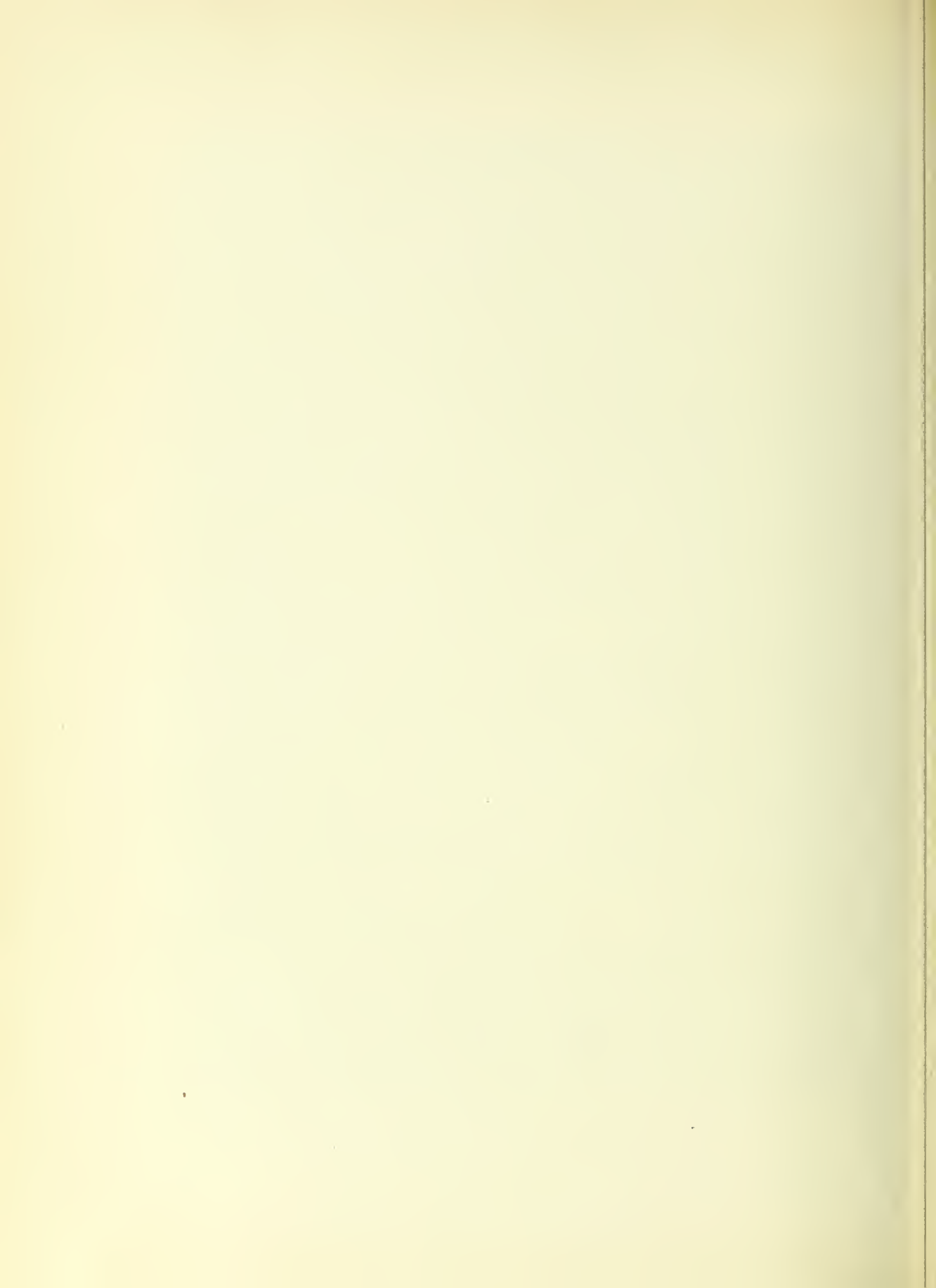


"GOOD-MORNING."

From a Painting by Walter Shirlaw.



p. 98.



The inquirer, however, who seeks in Mr. Whittredge's works the traces of Andreas Achenbach's influence, will scarcely find them there. Nor is it an uncommon thing to see in a painter's pictures the presence of other forces than those which direct the brush of his professed master. Mr. J. Appleton Brown, of Boston, studied with Lambinet, but communed with Corot. He speaks lightly of Lambinet. Mr. William M. Hunt, of the same city, studied with Couture, but it was from Millet that he took his inspiration. The explanation of the phenomenon is clearly in the fact that a pupil is not always able to secure the teacher that he prefers. Mr. J. Alden Weir, one of the most promising of our younger artists, learned the rudiments of his profession in the *atelier* of Gérôme; but only a person who is color-blind could detect in any of the fine performances of Mr. Weir the hand or the head of the author of "L'Almée." Nor is it likely that Mr. Whittredge's landscapes have ever been reminders of Andreas Achenbach's ways and aims. On the contrary, it is of Andreas's brother Oswald that one thinks when contemplating the best of Mr. Whittredge's productions. Oswald Achenbach is a great painter; Mr. Sanford Gifford, we believe, esteems him the greatest of European landscapists. The mention of his favorite Italian scenes carries with it something of a charm—a charm like that which Hermann Grimm says accompanies the utterance of the word "Florence;" "the passionate agitation of Italy's prime sends forth its fragrance toward us like blossom-laden boughs, from whose dusky shadows we catch whispers of the beautiful tongue." Oswald Achenbach's conceptions are tender and delicate, his manner of execution is almost *spirituel*; he displays a sensitiveness, grace, and beauty, which one is not accustomed to look for in Teutonic art. Andreas Achenbach, on the other hand, is as vigorous and realistic as the Dutch.

Mr. Whittredge's "Home by the Sea-side," in the valuable collection of Mr. Isaac Henderson, of New York City, is in all respects a competent representative of his most characteristic work. The tints are soft and seductive, the composition is simple and quite natural, the impression is one of expansiveness and pleasantness and peace. None of Ruysdael's melancholy nor Turner's solemnity is here; but mildness and quietness that would have pleased Cuyp or Crome. The Baron de Constant-Rebecque was described by one of his friends as "a gentleman grafted on an artist"—a description that, partly

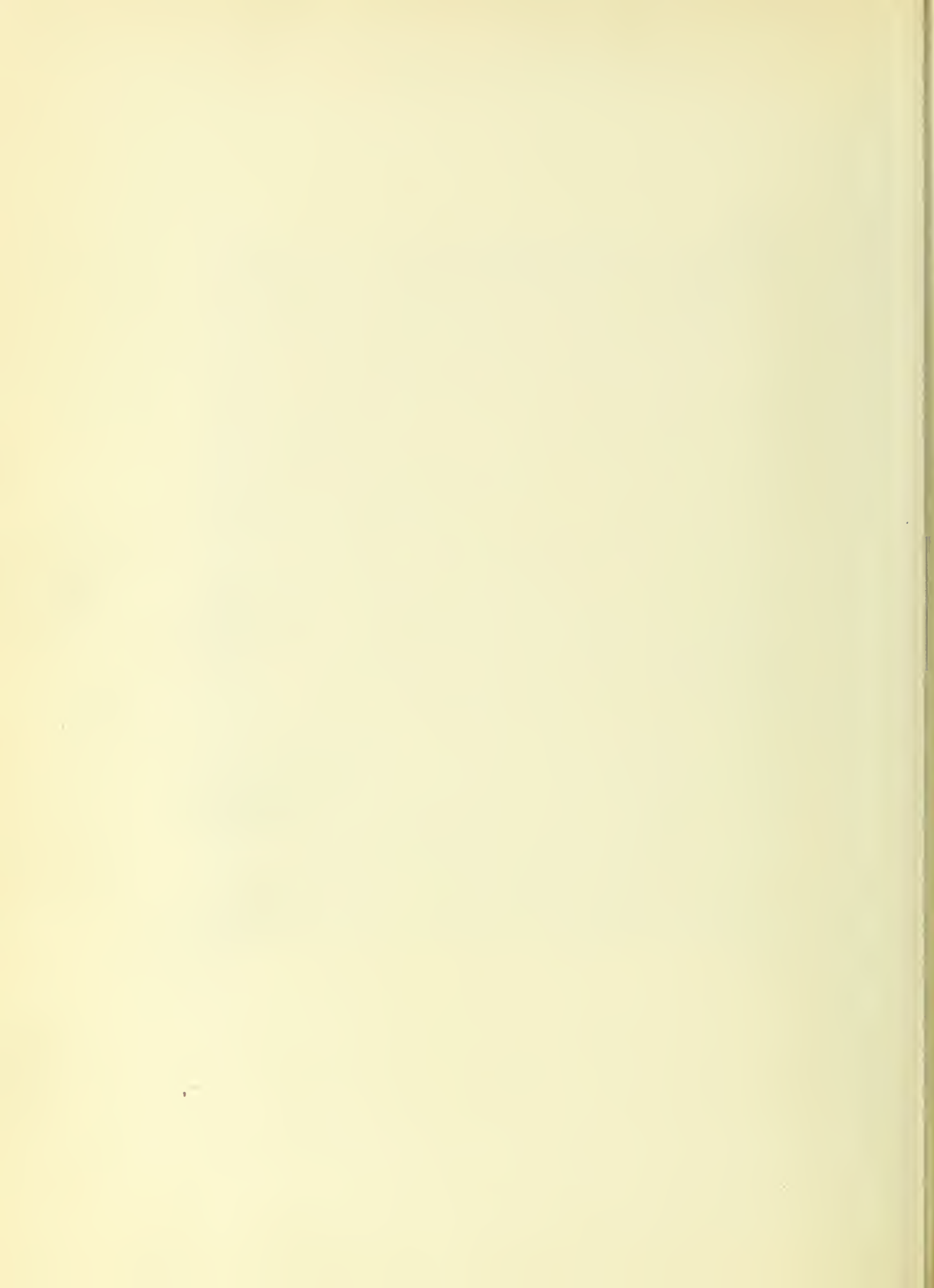
absurd though it is, one might recall in connection with Mr. Whittredge. During his residence in Europe the artist visited Holland, Belgium, Italy, and the Alps. He staid four years in Rome, where there was a colony of American painters. In 1860 he returned to America after an absence of ten years, opened a studio in New York City, and was elected an Academician. Four years subsequently he made a trip to the Rocky Mountains, and came home with a portfolio full of sketches, two of which soon developed themselves into his "Old Hunting-Ground," and "View of the Rocky Mountains from the Platte River." The former work, now in the gallery of Mr. J. W. Pinchot, of New York City, was sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Around the bank of a shallow pool where a deer is drinking are fine, tall, silvery birches. The latter work is in the possession of the Century Club of New York. Mr. Whittredge became the President of the National Academy of Design in 1874. He was succeeded in that position by Mr. Daniel Huntington, the well-known portrait-painter, but his influence in the councils of the institution is large and recognized. When on one occasion a by-law had been passed, by which eight feet of the line in every annual exhibition were reserved for the pictures of Academicians, Mr. Whittredge's voice, loud and earnest for a repeal, was heard and heeded. It was not alone, to be sure, but it led the opposition to the obnoxious statute. At the sale of Mr. John Taylor Johnston's celebrated collection of pictures in Chickering Hall, New York, in December, 1876, Mr. Whittredge was the adviser of President Garrett, of Baltimore, who bought many of the best and most valued works.

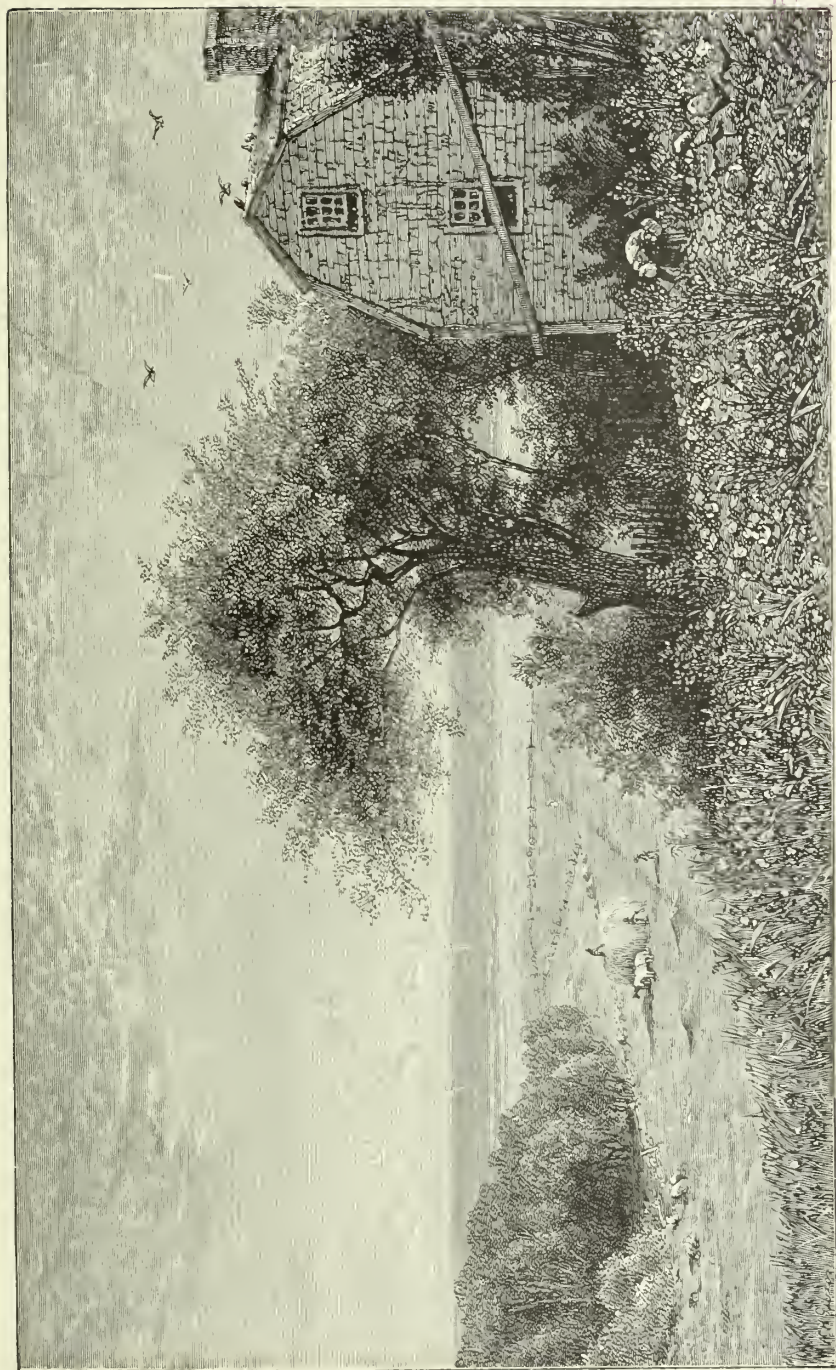
On certain favorable occasions, Mr. DANIEL HUNTINGTON, the President of the National Academy of Design, may easily be drawn into conversation on art-matters. His powers of verbal expression are above those of most of the distinguished gentlemen over whom he presides. If what he said one evening when chatting in his studio, and asked many questions (to which his answers were full and prompt), were written out in the form of a monologue, it would be very much as follows: "A portrait may be liked by the family of the sitter, while 'not liked by his friends, and *vice versa*. I always wish to know for what purpose it is wanted before I begin to paint it. If it is to be owned by



"BROOK IN THE WOODS."—[WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE.]







A HOME BY THE SEA-SIDE.

From a Painting by Worthington Whittredge.



Handwritten signature or inscription, possibly 'Wm. L. ...'





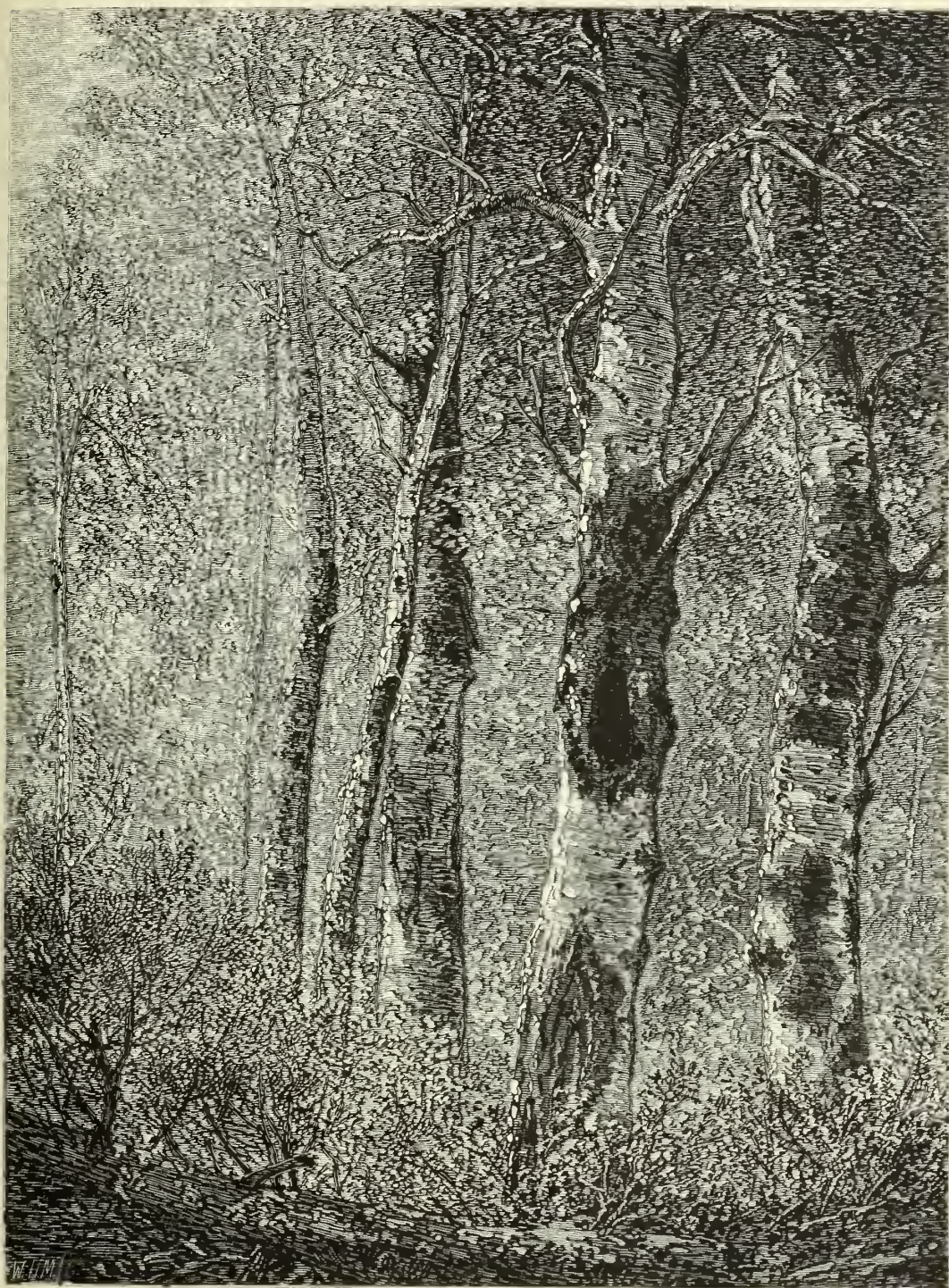




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his family, I give the man a more familiar and conversational look ; if by a society, I try to represent his active public character. The face of almost every business-man has two characteristic expressions—one rather serious and earnest, the other sweet and cheerful, with gleams of humor and affection. I remember one very remarkable instance where the family of a sitter greatly liked my portrait, but his acquaintances did not. If you want a portrait to look at you, with eyes following you around the room, it is better to be alone in the studio with the sitter, that he may get into relations with you. But it is a mistake to suppose that you must be constantly entertaining him—cracking jokes with him, as Inman used to do. The continual flitting of the artist's mind from the sitter to the subject talked about, and from subject to sitter, wears him out very fast. Besides, the portrait is apt to have—as most of Inman's portraits have—an amused expression, a sort of expression that is just what is not wanted. Most of Stuart's pictures look at you ; the finest of Titian's and of Reynolds's look off. Of course, there is no rule of position, except the rule which requires the artist to make the most of his subject. Nor is any one quality the test of excellence in a portrait. The living character of the sitter, which is what the portrait-painter strives for, doesn't depend absolutely upon either correctness of color or of drawing, but upon the general expression. Absolute truth is undoubtedly in one sense the most desirable in a portrait, if the artist can know and feel it. The real character, not the obvious character, is what he tries to represent : the capacity, capability, potentiality of the man—what the man was, so to speak, designed to be. Still, it seems proper that his finest traits should be emphasized in a portrait, since every side of his character cannot be given in the same picture. For example, in painting a lady's portrait wouldn't it be just to subdue minor infelicities of profile or complexion, to present the best of her appearance, and so to make amends for our lack of ability thoroughly to reproduce a human face ? That painting, it seems to me, is of a higher order which discerns the germs of truth in the sitter's character, and brings them out. But now and then you see a woman's face so beautiful, a woman's complexion so exquisite, that you feel, as Reynolds felt before Michael Angelo's work, that to catch the slightest of its perfections would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. As for the old masters in portraiture, of course it is impossible to tell

how much they flattered their subjects. Certainly, they sometimes caricatured them. We are sure of that. As a general rule, a portrait should please and satisfy the persons most intimate with the sitter. A bust of a man has a death-like look, which, when he is dead, his family do not like. Sculpture cannot be as real as painting. The weakness of a portrait consists most often in the absence of the true character of the sitter; you feel the absence, you perceive only a waxy resemblance, an insipidity, even though the work is beautifully handled and nicely drawn. It is pretty, but not truthful. On the other hand, a person, when looking at a portrait, often says, 'I am sure it is a good likeness,' although he has never seen the original. He feels it to be such. At the same time, however, the picture may have character, but not the character of the sitter. A moral design in a work of art is a very proper one, I think—in fact, it is the highest of all designs; but it may be reached by a process little suspected. If you hold that the artist's object is simply to present truth without teaching, you cut off from the realm of art some of the masterpieces of the world. Bunyan's descriptions are certainly pictures, and their sole intention was moral. The same is true of what Dante wrote, of what Milton wrote. I have a feeling that the same is true of the works of Shakespeare. He didn't bring the moral intention out as a preacher does, but it must have been latent in his mind. The story of 'Othello,' for example, must have been intended to convey a lesson. One gets very much disgusted, certainly, by pictures designed to teach a moral or religious truth, but feebly and poorly painted. Yet, when a picture is a work of art in every other respect, the fact that it conveys and impresses a moral truth does not make it not a work of art. Bryant's poem on the water-fowl is one of the most nearly perfect pieces of artistic composition in the world, yet its whole idea is the truth that God cares for a solitary, individual life. That is its key, and that clinches it. As for many modern French pictures—for instance, some of those in the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia—they were evidently intended to pamper the tastes of lascivious men. I felt it. Titian's method was absolutely the *beau idéal*—fullness of reality and individuality, and, at the same time, breadth and largeness of treatment. Even in his handling of color this same method is seen—certainly very nicely discriminated and emphasized tints appear in every one of his pictures. Flesh is the most



STUDY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN ASPENS.

From a Painting by Worthington Whittredge.









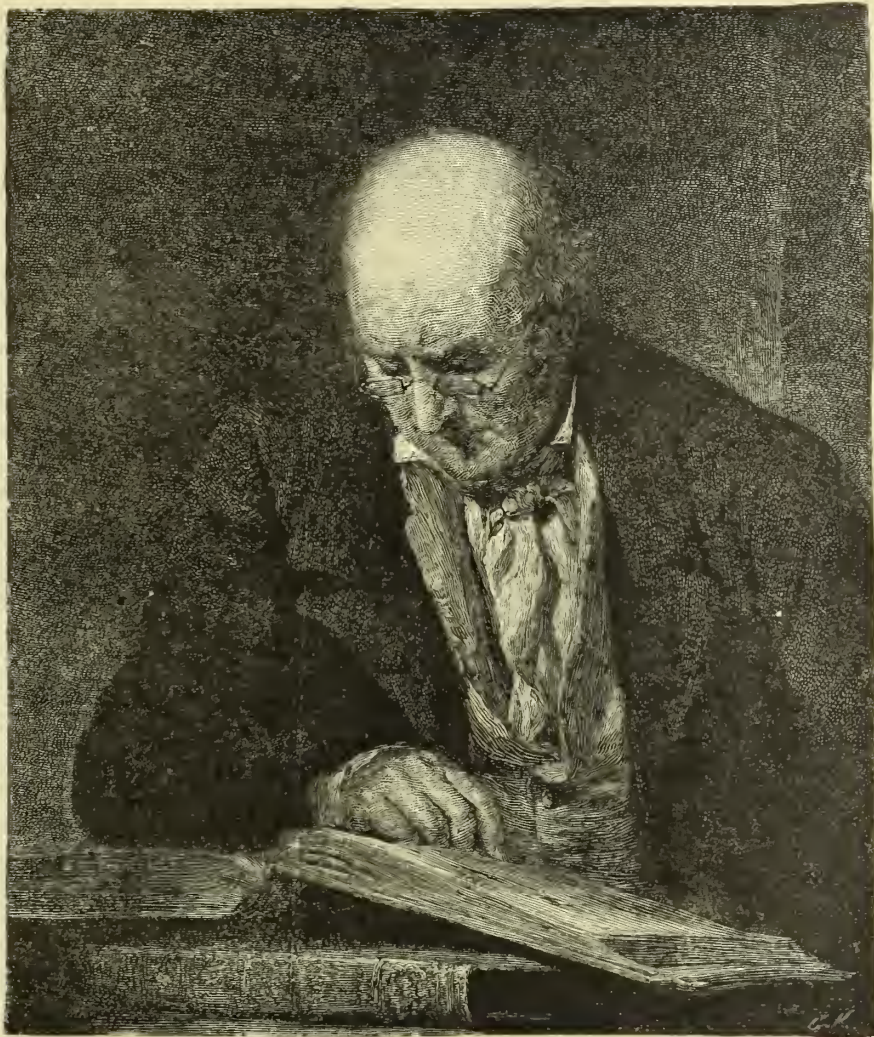
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D. HUNTINGTON, PINX.

G. KRUEGER, SC.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FATHER.



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difficult of all substances to represent on canvas. Very few painters have ever reproduced it. As a painter grows older he gets to think so much of the importance of pearliness, freshness, and delicacy in flesh, that he is apt to lose richness, force, and warmth. He becomes satisfied with too little of the latter qualities. No matter how much love he has for them, he feels that, without pearliness, without that delicate and luminous effect of light in and shining through a porcelain vase, the picture is nothing. Perhaps the film of the eye in old age makes things look a little yellower than they are. At any rate, whatever may be the cause, it is certain that pictures by older painters are very often deficient in yellows. Reynolds's later portraits have this defect; so have Trumbull's. But Titian's are always incomparable. Nevertheless, this pearliness of flesh in a portrait cannot be too highly valued. It must be preserved, whatever else is lost. Here" (pointing to an unfinished picture of a lady) "is a sketch of a portrait after only one or two sittings. The first painting of the face is a pearly gray, with merely a film of color—a slight approximation to flesh-color. Gradually I shall deepen it till I get the tone I want; and, last of all, I shall add warmth to it—though, perhaps, even after I have done so, it will be too cool. So, when painting the black-velvet robe of that other figure yonder, I began with a tint considerably lighter than that of black velvet. This tint, shining through the one next laid upon it, makes the latter luminous. It is the light-in-the-vase effect again. Cold colors need something to give them warmth and tenderness. For example, before painting the green drapery of that picture, I rubbed some browns on the canvas, and then used a purer and fresher green, to which the browns, by breaking through it, give a sparkling effect—an effect which is simply the result of an opposite color shining through. Sir Joshua Reynolds, you remember, found that Titian's process was sometimes the same one that I adopted in the unfinished portrait of a lady."

Of the pictures in his studio and the other rooms of his house—the number of these treasures is many—Mr. Huntington values most a small Kensett called "In the Woods," and representing a scene above the Kauterskill Falls in the Catskills. It reproduces subtle effects of atmosphere and color, and is also exceedingly bold and fresh. The grays in it are so rich! Many of Mr. Kensett's friends will remember this beautiful example; and none of them

will be inclined to question Mr. Huntington's estimate of the lamented and beloved artist, whose place is vacant still. In speaking of one of Kensett's sea-scenes—the one entitled “Eagle Rock,” and owned by the artist Hicks—Mr. Huntington, after mentioning its extreme brilliancy of color, its quiet, distant, sunlit effects, its exquisite wave-drawing, its truthfulness, and its delightful feeling, exclaimed, “I don't think any man ever did those things as well as he!” Some old tapestry, woven with the story of poor Dido; a suit of armor ornamented with arabesque forms and inlaid with gold; easels and easy-chairs; all sorts of plaster-casts of human bodies and parts of bodies; two copies from Titian; one from Stuart's “General Gates;” one from Couture; an original Stuart; Hoyt's copy of the head of Rembrandt in the Uffizi Gallery, with its noble quality and texture, and its “rotten-ripe” look; a portrait of Dr. Guyot, of Princeton College—that scholarly and beloved professor—are also in the studio, which is a delightfully confused and comfortable place, open wide to a fine north light.

His reminiscences of early friends were interesting. Washington Allston he did not know very well, having passed only a part of one evening with him in Boston. Mr. Huntington went at about eleven o'clock, in company with a lady friend, who thought even that hour of the night was a little early for making a call upon Allston. Mr. Huntington remembered that the artist, who was bright and full of spirit, got out a little saucer of cigars, and some apples; and that he took the trouble to go down-stairs and draw some cider for his guests. Allston's conversation was full of anecdotes of himself, of the painter Leslie, of old times in England, and of Coleridge, whom he greatly admired and loved. At half-past twelve o'clock in the morning his visitors arose to depart. “I thought,” said Mr. Huntington, “that I had staid long enough. But Allston insisted that it was early yet—only the edge of the evening; and, going up to the lady, he laid his hand upon her arm and with great earnestness besought her not to go. Half an hour later, when we renewed our attempt to get away, he remarked that it was a pity we had to leave so soon. He never went to bed himself before two o'clock in the morning.”

The painter Cole, whom Mr. Huntington knew well, was “a sensitive, delicately-constituted man, gentle, affectionate, and cheerful, and funny and frolic-

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P. 105



SOWING THE WORD.

From a Painting by Daniel Huntington.

some as a child. He caught the spirit of our wild American landscape with wonderful power, especially in the smaller pictures painted in his middle period. Later in life, having become morbidly excited by the moral ideas which he attempted to depict upon his canvas, he produced so rapidly and with such fire that much of the artistic excellence of his earlier and smaller works was lost. His best works are in the rooms of the New York Historical Society—small reproductions of autumn American scenery, brilliant still, and full of truth and spirit. His finest works will live—there is no doubt about it; he fills a niche no one else ever did fill, or ever can, for the time has gone by.” His “Storm in a Forest,” in Mr. R. M. Olyphant’s late collection, is “full of blow and fury, and is very characteristic.” The last of the series in the Historical Society’s rooms—a scene of utter desolation, crumbling ruins covered with ivy in the foreground, a stork’s nest, and a full moon—is, in Mr. Huntington’s opinion, the most nearly perfect of his paintings: “In texture and color it is absolutely perfect, as perfect as anything I know of. It is a great picture in every respect. Samuel F. B. Morse was a great deal more of an artist than he was generally esteemed to be. When he was painting, a certain flashy style was fashionable—a style which delighted chiefly in delicate finish and elaboration, but forgot the existence of such a substance as a soul. Professor Morse despised this style; and the best of his portraits are painted in a good, solid, Venetian way, without thinness, smoothness, or slipperiness. He had studied hard under Allston and West, and was an accomplished composer; but his fondness for experiment in natural philosophy manifested itself also in the domain of art. He was always trying different textures, vehicles, and methods; he was always framing theories—qualities valuable in a professor, but interfering with simplicity of artistic pursuit. When I knew him he had his wires strung around his studio, and his chemical apparatus side by side with his easel. His portrait of an old lady, in Mr. R. M. Olyphant’s collection, is like a Rembrandt; and his ‘Mayor Paulding,’ in the City Hall, is exceedingly broad, vigorous, and manly.”

“The ‘Slave-Ship,’” said Mr. Huntington, “cannot be understood except by a person who has seen Turner’s earlier and later pictures. It comes between them. He was a little crazy in his eye when he painted it, and it somewhat resembles the mutterings or ravings of an insane genius of the high-

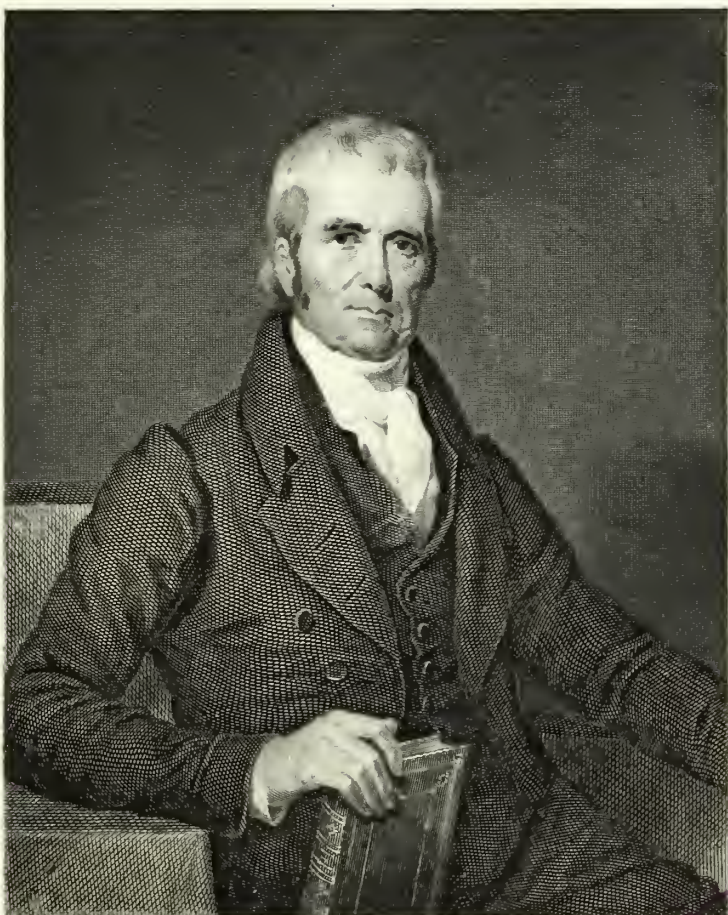
est rank. Full of the most wonderful execution, and the most wonderful knowledge of material and of Nature, it is at the same time disjointed and inconsistent. Its faults are those of a great mind going to chaos. Rich in atmosphere, in the flicker of light, and (throughout the lower part) of translucency; the water flowing, liquid, and yet solid; the representation of texture and of substances perfect—it is, nevertheless, neither truthful nor natural. The upper part, with its whites running into intense yellows, oranges, and reds, is overdone; the lower part is exquisite in refinement and delicacy. The clearness, movement, swash, and solidity of the waves are extraordinary. Could we but place ‘*The Slave-Ship*’ between one of his earlier and one of his later works, it would become very interesting; but by itself it gives a false idea of his capacity and taste as an artist. It would be mere affectation for any one to pretend to like it who had seen no other works of Turner’s. I hear connoisseurs and painters exclaiming that they can’t see anything in it; that it is perfect folly; that it is humbug, and so on; and I confess that the first sight of the work a little astonished me. To call it a miracle of art is to go to the other extreme. It is a product of wonderful power a little disorganized. It is just that, and only that, and all that.”

Inman was a charming fellow—a wag, immensely humorous and droll. His studio and Mr. Huntington’s were in the same building. He painted with great rapidity and facility. It was generally thought that he painted ladies best. He was constantly cracking jokes and saying witticisms which made them laugh; and, consequently, you will rarely see a serious portrait of a lady by Inman. His portraits of old men, determined, solemn old men, who could not be moved by his drollery, were really his best—e. g., the “*Bishop Moore*,” of Virginia, in full Episcopal robes, expresses the dignity and grace of an old gentleman, and is replete with spirit and power. It now hangs in the vestry-room of Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-sixth Street, New York. Bishop White’s venerable head is well worth looking at. Inman made several copies of this picture, and one of the best of them is owned by Mrs. Rogers, of Twentieth Street, a sister of Dr. Muhlenberg. The portrait of Mr. Rawle, of Philadelphia, is a masterpiece: the pallid warmth and translucency of a studious old man’s face are admirably rendered. A head of Chalmers in the Lenox Library—Mr. Lenox is an admirer of Dr. Chalmers—is



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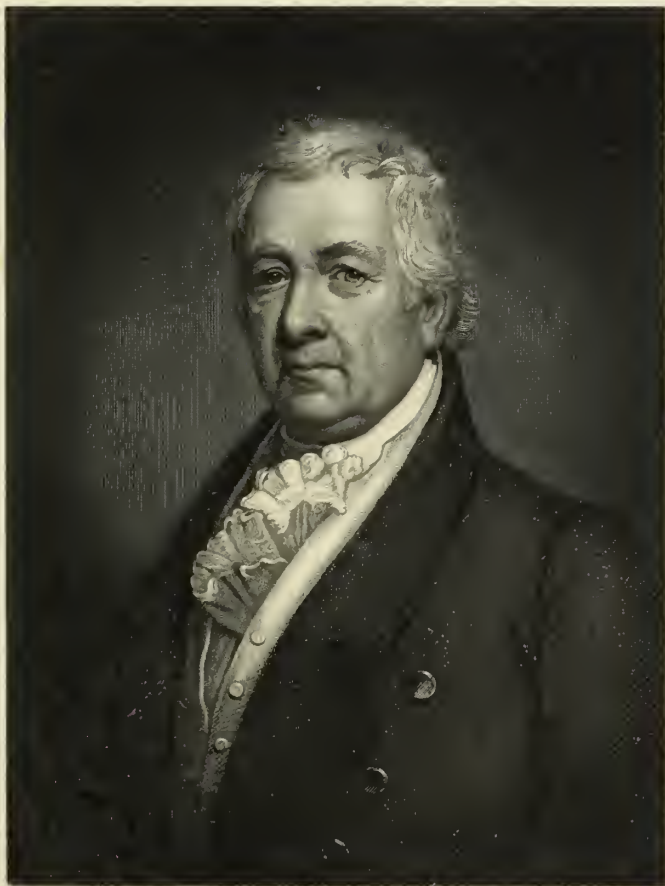
JOHN MARSHALL, LL.D.

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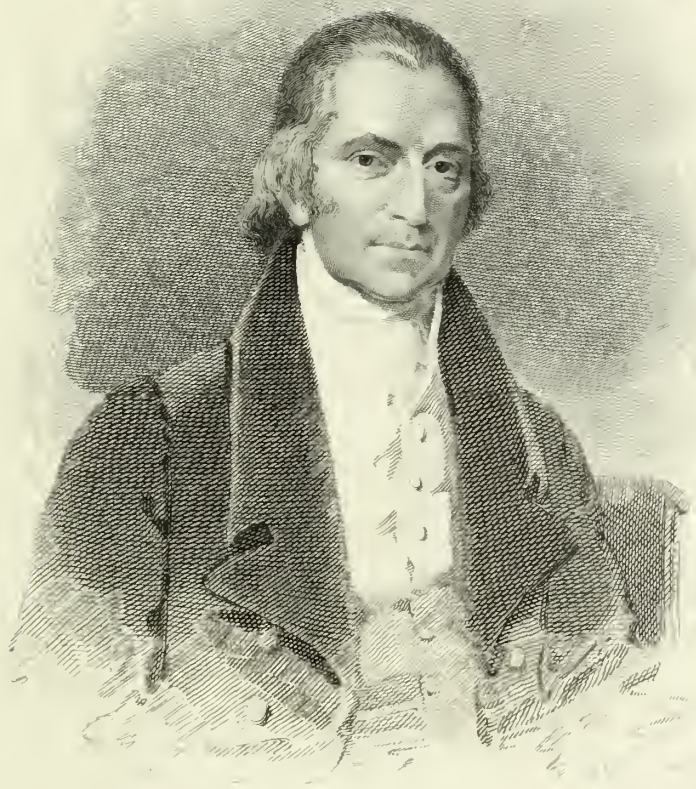




Engraved by Chamber & Clark by Permission of the N.Y. Lyceum from a Painting by H. Inman

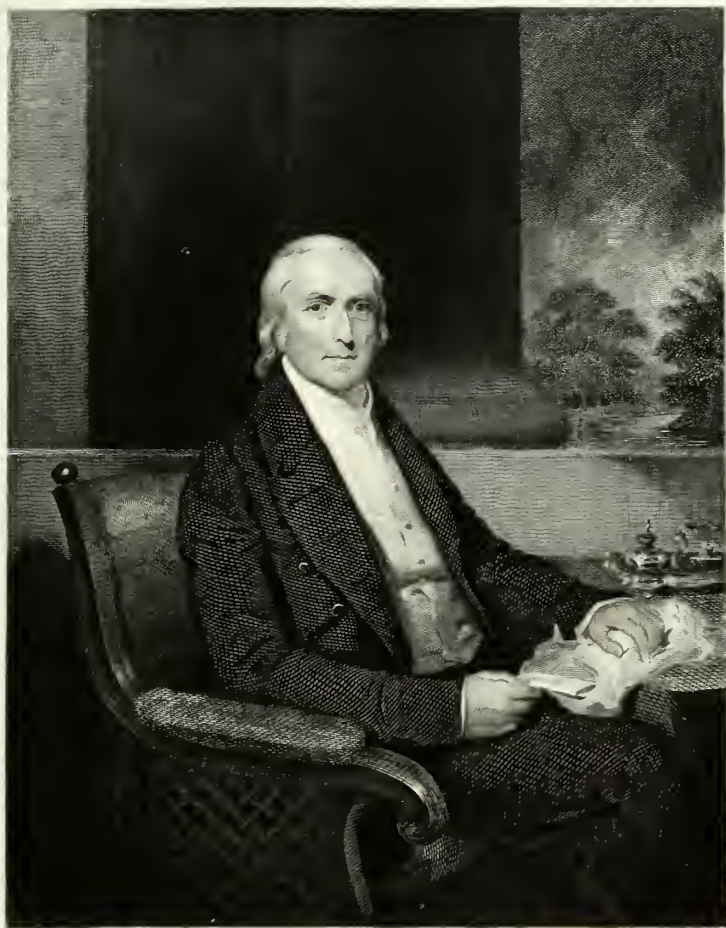
SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, M.D. L.L.D.

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ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA.

From a Painting by Daniel Huntington.

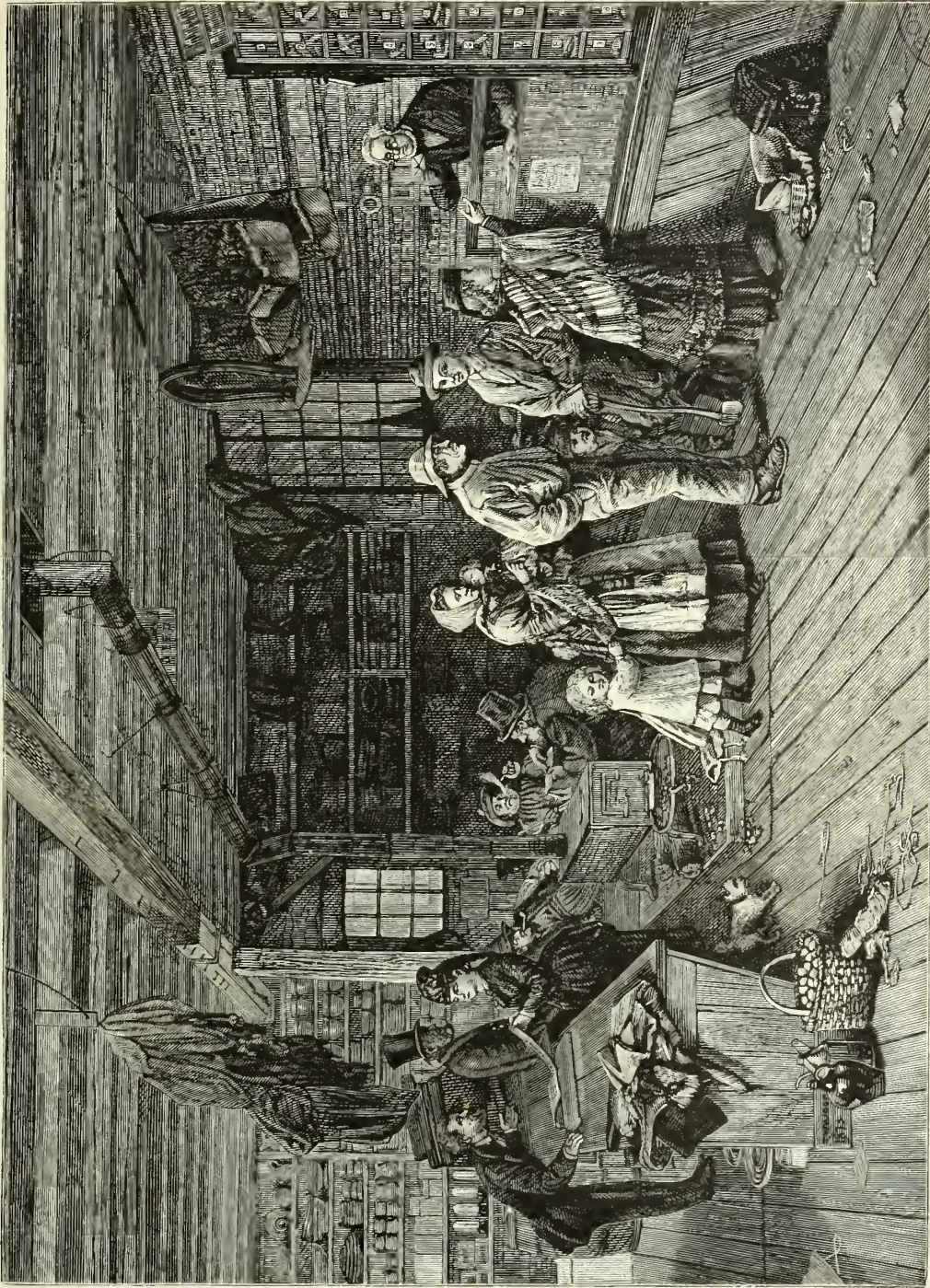
also an important work. It was painted when Inman was in Great Britain. Macaulay, Wordsworth, and other celebrities, sat for him at about the same time. His self-confidence and "push" were largely developed, and in him were very pleasant. Before going to England he tried to get orders for portraits of distinguished men in that country. A good story is told in this connection. A New-Yorker, to whom Inman had applied for an order, at length gave him one for a portrait of a certain nobleman, Lord Codrington by name. Inman received the commission gladly, but, of course, made no memorandum of the name. The Lord-Chancellor of England at that time was named Codrington (or something else very much like Codrington), and in the presence of the lord-chancellor appeared Inman, with a request to be allowed to paint a portrait of him for his friend, Mr. —, in America. "But," remonstrated the lord-chancellor, with an oath, "I don't know any such gentleman; I haven't a single acquaintance in America!" "Well," replied Inman, not in the least daunted, "he knows you; he's a leading man in our country—plenty of money, influential, prominent—and he very much wants your portrait. He especially commissioned me to paint one before I left New York." It will hardly be believed that the artist actually persuaded the lord-chancellor to give him a series of sittings; but such is the fact. Inman came home with a vigorous and flashy portrait of him in official robes. But all the artist's audacity was useless on his arrival here. The gentleman who had ordered a Codrington would not take a Coddington. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. George Buckam, Inman's executor. It is a strong and characteristic specimen, and deserves a place in a public gallery.

"Is there an American school of painting?" I asked.

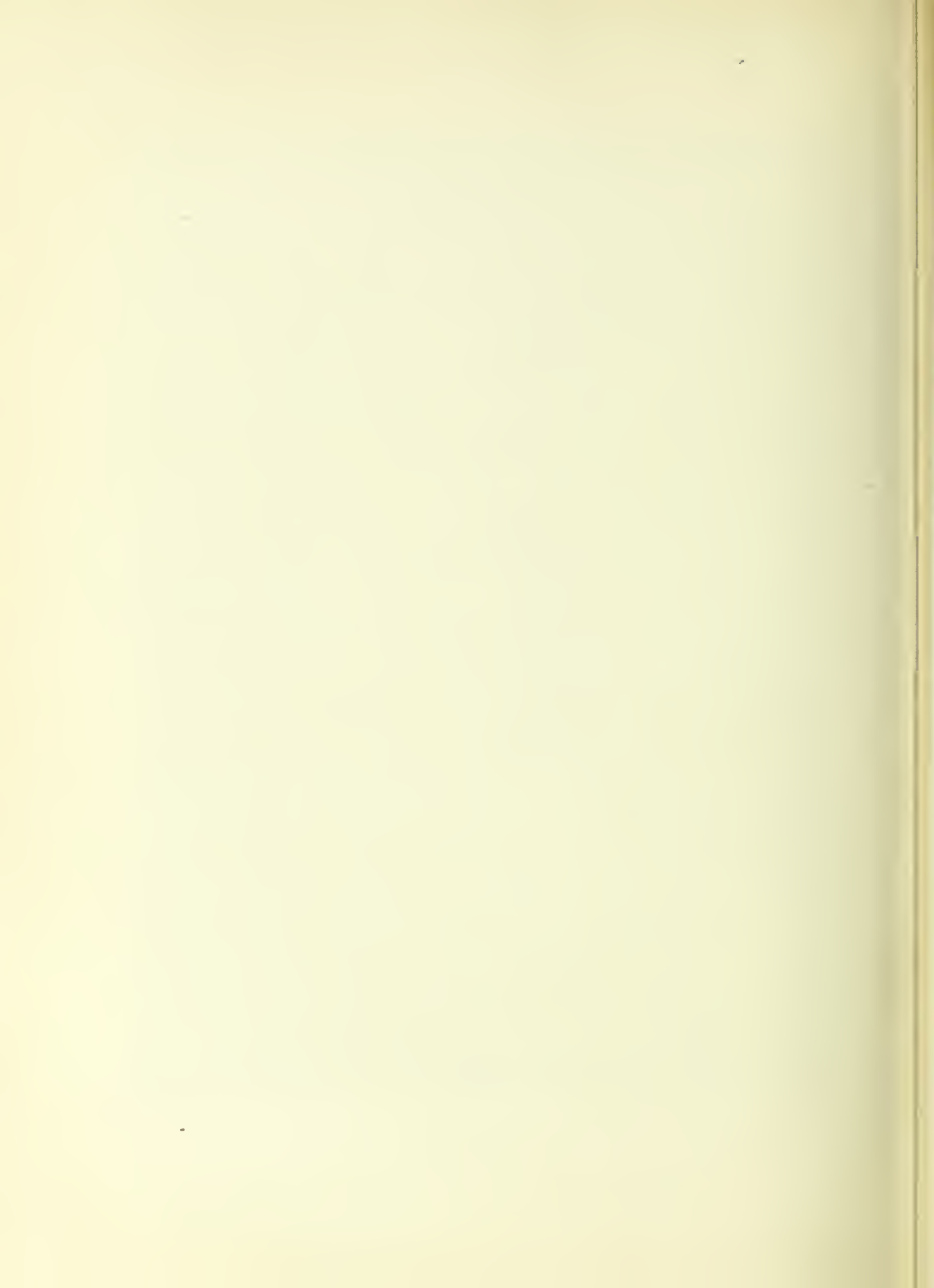
"Undoubtedly, there once was an American school of painting," he replied. "Such works as Cole's wild, sequestered mountain-landscapes, and Mount's *genre* representations, are distinctively American. 'The Power of Music,' 'Raffling for a Goose,' 'Bargaining for a Horse,' and other of Mount's pictures, could never have been painted in Europe. At the same time, they lack the harmony, richness, artistic strength, that would have come from foreign study. But art is universal, and the distinction of national schools will be done away with—originality being confined for the most part to the individual artist, rather than to any class of artists in a particular country. To-day, however,

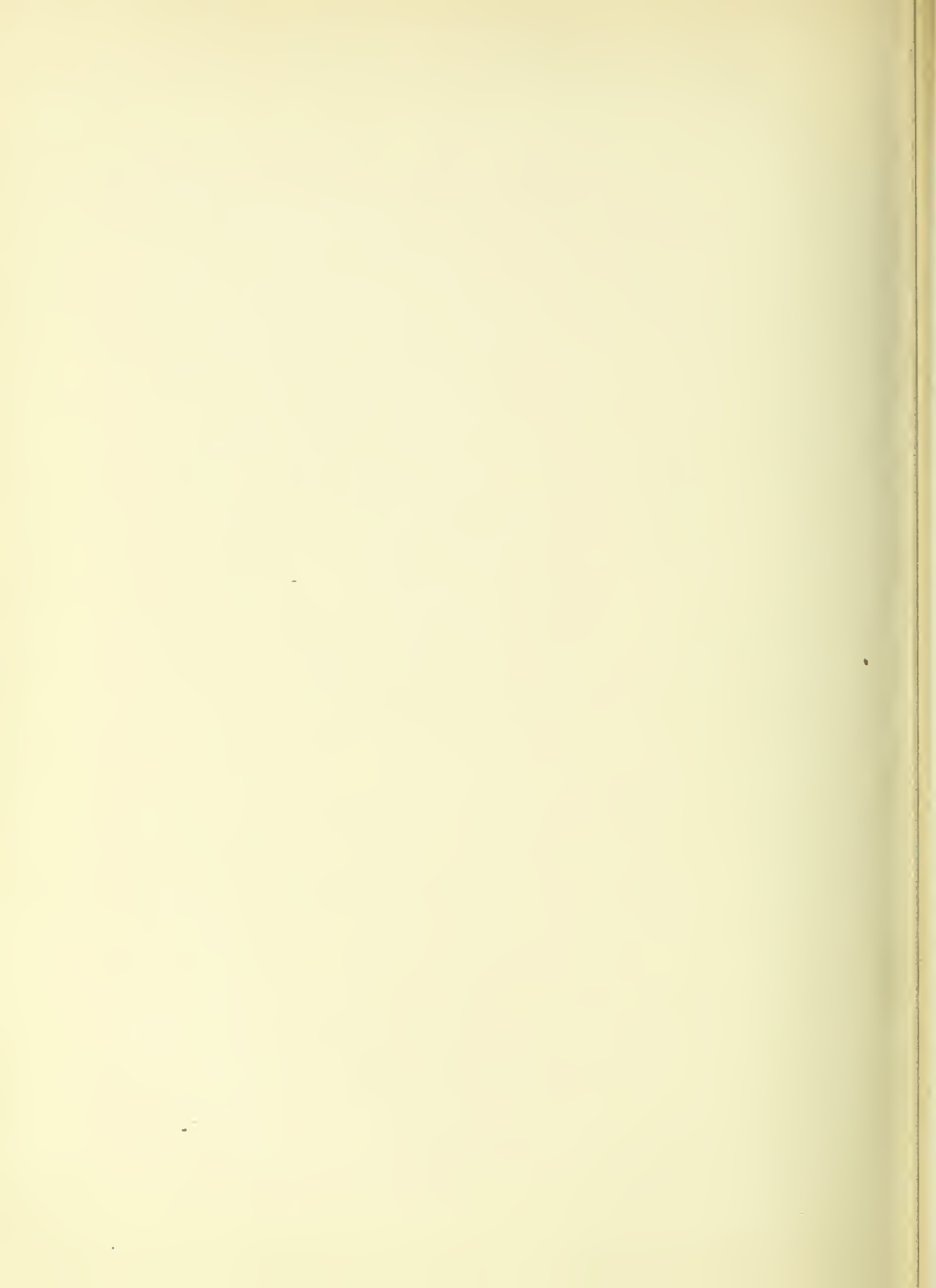
there is certainly a marked difference in the styles even of Boston and New York artists. William M. Hunt and his pupils display a simplicity and breadth, a large and rather blocky way of laying things out, a neglect instead of a subordination of details, which they learned from Millet, but which, though found in Boston, can scarcely be called an outgrowth of Boston. This method of painting is broad and vigorous; it gives only the largest and most important features of a scene; it produces fine results. But it is a dangerous method, for young men especially, and its results are certainly not perfection. American art lacks thorough training and drilling in schools; and whatever means may be devised to insure a thorough art-education, students should receive the best instruction in drawing, painting, and modeling, and should listen to practical lectures on anatomy and perspective especially. They should be required at regular intervals to pass examinations, should be advanced by slow and sure stages, and should be graduated with diplomas of merit. Such a system, thoroughly carried out, would insure a training applicable to every department of art, without loss of originality or individuality. Our independent 'Young America' is not in danger of following slavishly in the track of any master. The late John Beaufain Irving was one of those who did not hesitate to enter the lists for a contest with foreign art, selecting his subjects in fields where the most eminent European artists had won their laurels. His courage in doing so was admirable, and the fate cannot but be deplored which cut him off in the heat of the fight, while the shouts of his adherents were ringing in his ears. Nevertheless, the fight will be maintained. There will be no truce. Foreign art will continue to pour in its forces, and American art must triumph, not by imitating or decrying it, but by surpassing it."

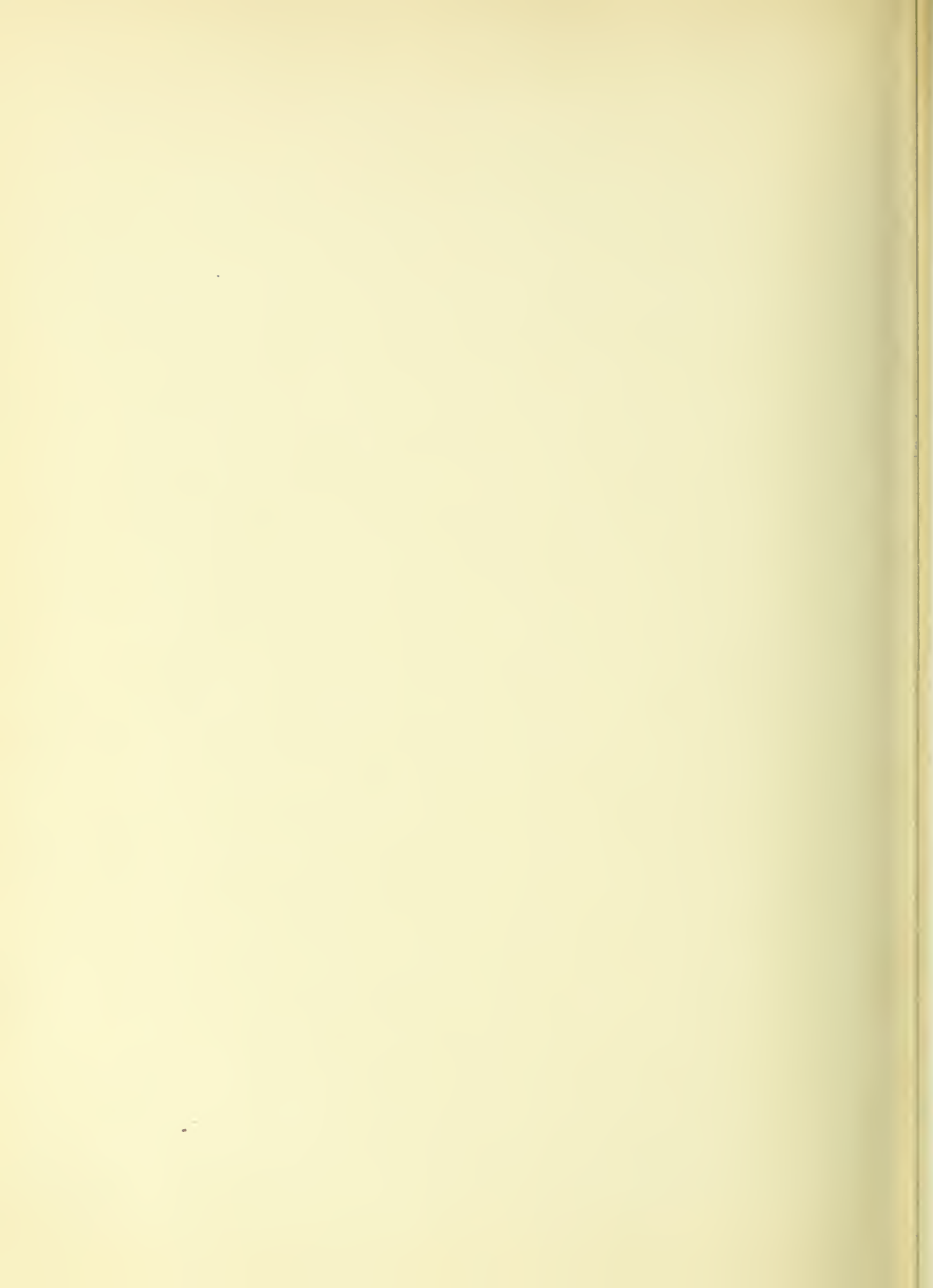
Mr. Huntington was born in the city of New York, on the 14th of October, 1816. He was a student in Hamilton College, where he became acquainted with the late Mr. Charles L. Elliott, the portrait-painter. In 1835 he was a pupil in the studio of the late Professor S. F. B. Morse. In 1839 he visited Europe, and staid two years in Rome. Again, in 1844, he spent two years in the capital of Italy. For seven years, from 1862 to 1869, he was President of the National Academy of Design, a position which he now holds. He has probably painted more portraits of distinguished Americans than any



THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.
From a Painting by Thomas Waterman Wood.







other painter, living or dead. His historical and ideal subjects are very many. Principal among them are "Sowing the Word," "Henry VIII. and Queen Catharine Parr," "Lady Jane Grey and Feckenham in the Tower," "Mercy's Dream," and "Ichabod Crane and Katrina," the last mentioned being in the gallery of Mr. William H. Osborn, of Park Avenue, New York.

The present President of the American Water-Color Society, Mr. THOMAS WATERMAN WOOD, a *genre* and figure painter, was born in Montpelier, Vermont. In 1857 he studied art in the studio of Mr. Chester Harding, of Boston, and in 1858 went to Paris. Two years afterward he returned to Montpelier. In a few weeks he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and painted portraits in that city and in Nashville, Tennessee, until 1867, when he came to New York City, bringing with him many sketches of negro and soldier life, which he has since transferred to canvas. To the exhibition that year in the National Academy of Design he contributed a group of works entitled "The Blind Fiddler," "The Sharp-shooter," "The Contraband," "The Recruit," and "The Veteran," all of them relating to the war of the rebellion. The last three are in the collection of Mr. Charles S. Smith, of New York City, and were intended to go together and to constitute a chapter in the life of a negro soldier. "In the first," says a writer who saw them, "the newly-emancipated slave approaches a provost-marshal's office with timid step, seeking to be enrolled among the defenders of his country. This is the genuine 'Contraband.' He has evidently come a long journey on foot. His only baggage is contained in an old silk pocket-handkerchief. He is not past middle age, yet privation and suffering have made him look prematurely old. In the next we see him accepted, accoutred, uniformed, and drilled, standing on guard at the very door where he entered to enlist. This is 'The Volunteer.' His cares have now vanished, and he looks younger, and, it is needless to say, happy and proud. In the third picture he is the one-legged veteran, though two years since we first saw him can scarcely be said to have passed. He approaches the same office to draw his 'additional bounty' and pension, or perhaps his 'back pay.'"

These pictures were the occasion of Mr. Wood's being elected an Associate

of the Academy. In 1871 he became an Academician. Mr. Thomas Schultz, of Astoria, owns his "Politics in the Workshop;" Mr. James R. Osgood, of Boston, his "Country Doctor;" "Mr. Fletcher Harper, Jr., of New York City, his "Cogitation," a character-study; and Mr. Thau, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, his "Return of the Flag." Mr. Wood's first contribution to the American Water-Color Society's exhibitions was the "American Citizens," which contained representations of the negro, the Dutchman, the Irishman, and the Yankee. His "Village Post-Office," which we have engraved, is owned by Mr. Charles S. Smith.

Mr. LEMUEL E. WILMARTH, a native of Attleborough, Massachusetts, was in early manhood a watch-maker in Philadelphia. He entered the night-classes of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1857, and went to Europe two years later. For three years and a half he studied art in Munich. The painter Wilhelm von Kaulbach befriended him, and introduced him into some families of that city as a drawing-teacher. One of his first important works was a cartoon representing Mutius Scævola burning his right hand in the presence of the King of the Etruscans, which is said to have received warm praise from Kaulbach. In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Wilmarth returned to America. Two years afterward he became a student in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, in the *atelier* of Gérôme, whence he sent to the Academy exhibitions in New York his "Sparkling in the Olden Time," his "Playing Two Games at One Time," his "Little Pitchers have Big Ears," his "Last Hours of Captain Nathan Hale," and other works. He opened a studio in New York in 1867. The next year he assumed the charge of the schools of the Brooklyn Art Association, and in 1870 became professor in the schools of the National Academy of Design. His portrait-group, entitled "An Afternoon at Home," was in the Academy Exhibition of 1871; and his *genre* picture, "Guess what I've brought You?"—a boy standing before a lady and little girl, and holding behind him a squirrel in a cage—in the Exhibition of 1873. Not long ago, in the same place, was hung the work which we have engraved. It is called "Ingratitude," and the ingratitude is that of the mother of a litter of pups, who steals the



INGRATITUDE.

From a Painting by Lemuel E. Wilmarth.





T. W. Wood -

THOMAS W. WOOD.

ONE realizes the size of the United States and the various character of each state, as he considers from what widely separated regions our artists have come ; now, from the sunny South, then, from the bleak shores of New England, or the vast, ocean-like prairies of the great West. Some have been cradled by the roar of the turbulent Atlantic, others where limitless billows of waving grain carry the eye away to the setting sun ; and yet all, wherever born and under whatever influences educated, acknowl-

edge the great bond of a common love for the beautiful, and a yearning to express their thoughts in the universal language of art.

Yes, this is the one language that all can understand, however different their mother tongues, and however sundered by age and clime. The Greek, Latin, Japanese, Saxon, or East Indian may have each a different tongue, but they all understand the poetry of color. They are all alike moved by the subtle harmony of lines, and each can take pleasure in each other's methods of art expression.

In the case of the artist who heads this paper, we find ourselves taken to the Green Mountains of Vermont. He was born at Montpelier, the state capital, about fifty years ago. It is evident that some descendant of the French had something to do with naming both the state and the capital. The latter name is borrowed from a famous and beautiful city, in the south of France, celebrated for its medical university which was established by the Moors.

It is the old familiar story, that we find in the opening history of almost every artist, which greets us also in the case of Thomas Wood. He met with strong opposition from his father in following his art inclinations. This parental opposition is, however, perfectly natural; because those who have never themselves had art aspirations know not the reward it sometimes brings to such as earnestly devote themselves to it; while no profession is more liable at the outset to yield hardship and pecuniary necessity. It is natural, therefore, that a father, who thinks of the welfare of his child, should desire for him a more certain if less distinguished mode of obtaining a livelihood.

But young Wood's father allowed him to draw during his leisure hours; and this he did until he was eighteen, never having seen colors, and having, hitherto, had no instruction whatever. But, at that time, a friend of his, who had been studying in Boston, returned to Montpelier with some oil colors and imparted some of his imperfect knowledge to the would-be artist.

Soon after this Mr. Wood set up in the neighborhood as a portrait painter, and was able to seize a likeness, although, of course, but an indifferent painter as yet. Having thus scraped together a little money, he made his way to Boston in search of further instruction.

In those days, the facilities for studying art in Boston were not quite what they are to-day. Neither Normal Art School, nor Museum of Fine Arts, nor the studios of such masters in art instruction as Mr. William M. Hunt, were then open to the young art student. He had to pick up his art knowledge in a rough and ready way, a few hints here, or a few suggestions there, or sometimes a few lessons from some kind-hearted artist who sympathized with the efforts of the young beginner. It was in this way, chiefly from being permitted to paint a short time in the studio of Chester Harding, that Mr. Wood profited by his residence in Boston.

Harding, who was noted in his day as one of the best portrait painters in the country, is another instance of the difficulties with which our artists have had to contend, before the art facilities of our time made it comparatively easy to obtain art knowledge and education. First a peddler, then a chair-maker, and after that a sign-painter, all the education he had in art when he took to painting was in watching a wandering artist paint the portrait of Mrs. Harding. Yet, with this slender stock of knowledge, Chester Harding set up as a portrait painter; and when by thrift and industry he was able to lay by a little money, he went to England and took lessons there. He became an excellent painter, and some of his portraits will long possess value for those who are interested in the progress of Art in America.

Mr. Harding was a man of kindly disposition, and cheerfully imparted some of his art-knowledge to the young student from Vermont; and before long Mr. Wood began to produce successful portraits, generally of small size. About this time he executed a portrait of the government printer of Canada, or printer to the Queen as he is called. It proved so satisfactory, that the artist received an invitation to go to Montreal and paint fifteen more portraits, including such gentleman as the premier, Sir Andrew McNab, and Lord Bury.

After a successful art tour in Canada, Mr. Wood, feeling much encouraged by the favor awarded to his art efforts, settled in Baltimore for a while, devoting himself to portraiture. It was while in that city that he attempted his first genre picture.

Genre is a word borrowed from the French, and means people. The term is applied in art to simple domestic scenes, including one or more figures, sug-

gested by every-day life, as distinguished from elaborate pictures of fashionable life or history.

We have not, until recent years, had many genre painters in our art. William H. Mount was one of the first. He was a man of great natural ability, but his advantages were few. Eastman Johnson, Richard M. Staigg, F. A. Meyer.

I. G. Brown and James M. Champney are among some of the clever genre artists we have had since the time of Mount. Among this number Mr. Wood holds an honorable position as one who forcibly represents the humble life of the poor with pathos and humor.

His success in this direction was determined by the favor with which his first genre picture was received. It represented an old negro, and was sent to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, where it was purchased at once. But meantime a gentleman who had seen it in Baltimore, sent on word that he had already



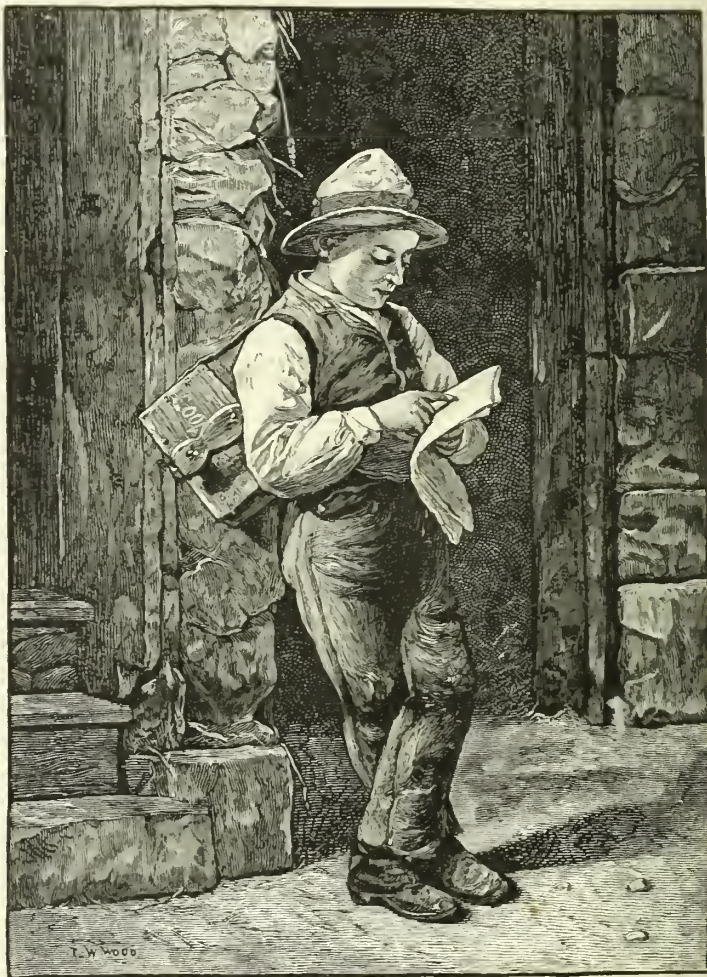
T. W. Wood
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determined to buy it, and had so informed the artist. It became a rather difficult question to decide who was the owner, and a law-suit was the result, in which each claimant fought hard to maintain his own right to the picture. The Baltimore purchaser was finally decided to be the rightful owner, but meantime the New York buyer, who had previously taken the painting from the Academy at the close of the exhibition, had slyly caused a very clever copy of it to be made by another artist. Of course this lawsuit helped the reputation of Mr. Wood by attracting increased attention to his art.

From Baltimore Mr. Wood went to Europe and wandered among the studios and galleries of the continent as far as Italy, improving his mind by a faithful study of the old masters. On his return from Europe Mr. Wood went to Tennessee, where he spent several months painting portraits and gathering material for genre pictures. He was in Nashville at the opening of the war, and remained there until the fall of Fort Donaldson. Several times it was proposed to force him to enlist in the ranks of the Southern army, and as he is of large and massive stature there is no doubt he would have made a good fighter. But he was not only Northern born but also Northern in soul, and used every expedient to avoid serving against his country. In this he was aided by one of the recruiting surgeons, whose portrait he was painting, and who justly saw the absurdity and wickedness of forcing a man to serve on the side to which he was opposed. Learning secretly of the advance of the Federal army on Nashville, and knowing that this would produce a panic that would affect the banks, Mr. Wood shrewdly and quietly changed all his bank-notes into money available elsewhere, and speedily left for the North.

Since that time Mr. Wood has resided in New York, and has become an academician, as well as one of the most prominent members of the American Water Color Society. In 1878 he was elected president of the society, and the first exhibition since then has been one of the most successful they have held.

Mr. Wood's studio is in the Tenth Street Studio Building. It is a quiet, cosy apartment, always neat and attractive, the walls colored maroon and an old-fashioned clock ticking in the corner. Both in the drawing of the studio and the picture illustrating his style, you see representations of some of his models. The latter is a young Italian newsboy, who has not



SPELLING IT OUT. (From the painting in possession of Thomas Ried, Esq.)

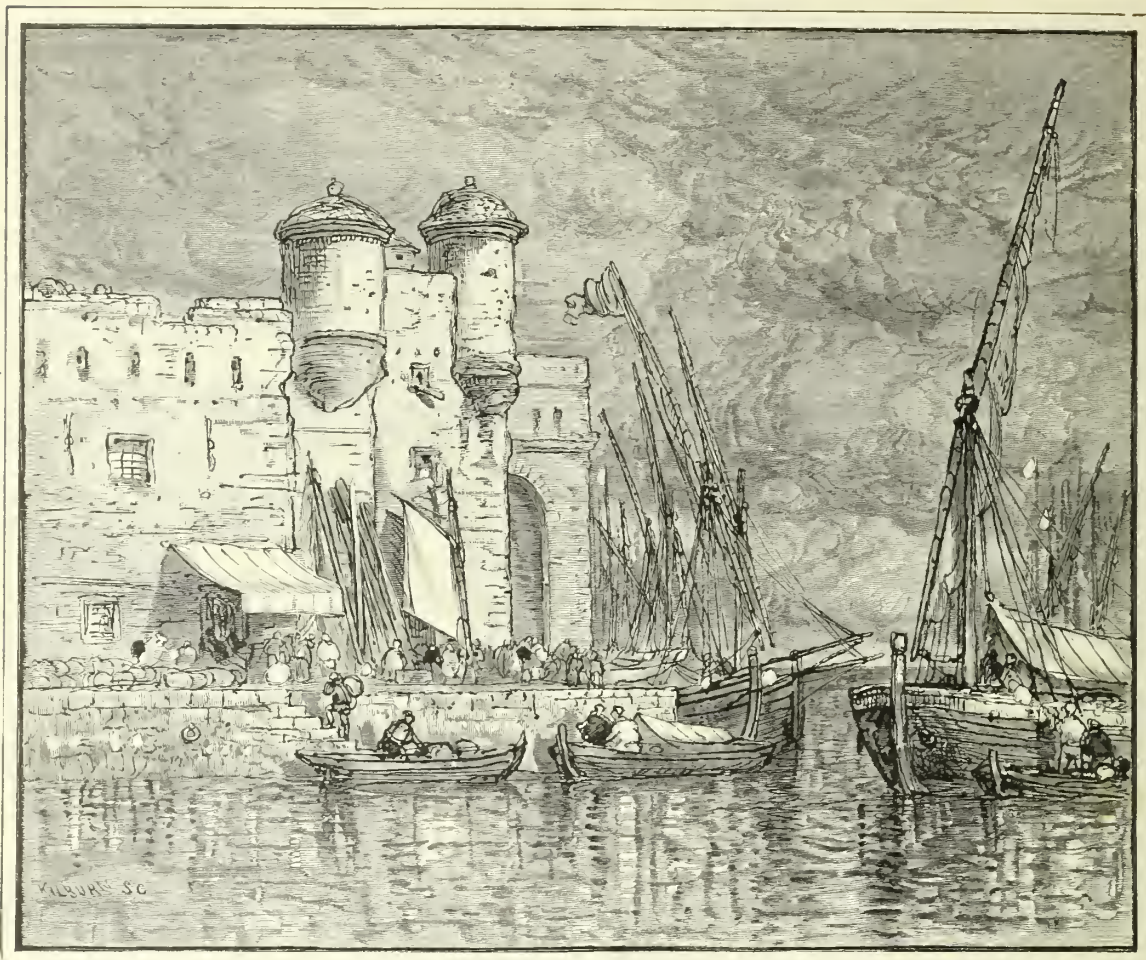
yet quite learned to read and speak the language of his adopted country. In both these pictures we notice in a striking manner the strong points of Mr. Wood's style as a painter. Although he employs both oil and water colors, he is most at home in effects of light and shade, and in this department sometimes obtains very vigorous results. He is also

a keen observer of character. Mr. Wood makes careful studies from living models, whom he often picks up in the streets and hires for his studio.

The artist who draws and paints the human figure, however talented he may be, must also draw much from the life, as it is called, in order to know how to give truth and character to his figures. Although he may be aided by a strong imagination in the composition of his pictures, yet it is only by the careful study of the delicate tints of flesh, and the graceful outlines of the body, that he can give a natural effect to his composition. For this purpose the artist must often study the human form. Sometimes he gains assistance from the use of what is called a lay figure, which is a very ingeniously constructed of wood or papier mache with all the joints that would enable the artist to give it any desirable position; but such lay figures are used chiefly to arrange drapery upon, as in portrait

painting. A lady who is having her portrait taken, may not care to sit for more than the likeness of her face, and the rich folds of her silks and laces are then painted in her absence from a lay figure on which they are arranged.

Some people, who are in poor circumstances, make a living entirely by posing for the artists, and they are then called models. They have to keep in one position sometimes for many minutes together, and must learn to pose gracefully and naturally; but their faces often appear on the canvasses of great artists, who make them a means for expressing the visions of their own imagination. Many a pretty Italian peasant girl or picturesque old goat-herd with massive gray beard, or a weather-beaten veteran, or a scarred and sinewy negro has thus wrested a living from the necessities of art, and woven his humble and perhaps prosaic existence into the poesy of an artist's dreams.



THE PORT OF MARSEILLES. (*Drawing by Samuel Colman.*)

SAMUEL COLMAN.

THE state of Maine has given us the artist who is the subject of this paper. Samuel Colman was born in Portland about forty-seven years ago. His father was a bookseller of that city by the sea, in comfortable circumstances. While the lad was still quite young his father moved to New York, and opened a publishing house on Broadway, where he issued the poems of Willis and Longfellow in ele-

gant style, and introduced choice engravings to the public, which had an important influence in cultivating a taste for art in America. The place became a resort of authors and, more especially, of artists, and it is not unlikely that this had some effect in directing the dawning talents of the boy, who often spent an hour out of school in his father's store.

Young Colman's turn for painting showed itself at

an early age, and he became a pupil of Asher B. Durand, one of the founders of American landscape painting, who still survives at the age of eighty-three. Under the instruction of this able artist the youth made rapid progress, and exhibited a painting at the New York Academy of Design when only eighteen, which was received with decided favor.

Lake George now became the chosen resort of the young artist. The exquisitely beautiful scenes which cluster around that enchanted sheet of water offer an endless range of attractions to the artistic and poetic mind, and the earliest successes of this artist were gained on its shores.

In the year 1860 Mr. Colman made his first visit to Europe. A trip to the old world is one of the first aspirations of the American artist. The dearth of art treasures in this country, which, happily, is growing less every year, serves as a powerful incentive to influence one to go abroad, to study the wealth of art which has been accumulating in Europe for so many ages.

Before returning home Mr. Colman went to Spain and Morocco, two of the most picturesque countries that have filled the painter's soul with rapture. The former attracts by the alternate wildness and alluring beauty of its craggy mountains and lovely valleys. Noble cathedrals adorn the narrow winding streets of its cities, and the peaks and precipices of its sierras are crowned by old Moorish watch-towers and feudal castles, where the battle cry of Christian and of Moor rang in the long past days of chivalry, or where, in times of peace, the tinkle of the Saracen maiden's guitar was heard at eventide.

The romance of Spain is woven over every citadel and plain of that fascinating land; for never was there, since history began, a more thrilling tale than the story of the long warfare between the Spainards and the Moors, which, after a conflict of a thousand years, ended in the final overthrow and expulsion of the Moor from Spain.

Many a stirring ballad, many a romantic legend, many a weird and moving chronicle has been written or sung about those immortal scenes of other days, such as we who live in this age and country can but faintly imagine. Among others who have written about that period in a very charming style is Washington Irving, whose "Conquest of Grenada" and "Tales of the Alhambra" you may have already read.

Mr. Colman found a congenial field for his talents in Spain, and took many interesting studies there, which have since been elaborated into finished paintings. He found there especially the architectural subjects which he renders with peculiar success — old battlemented towers and spires overlooking quaint market-places and squares, gay with the brilliant costumes of the southern climes.

One of Mr. Colman's most successful works is a painting of Gibraltar. This is a very lofty rock which stands out entirely alone on the southern coast of Spain, and is all but an island; for it is joined to the mainland only by a low narrow isthmus on which the city of Gibraltar is built. The side of the rock facing the sea is nearly fifteen hundred feet high, and almost as perpendicular as a wall. As a natural fortification it is the strongest in the world, and has been held by England for over a century, although several times besieged.

The interior of the rock abounds in caves, which have been used to mount cannon, their sides having been perforated with embrasures; and there are to be seen the only monkeys in Europe, except such as are kept in menageries. How they came there is a mystery that has thus far baffled the most careful search. The Straits of Gibraltar are, in this place, only sixteen miles wide, and it is supposed that there must be a submarine passage known only to these apes, by which they come and go at will between Europe and the opposite coast of Africa.

This grand and effective object Mr. Colman painted as it appears at noonday, with the broad sunlight of the southern sea flooding its majestic precipices, while at the base of the tremendous cliff the calm waters of the Mediterranean repose, beautifully blue, and reflecting the white lateen sails of the picturesque craft that give animation to the scene.

Crossing over to Tangiers, in Morocco, Mr. Colman found himself in a country whose people are Mohammedans of the most fanatical sort, who make it dangerous for Christians to penetrate far from the coast. Mystery and seclusion keep Morocco almost as remote as if it were in the heart of Africa instead of a few miles from Europe. At Tangiers, however, our artist found abundant material to occupy his pencil, and very soon became greatly fascinated with the curious and picturesque buildings and people of that city.

On his return to the United States Mr. Colman was elected an academician. In 1871 Mr. Colman made another trip across the Atlantic, directing his steps this time rather to the north of Europe. Holland, the Rhine, Normandy, Brittany and England, each has charms of its own, and has been in turn illustrated by the facile brush of this painter.

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany is another of our artists who has chosen and very happily rendered a class of subjects similar to those painted by Mr. Colman, and has shown the same love and appreciation for color. Like him, too, he has wrought with equal effect in oil and water-colors.

In the year 1866 Mr. Colman, who had previously been elected an academician at the age of thirty, was made the first president of the American Water Color Society. This important branch of art, although long practiced in Europe with great success, and by here and there a miniature painter in America, had never been much followed by our artists until some twelve years ago, when an interesting exhibition of foreign water colors which was held in New York in 1865 attracted much attention, and also led to the formation of a society devoted altogether to the encouragement of water-color painting.

Mr. Colman held the office of president of the society for five years, and it soon reached a position of dignity and importance. Many of our leading artists have taken up the practice of water-colors, and a steady improvement has been noticed every year in the quality of their work.

In the paper about Mr. Bellows, who has been one

of our principal water-colorists, I gave a few details of the peculiar qualities to this art. The new institution has held its annual exhibitions in the building of the Academy of Design, and the opening of the spring exhibition has at last become second in importance only to the annual exhibition of the academy. The one of 1879 was not only the best ever held in this country, but compared most favorably in variety of style and quality of work with the London exhibitions.

Besides Mr. Colman, some of our best known

water-colorists are Mr. R. Swain Gifford, and Messrs. James and George Smillie. The former of the brothers was third president of the society. Miss Brydges and Miss Dillon have also done some admirable compositions of birds and flowers in this medium, and Mr. Muhrmann, a young artist of much promise, has shown considerable skill in so using water-colors as to give the richness of oil painting, both in figure, drapery and landscape. Among our coast-painters who have executed admirable pictures with water colors, Messrs. W. T. Richards and J. C. Nicholl have no superiors on this side of the Atlantic.



David Colman.

The style of Mr. Colman, both in oil and water-colors has been broad and effective; he has painted some very strong effects of light and shade, and his coloring has a brilliance that is so harmonious as to influence one like a strain of music. But it is in his off-hand sketches in color that he shows to best advantage, as in his more finished paintings he sometimes loses the vague, dreamy, poetic tone which seems to inspire him when he first takes hold of a subject.

The studio of Mr. Colman is in the new and elegant building erected for artists on the corner of Twenty-Fifth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, of which his residence forms a part, and the studio can thus be entered either from his house or from

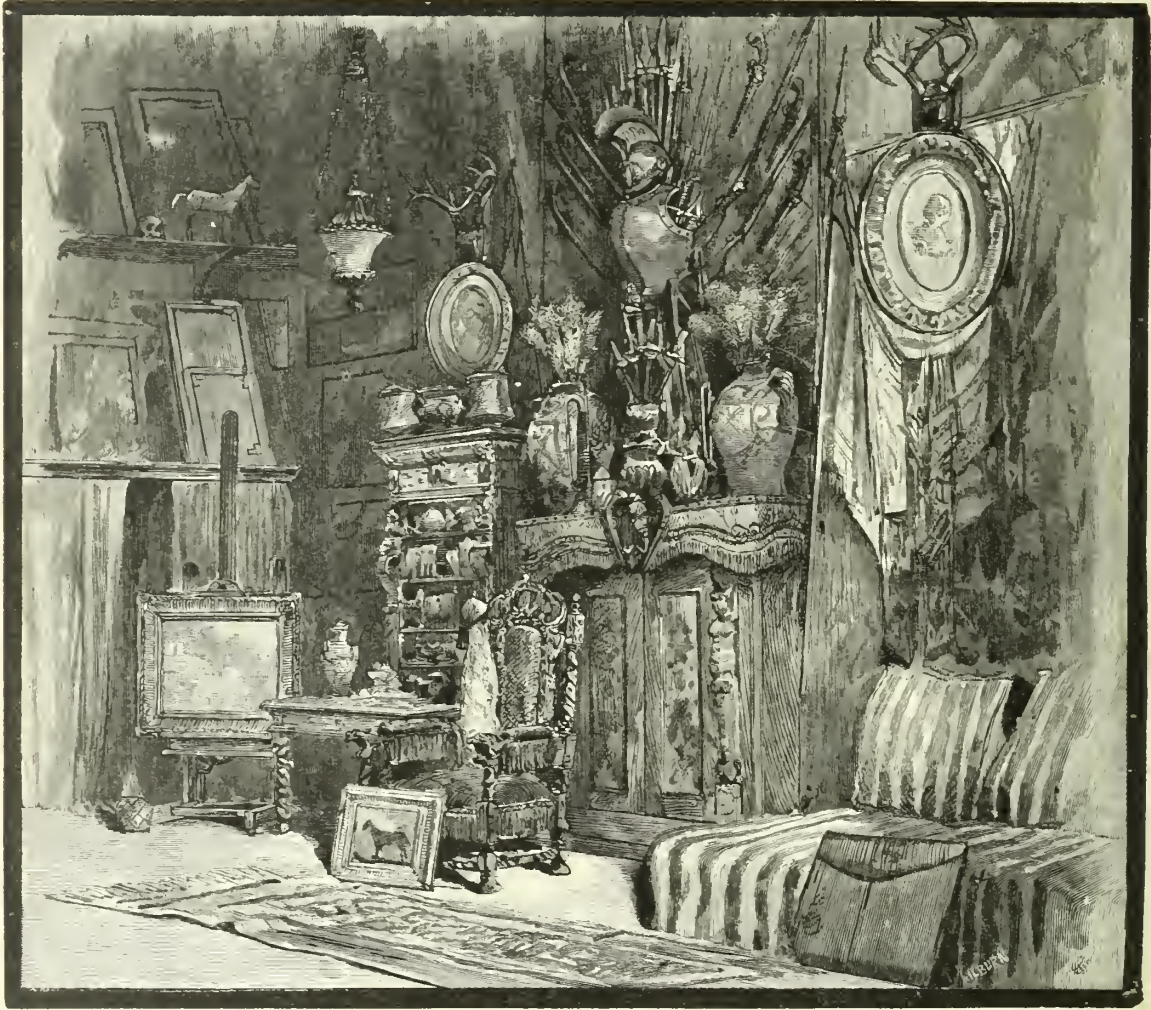
the main corridor of the building. It is richly decorated with studies, curious bits of Chinese pottery, rare tapestries and oriental stuffs, including the very elaborate and fierce-looking suit of Japanese armor which you see in the corner of the accompanying



A GLIMPSE OF MR. COLMAN'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

engraving. The various character of the objects collected in his studio fairly indicates the impartiality of Mr. Colman's art opinions, for we have no artist who is more willing than he to see the good in different

styles of art. If we had more like him, it seems as if the progress of art in this country would not only be more harmonious but also more rapid and much more instructive.



MR. THOMPSON'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.

FEW of our artists have enjoyed a more picturesque and varied experience than the painter who is the subject of this article. He was born in Maryland, and early showed a taste for handling a pencil and brushes, which was increased when on a visit to the White Mountains, by seeing an artist

painting from nature. Nothing would do after that, but to give full vent to his enthusiasm for art. But the father of young Wordsworth took quite another view of the question, and insisted in his taking up the study of law.

But after two years with the dry, sheep-bound tomes

of the law, Wordsworth Thompson suddenly found an occasion for expressing his art impulses in a most unexpected way. The fall of Fort Sumter and the breaking out of the Rebellion threw everything for the time into confusion, and the march of the troops to the battlefields of the South suggested to him the opportunity of becoming an illustrator of the stirring events that were about to shake the Continent.

Mr. Thompson succeeded in obtaining engagements to draw for "Harper's Weekly" and the "London Illustrated News;" and many of the war pictures which appeared in those periodicals for the first year of the conflict were from his pencil. This naturally brought him into many adventurous scenes and added many thrilling incidents to the experience of the young artist.

But in the year 1862 he had had enough of campaigning and was anxious to gain a more thorough instruction in art. Accordingly he sailed for France, and settled in Paris for several years, enjoying the instruction of some of the ablest artists there. Gleyre, who has taught many of the best painters now living, received him into his studio, and taught him to draw the figure from the antique and the living model. Mr. Thompson also took lessons in landscape from Pasini, who has painted some very brilliant oriental scenes; he also studied the anatomy of the horse with Barrye, the greatest animal sculptor of modern times. It is evident that the young American artist had a most thorough training in the principles of his profession, at Paris; while by studying with such different artists he was less likely to become as narrow and prejudiced in his opinions as many of our art students abroad.

So successful were his efforts that in 1865 one of his paintings was admitted to the Salon. This is the name given to the great annual art exhibition of Paris, which is held under the direction of the Government. Many works are annually refused admission, and it is considered an honor when a young artist succeeds in having one of his pictures hung on its walls.

The first commission Mr. Thompson received was from an eccentric English gentleman, Sir William de la Rive, whom he met at Imhof, in Switzerland. It was for a painting of the great Gauli glacier. Accompanied by three mountaineers to carry his traps and provisions for a fortnight, he climbed to the scene of

action, a desolate spot ten thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by snow and ice. The weather was fine, although the nights were very keen; but he slept comfortably at night, under the shelter of a large rock.

One thing that impressed the artist at that savage and dreary elevation and solitude was the profound stillness; the place seemed absolutely dead; not a bird nor an insect was to be seen. The silence at last became so painful that he arranged a tin plate under the edge of a rock so that a drop of water might fall upon it at intervals, making a slight noise when the midday sunshine slightly thawed the surface of the ice. Owing to the same cause, sometimes in the middle of the afternoon the stillness was rudely broken by the frightful thunder of avalanches of ice falling from the opposite cliffs; but when the echoes had died away among the distant peaks and gorges the silence became more oppressive than ever.

After this Mr. Thompson made some extensive and most enjoyable tours on foot through the Eifelwald, in Germany, and along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and through the rugged regions of the Tyrol and Bohemia, and often visiting out-of-the-way nooks little travelled by tourists. One of his most interesting trips was a six months' walk with a knapsack on his back, and with a single companion. It extended from Heidelberg to Calabria in the extreme south of Italy.

In the wild land of the Abruzzi, south of Naples, he met with some exciting adventures, one of which is of especial interest. The country is very rugged; old castles crown the bold crags along the sea, and here and there are the mouldering columns of a ruin that reminds one of the splendor of the old Roman times. But in our day the land is occupied chiefly by rude peasants tending flocks of goats, or making shift to till the soil. Many of them are a villainous set who, if not themselves brigands, are in league with the robbers who infest the mountains prepared to plunder or murder at every favorable opportunity, and giving the Italian Government much trouble in trying to exterminate them. Like the brigands of Sicily and Greece, these picturesque ruffians have a habit of entrapping unwary travellers whenever they think they are rich, and hold them until a heavy ransom is paid; or kill them if the money does not come on the set day. I have known several gentlemen who

have been thus waylaid and captured ; and have seen and heard much about brigands myself, in wandering about Greece and Asia Minor.

Well, one night our travellers arrived footsore and weary at a wretched little inn far up among the mountains. While they were trying to snatch a little rest in an upper room, they were aroused by a disturbance in the street, and a strange gabble of voices in the lower part of the house. The landlord soon entered the apartment and earnestly begged the travellers on no account to show themselves at the window, or venture down-stairs, for the place was full of robbers, and, if their attention were attracted to the foreigners, it might lead to serious trouble.

The uproar continued, and it was evident that the desperadoes were drinking themselves merry below. Mr. Thompson's companion could not resist the desire to gratify his curiosity by the sight of real live brigands ; and in spite of all remonstrance descended to the street. He was gone so long that Mr. Thompson, fearing he had got into difficulty, felt it his duty to go down also, to look after him. He found himself at once among a motley and boisterous gang of vagabonds armed to the teeth, and drinking hard and spending money freely. His fellow-traveller, who spoke Italian fluently, had meantime been conversing with one of the most desperate of their number. Evidently the brigands did not suspect the travellers of being anything else than impoverished tramps,

whom it was useless to seize. But had a suspicion crossed the minds of the robbers of the real character of these gentlemen, our travellers would have paid dearly for their temerity.

The brigands left as suddenly as they had arrived ; but Mr. Thompson and his friend were not allowed to leave until it could be ascertained what road they had taken. The day was wet and dreary, and at nightfall the excitement of the previous evening was

renewed ; but this time it was a detachment of soldiers that arrived, bringing with them, as prisoners, twelve of the very brigands who had caroused there the night before. Several were badly wounded, and soon after one of them was shot dead while trying to escape. After this adventure Mr. Thompson walked through the island of Sicily, and ascended to the top of Mt. Etna, the famous volcano. His wanderings for the time then terminated by his return to the United States, and settling in New York, which has been his home ever since. But he has made several visits since then to Europe, and quite lately took a delight-



Gordon W. Thompson

ful tour through Corsica and Sardinia, islands celebrated for the beauty and grandeur of their scenery. The former you may remember as the birth-place of Napoleon I. Mr. Thompson travelled over the island on a mule which he purchased at the port of Bastia, and stayed nights at the wayside houses of the generous and hospitable inhabitants.

Naturally, Mr. Thompson has collected many inter-

ing studies of the numerous attractive scenes he has visited. The vivid tints of sea and sky, or of vineyards and mountains, the picturesque villages and fishing-boats and motley groups of peasants, he has painted with charming effect. His style is poetic, broad, without being slovenly, and finished, without losing its spirit. But since his return to America, Mr. Thompson has found subjects in his native land that are congenial to his talents. He has effectively rendered scenes of country-life, such as a steamboat

landing in Chesapeake Bay, with its groups of carriages and horses, mules, cattle, negroes, babies, planters and dogs, in picturesque confusion.

But the paintings in which Mr. Thompson has shown the most originality and strength have been historical compositions suggested partly by the late civil war, but more especial by scenes of the Revolution. Up to this time the two pictures of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," and the "Death of General Montgomery," painted by Colonel Trumbull, in the last



GEN. WASHINGTON REVIEWING THE CONTINENTAL ARMY. (*Painting by Wordsworth Thompson.*)

century, have been the most effective works painted by an American artist from subjects suggested by our national history. You have doubtless seen engravings of those admirable compositions, of which the originals are in the Academy of Design at New Haven. But in carefully executed paintings like that of the accompanying engraving, Mr. Thompson has fairly earned a place by Trumbull. The picture, which represents Washington and his Staff reviewing the Continental army at Philadelphia, before the battle of Germantown, is one that gives satisfaction alike to the artist

and the patriot, and ranks with the best works of the sort produced on this side of the Atlantic. The painting is not a large one, the figures being what is called cabinet size; but observe how carefully and correctly the group of horses in the foreground is drawn. Few of our painters have equalled this artist in the drawing of the horse.

Mr. Thompson is an academician. His studio is on the north side of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is decorated with many picturesque trophies he has picked up in his travels.



MR. BROWN'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

GEORGE LORING BROWN.

WHEN we consider the career of this artist, we are carried back to the early days of American landscape painting, when Thomas Cole, A. B. Durand and Thomas Dougherty were introducing our people to the study of nature. Cole was one of the greatest artists we have had in this country. His opportunities for learning how to paint were few, and he was forced to struggle with many difficulties, but he was a man of great talents and excellent aims and character. Some of you have probably seen engravings of his "Voyage of Life," a series of allegorical paintings, which are not so good, however, as his

"Course of Empire." Mr. Durand is still living, although well past eighty. He has been a good engraver and portrait painter, but has been better known for admirable paintings of our forest scenery.

Beginning to paint nearly fifty years ago, Mr. Brown was associated with the founders of American landscape art, and few have contributed more than he to make it what it is, a school which has done much to please and educate the people and gratify the patriotic interest we should take in the growth of our national art.

While we find in the life of Mr. Brown less of the

adventure that some of our artists have met, it does not yield in thrilling interest to that of any, for his early efforts in art were attended with severe hardships. At the same time he overcame them by great energy and perseverance and boundless enthusiasm for the chosen pursuit of his life, thus offering a noble example to others who encounter disappointment or adversity in youth. Fortune, however grim at first, smiles at last on those who modestly believe in their ability to succeed, and having made a choice of a profession diligently pursue it to the end.

George Loring Brown was born in Boston in the year 1814. He was the son of a carpenter who opposed the turn for art which the lad displayed while yet scarcely eight years of age. But the boy's mother was on his side and encouraged the first feeble efforts to express his fancies with the pencil.

George went to the Franklin School, and won the silver medal, and at twelve he was apprenticed to Mr. Hartwell, the artist and engraver, in order to learn engraving on wood. So far his father had relented when he saw how earnest his son was to pursue art. The boy's first attempts at colors were in painting scenes for a dramatic club where the famous Charlotte Cushman first appeared as an amateur actress.

The experience George acquired in engraving, and also in drawing designs of reptiles and flowers in his fifteenth year for Peter Parley's natural history books, was doubtless of great value in teaching him accuracy in drawing. About this time an incident occurred which proved a turning point in his life, and, like such crises generally, came suddenly and unforeseen.

The young engraver received permission to copy some old paintings by way of practice. One day Mr. Healy, the well-known portrait painter, came in and praised one of the landscapes; but young Brown, conscious of his powers, said he thought he could paint a better one. Scarcely had he sketched it when a Mr. Davis came into his studio and liked the composition so well that he at once paid the youth the sum he asked for it—fifty dollars.

As soon as he felt the money in his pocket Brown exclaimed that he must go to Europe to study. Sympathizing with the enthusiasm of the young painter,

Davis mentioned him to Mr. Cushing, a merchant of large wealth, and procured him an introduction.

"Are you not rather young to go to Europe?" asked the kindly old gentleman.

"No, sir; for I want to be an artist," the youth replied without hesitation.

"Well," said Mr. Cushing, smiling blandly, "how much do you need?"

"One hundred dollars," George answered promptly, this moderate estimate showing how small experience he had as yet with the world.

Immediately on receiving the promise that he should have the money, Brown bounded home and shouted excitedly through the house that he was going to Europe. The undertaking at that time was so much more rare and difficult than it is now, that all the family laughed as if it was a good joke, except his father, who thought him out of his mind and threatened to put him under lock-and-key.

"But I *am* going to Europe!" cried the youth, with a simple, hearty enthusiasm that makes one even at this late day share with him the joy he felt.

"Going to grass!" answered his stern old father. "George, if you don't behave yourself, I'll shut you up in prison."

Undaunted by such cold sympathy, the warm-hearted boy, as soon as he had received the one hundred dollars from his benefactor, sped to the harbor-side and found that the brig "Hebe" was to sail in a few hours for Antwerp. He paid seventy-five dollars for his passage, and had only twenty-five left. Then returning home, he took a mattress, a blanket and a pair of sheets on his back down to the ship. The crew hoisted the topsails, the brig sailed out of Boston Bay, and was soon heaving on the long swell of the vast Atlantic.

Bound to Europe, to a land of strangers, thousands of miles away, to learn how to paint, to aspire after that great and arduous profession which takes so many years to acquire, and which so few ever master—and with only twenty-five dollars in his pocket! Well might his father almost think his son insane. And it would, indeed, have gone hard with the ardent but improvident youth if a kind Providence had not aided his fidelity to art, and come to his assistance when the horizon seemed the most dark and forbidding.

After a voyage of twenty-five days, the brig at last sighted the low sand dunes and dykes of the Netherlands; and gliding by the quaint old town of Flushing, and up the tawny waters of the Scheldt, moored by the wharves of Antwerp, under the shadow of that matchless spire that seemed to me as I climbed to its

topmost pinnacle and gazed over the historical cities and meadow-lands of the Low Countries, or listened to the magical music of its silvery chimes, to be the most beautiful and inspiring monument which the glorious Middle Ages bequeathed to our time.

Fired with enthusiasm, young Brown stepped ashore and wandered friendless and alone among the winding lanes of a city hallowed by the memory of Rubens and Vandyke. But he was a stranger among strangers, who spoke a tongue he could not understand; and worse still, it was not many days before the twenty-five dollars he brought with him had dwindled down to nothing.

The "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, one of the greatest paintings of all ages, which is in the Cathedral of Antwerp, at once impressed the young American with an interest that he has never forgotten, and so inspired him that for a few days he almost forgot the utterly forlorn condition in which he was placed. But the brig "Hebe" was about to return, and then, at last, realizing his situation, his heart failed him, and as the brig was weighing anchor, he sat down and wept on the wharf. Then the kindly captain of the "Hebe" came to him and forced him to accept fifteen dollars.

This money, so opportunely granted, just sufficed to carry young Brown across the English Channel to London, where he found himself again with a people who spoke his language, and here kind fortune once more smiled upon him; for although he found himself without a cent in that vast city, he also found a friend. He remembered in his extremity that John

Cheney, the American engraver, was then living in London. Finding out where he lived, Mr. Brown called on him, and was most kindly received, although a stranger, and Mr. Cheney offered to lend him money sufficient to support him until he could hear from Mr. Cushing. But through some mischance, nearly ten months passed before letters arrived from Mr. Cushing with money.

During all this time Mr. Cheney not only generously supplied the wants of young Brown, but also took him to Paris, where he made a copy of one of the sunset compositions of Claude Lorraine, the famous landscape painter. On this copy Mr. Brown bestowed such great care, that he learned from it many of the secrets of his great profession; Allston, the painter, declared it to be the best copy of Claude he had seen, and when Mr. Brown afterwards showed it in Boston it was the means of procuring him several important commissions, although he was so dissatisfied with it himself that he had impatiently slashed it into three pieces with a razor.

After two years of the closest application to self-improvement in his cherished art, Mr. Brown returned in 1834 to Boston, and opened a studio there. But a few years in the United States convinced him that he needed more foreign study, and he sailed for Italy, and took up his residence in Rome, at that time the great art centre of the world. The magical clime, the noble scenery, the picturesque antiquities, the innumerable associations of Italy at once inspired the buoyant, ardent spirit of the young American painter,



Geo L Brown

and he threw himself into his art with redoubled energy.

He found himself surrounded by the delightful companionships of well-known artists at the celebrated Café Greco and other noted resorts of artists and literary men in the Eternal City, and made frequent excursions into the neighborhood after studies. The ruins and scenery of Italy were entirely congenial to his nature, although born and bred on the bleak shores of New England.

In one of his rambles over the vast solitudes of the

grass-grown desert of the Campagna outside of Rome, Mr. Brown met with an entertaining but ticklish adventure which we will allow him to tell in his own words. Having found the solitary tower he was to paint, he says: "I at once commenced planting my artist's sun umbrella, which covered my back, to keep the rays and reflection of the sun from my picture. After working an hour, drawing the tower very carefully, I fancied I heard a rumbling noise behind me. I looked under my white umbrella, and lo and behold! some dozen of those long-horned Roman cattle



"TERESA'S HOUSE," AMALFI, ITALY. (From a painting by Mr. Brown.)

were gradually approaching me, grazing, and every now and then looking up at the strange white object and shaking their heads and stamping their hoofs. As I looked back a second time the leader — a great bull with magnificent horns as sharp as needles, each above five feet long, began with flaming eyes to look at me, sniff, paw the ground and put himself in a fighting attitude. As he was evidently preparing to make a plunge at me, I hastily gathered up my camp-stool, canvas and paint-box, and made tracks for a

stone wall a few rods distant. As soon as I started, the bull was after me, and I had barely time to climb over before he reached it and stamped the ground defiantly."

After a long residence abroad, Mr. Brown returned to the United States in 1860, and since then his studio has been for the most part in South Boston. His long life in Italy has given him a reputation in Europe as well as in his native land.

The subjects Mr. Brown has chosen have generally

been Italian, but some of his most successful paintings have also been taken from American scenes. He excels in brilliant effects of light, and in the rendering of the delicate Italian skies. His pictures are thoroughly poetical, inspired by a fine feeling for nature and a tender, dreamy fancy, and his coloring is characterized by softness and splendor. In reaching these effects this artist has made large use of ultramarine, which is the most expensive of all pigments and the most beautiful of blues, and of all colors the most atmospheric and permanent. It is made of powdered *lapis lazuli*, and is so costly that few artists use it except in the most sparing manner ;

while its permanence is such that it is the only color as yet known which does not grow darker or lighter with time. Thus in the paintings of past ages, the works of such colorists as Titian or Rubens, we find the blues are often as rich as when laid on centuries ago, for they were chiefly done with ultramarine.

One of Mr. Brown's most noted paintings is the "Crown of New England" representing Mt. Washington. Another is of the Bay of New York, which was presented to the Prince of Wales when he was in this country, by a number of gentlemen. The former was purchased by him, and he also gave the artist a diamond pin in token of his admiration of his works.



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"SHIP OF 'THE ANCIENT MARINER.'"—[JAMES HAMILTON.]

